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PLAYBILL

WHO IS **Albert B. Bear?** Why would anyone want to hide behind such a pseudonym? Could it be that Mr Bear, who talks long and hard about the Australian Taxation Office — ATO to the *cognoscenti* — fears some form of fiscal reprisal? Such is the universal paranoia about tax matters that the big, tough bear, having told all about defending one's self against the tax man, has had an attack of nellies and excised himself into a trembling lather. Ho-hum. Just read his scintillating piece and you'll see why the Bear is so bashful. Illustrator **Mark Salwowski** was not as reticent.

Australian of the Year and Australia's greatest historian is Emeritus Professor Manning Clark. Clark is one of those leading intellectuals (Patrick White is another) who protested long and hard over Sir John Kerr's dismissal of the Whitlam Government in 1975. However, Clark's five-volume masterpiece, *A History of Australia,* is of greater significance: it is likely to be *the* basic reference about the founding and the development of Australia for future generations. Clark's interview with Australian PLAYBOY editor **John Jost** is a *tour de force,* and, as you would expect, quite relentless in its judgement.

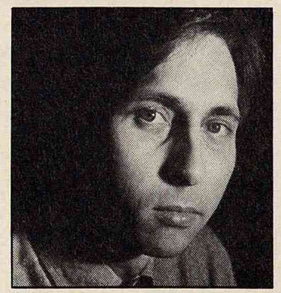
Pictures? Ah, let us not forget the more frivolous side of life and the necessity to exercise the optics . . . There are **Kym Faehse's** photographs of Melbourne's earthquaking Brigitte Richter. We've got a gloriously naked pictorial preview of the girls from the latest James Bond movie, appropriately entitled *For Your Eyes Only.* Our centrefold is the stunning Heidi Sorenson — one Danish pastry that will make your mouth water. Oh, and let's not forget **Colin Stead's** sexy pictures of Lulu, a nymph from Sydney. Who was it that said a picture is worth a thousand words?

An enthralling true-life story is **Neil Jameson's** Roo in an English Football Zoo, the tale of Australia's Craig Johnston, who is said to be about to become England's finest soccer player. How the hell did a boy from Newcastle end up being bought by Liverpool for $1.5 million? It's an extraordinary story of ruthless dedication and guts.

And there's even more of a biographical nature in this issue — **Meg Post's** penetrating profile of that picaresque Python, Graham Chapman, provides some interesting insights into one of our era's most creative funny-men.

Rob Luck, our motoring correspondent, has put his money where his mouth is . . . instead of just writing about car racing, he's taken to the competitive track himself. Luck is driving a Triumph TR7 sports car in the Pro-Am Series at Amaroo Park. What's more he's doing very nicely, thank you. Rob's story is an adventure as well as an intriguing analysis of the racing scene. The great pix are by **Howard Archbold.**

With Wimbledon, we've all been thinking tennis, so we commissioned a neat profile of the Super Macs, Australia's wondrous doubles combination — it's fantastic to see Australians winning tennis tournaments again. And as a sweetener, we had **Kate Stead,** our fashion editor, check out tennis and squash attire. Another feature is **Dennis Lingane's** report on digital discs — they'll take you to decibel peaks you never knew existed. And if you can't stand noise, and the tennis gives you the irrits, then follow **Geoff Pike's** sinful (and Fattening) Guide to Asia. Even if you can't afford to get away, Pike's piece is a fabulous read. This month's Australian PLAYBOY is pretty well the compleat magazine, a great mix of entertainment, pictures, facts and fiction (which is a weird story about an Elvis Presley look-alike). And for those of you who are as paranoid about the Russians as Albert Bear is about the taxman, then Asa Barber's piece on the US-Russian balance-of-power situation will be most reassuring.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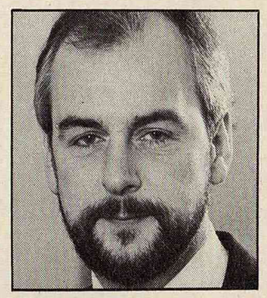
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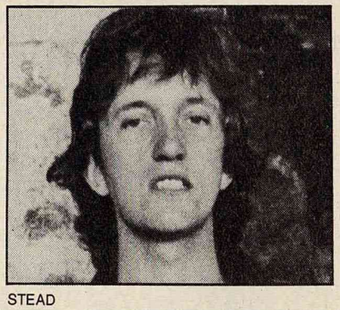
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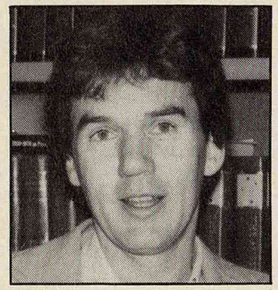
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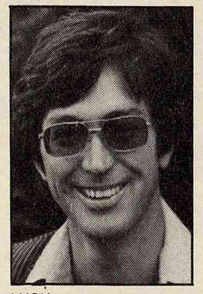
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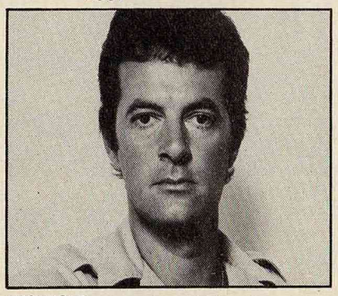
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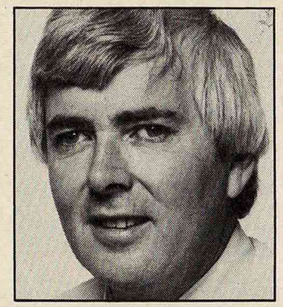
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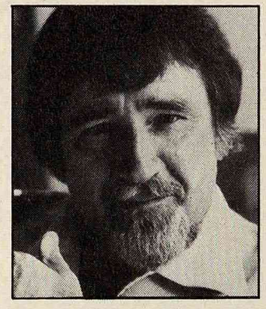
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AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

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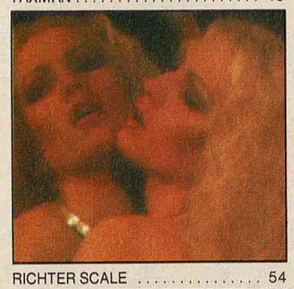

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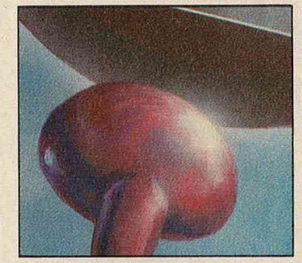

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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MOVING PICTURES

My compliments to Rob Luck on his testing of the Ferrari 308 GTS in the April issue. Its reading left me with a hunger to own one of these Italian masterpieces, but as the price is a bit beyond my earning power, I think I'll just have to settle for something a little less stimulating and blood stirring. This brings me to my question: any chance of a testing of one (or both) of the Alfa Romeo coupes? The poorer man's Ferrari would certainly be of interest to your readers (and it's certainly within the earning power of most of us). Secondly, just out of curiosity, does Rob Luck require an apprentice of sorts? If so, you know where to reach me.

P.G.K., "The Scar",
East Brighton, Vic.

Rob Luck tripped the Alfantastic with Bruno, Giacomelli back in the February, 1981, issue of Australian PLAYBOY. — Ed.

A SPORTING CHANCE

Just a very short note to thank you for your magazine and also to make a suggestion. While your publication is far superior to the others in stories, interviews and (of course) playmates, I would much appreciate seeing more sporting coverage — especially of racing and football. Most Australian men are sports minded in one way or another, and I think they'd like to read outdoor sports stories. I have the full collection of PLAYBOY and will continue to buy them. Thank you once again and best of luck in the future.

Ray Herrick,
Sunnybank, Qld.

P.S. It was great to see Karen West as Playmate of the Year. Must be the first winner that I have picked in ages!

GENTLEMEN PREFER

I have to admit that I have never been much of an admirer of blonde beauties, but, your Playmate of the Year Karen West certainly made me eat my words. What a gorgeous, stunning example of female beauty! Congratulations to Karen — let's see more of you. Keep up all the good work, Australian PLAYBOY. It's the best magazine ever!

Carl Brady,
Springwood, NSW.

THE KING'S A LADY

I can't tell you how impressed I was with your June Playmate Julie King:

what a body! What about warming up my heart a little this chill winter-time with another picture of the fairest lady of them all? She's my pick for next year's Playmate of the Year — no matter who appears in the following months. Thanks a lot for the glorious pictures.

M.N.,
Toongabbie, Vic.

BOY MAKES GOOD . . .

Yet another article being less than objective about an Australasian who shows an above average measure of grit . . . ho hum. But isn't that usually the case? If Neal Travis (PLAYBOY, April) is more recognised in New York than upon Sydney's North Shore, or than in all of New Zealand, isn't it because we've always had to seek an overseas seal-of-approval before being able to recognise our truly talented? Or is it just a matter of our cultural cringe blushing over something as trivial as the pulp nature of Travis' novel? I wonder . . .

K. Ward,
Subiaco, WA.

NAVAL SALUTE

I am in the United States Navy and on a recent port visit to Bunbury, Australia, I purchased a March, 1981 edition of Australian PLAYBOY at a local book store. I was, needless to say, very impressed with Australia's version of PLAYBOY. It is a very well put together magazine and I wish to relay my congratulations on your outstanding work.

Joseph Edward Parham,
USS Charles F. Adams,
Miami, Florida, USA.

ANNIK AMORE

This is going to sound crazy and I guess you won't publish my letter, but I'm in love. Totally, out of my tree in love with your Annik van Rie (PLAYBOY, April).

Annik is now on my bedroom wall, in my thoughts during working hours, in my sleep. Damn, I want her.

Where did you find that lovely, delectable Dutch desirable? Could we see more of her again? Maybe the full centre spread treatment? She deserves it.

For obvious reasons you did not include her address in your feature on Annik. If I knew exactly where, I'd be on the next plane bound for Amsterdam to buy the flat next door. Then I'd knock down the intervening walls . . . I've got to stop these crazy dreams.

Seriously, all I can say is thanks for that feature and the other excellent articles in your magazine.

D.G.,
Homebush, NSW.

THE BEST CHOICE

Congratulations to your selection panel on the Playmate of the Year, Karen West. She is magnificent, showing to the world the beauty of Australian womanhood in 1981.

My compliments also go to the photographer Colin Stead. He did beautiful work. The opening shot of Karen with the Opera House in the background was superb. Karen in the water and sitting on the deck: also excellent and, well, stimulating for this reader.

As for the centre-spread: it's now on the wall at my Bankstown office.

D.L.,
Condell Park, NSW.

APRIL LOVE

Your April issue of PLAYBOY was excellent: bright, sparkling and fun to read.

The birds were "bewt" and the many features made your magazine a full week's read. I liked the interview with Paul Hogan. He came across just as many of us hoped that he would: as a natural, down-to-earth Aussie, but in no way an ocker.

As for the king of ockers, John Singleton, he too was a good read, and I liked the way the guy could stand back and have a laugh at himself. It's pretty clear that we are going to see a lot more of our mate Singo.

As for the birds: Karen West was a brilliant choice; I thought she would get it. Also that little Dutch girl you found, a real treat.

I will be keeping this issue for a long, long time to come for another reason too:

the John Lennon songs. I am the total Beatles' fan, same age, roughly, as the four of them, went through the same exciting years, the fantastic '60s, and like a lot of other kids then just kept buying their records as hit followed hit. I've still got a lot of those records, still listen to them. Your explanations of the writing of the songs will make it even better for me.

J.McL.,
Middle Park, Vic.

ALL POINTS WEST

I do applaud your taste. After flashing on the sexy Karen West in your November 1980 edition, I knew she had something special. Her crowning as Playmate of the Year (PLAYBOY, April) just proved it. Congrats to Karen and full points go to Colin Stead for his photography.

S.K.,
Moree, NSW.

HOGES HEDGES

Adams versus Hogan (PLAYBOY interview, April) was a complete mismatch. As a casual admirer of the works of both men — within their respective fields — I've concluded that the chemistry was all wrong. Unfortunately, I have no suitable alternative pairings, therefore I humbly concede that at least your mismatch managed to expose certain aspects of two fascinating types of Australians.

I.P.T.,
Fitzroy, Vic.

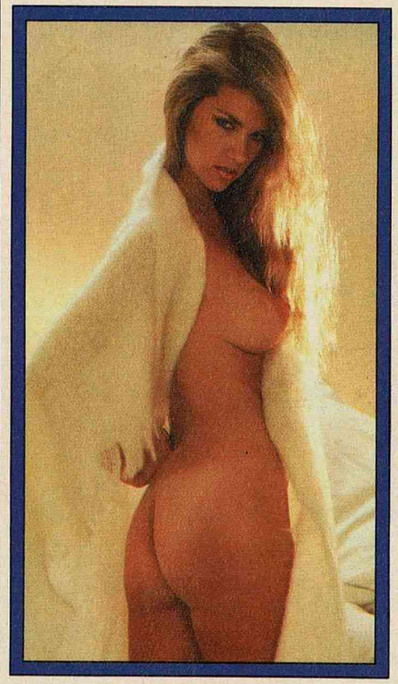
CULLED — OUT!

As a female reader of your magazine, I have been constantly impressed with the intelligent, informative quality of stories and articles published by PLAYBOY. I don't even find the pictorials to be overly sexist; they seem, rather, to be admiring studies of the female form. However, you did publish some pictures in the April, 1981, issue that *did* arouse my hostility — and they *weren't* of human anatomy. I'm referring to The Cull, the picture-story of the mass slaughter of the elephants in Africa. Okay, perhaps the culling is necessary if there is an overbalance in nature ruining the ecological equilibrium in some of the African game parks. But to publish the pictures of the culling is tantamount to sensationalism on your part. What do you have coming up, PLAYBOY — the annual slaughter of the baby seals in Canada?

D.P.,
Balmain, NSW.

ARTISAN WELLES

When I got my copy of the June issue and started leafing through it, I got no



further than page 52 — and the unbelievably beautiful US Playmate of the Year. My job necessitates my having to fly inter-state about five times a month, and none of the hundreds of flights I have been on have ever boasted a hostess who could even hold a candle to Terri Welles. No wonder that the Yanks voted her *numera una* — the ex-flight attendant is an artist of the sublime. Make my spirit hit the sky and give me just one more fleeting glance . . .

P.N.,
Rose Bay, NSW.

WIDE OPEN SPACES

Your intrepid and coy interviewer, Phillip Adams (PLAYBOY, April) demonstrated nerves of steel in wading through the wasteland of the Paul Hogan mind. If, at times, I've grudgingly admired the Hogan technique of skewering the Australian mould, I've morbidly suspected there is little substance to the man beyond the 43 centimetre confines of the average television screen. Adams, despite his vigorous prompting, has proved I am right, beyond a shadow of a doubt.

P.T. Grant,
East Sydney, NSW.

STAND ALONE

If it took almost 200 years to prove that the climate of India wasn't suited to the British Raj, what cost will we have to pay to ascertain that neither the Prince of Wales as the Governor-General nor B-52 bombers are suited to our defensive or national interests. My beef is not with the royal family nor with Washington, but with those small-minded Australians who refuse to believe that we could attain our own identity. Once upon a time our "splendid isolation" referred purely to our geographical placement. Now, it holds far greater application to our freedom of choice in terms of non-alignment. So many other countries wish they had the choice. We do have that choice. Let's adopt a singular identity upon non-partisan lines and by our own sense of "isolationism" prove to other countries seeking fair leadership that there really is a sense of international morality. It is not too much to say that in the future Australia could become in fact the Switzerland of the entire area of South-east Asia and the Pacific Islands. Is Australia ready for this independent Swiss-style moral leadership? Not yet.

M. Knight,
Burnie, Tas.

WINE WISE

Congratulations go to the writer David Farmer and my thanks to your magazine for Getting A Grip on the Grape (PLAYBOY, May) which was a concise, humorous piece that gave some good advice to the novice wine-lover.

The growth of the industry in this country over the past 15 to 20 years has been truly amazing, and with it has come an extraordinary array of labels for reds and whites. People are never slow to madly tell of this "superb red" or that "fantastic white" wine, nor are the wine writers always a help. It was interesting to note his selections for best-quality-wine-for-the-price-sought were usually labels of the established houses.

J.K.,
East Hills, NSW.

POLICE VERBALS

Your article By Hook Or By Crook (PLAYBOY, May) by Gary Sturgess was timely and well worth a close read. This destructive thing has been going on for a long time and the big problem is: how to contain it. I don't think it will ever be wiped out completely. There seems to be only one way of containment: tapes. Each interview at the cop shop should be put on a fresh tape and later a copy (expletives not deleted) should be made available to the defendant's solicitor before court.

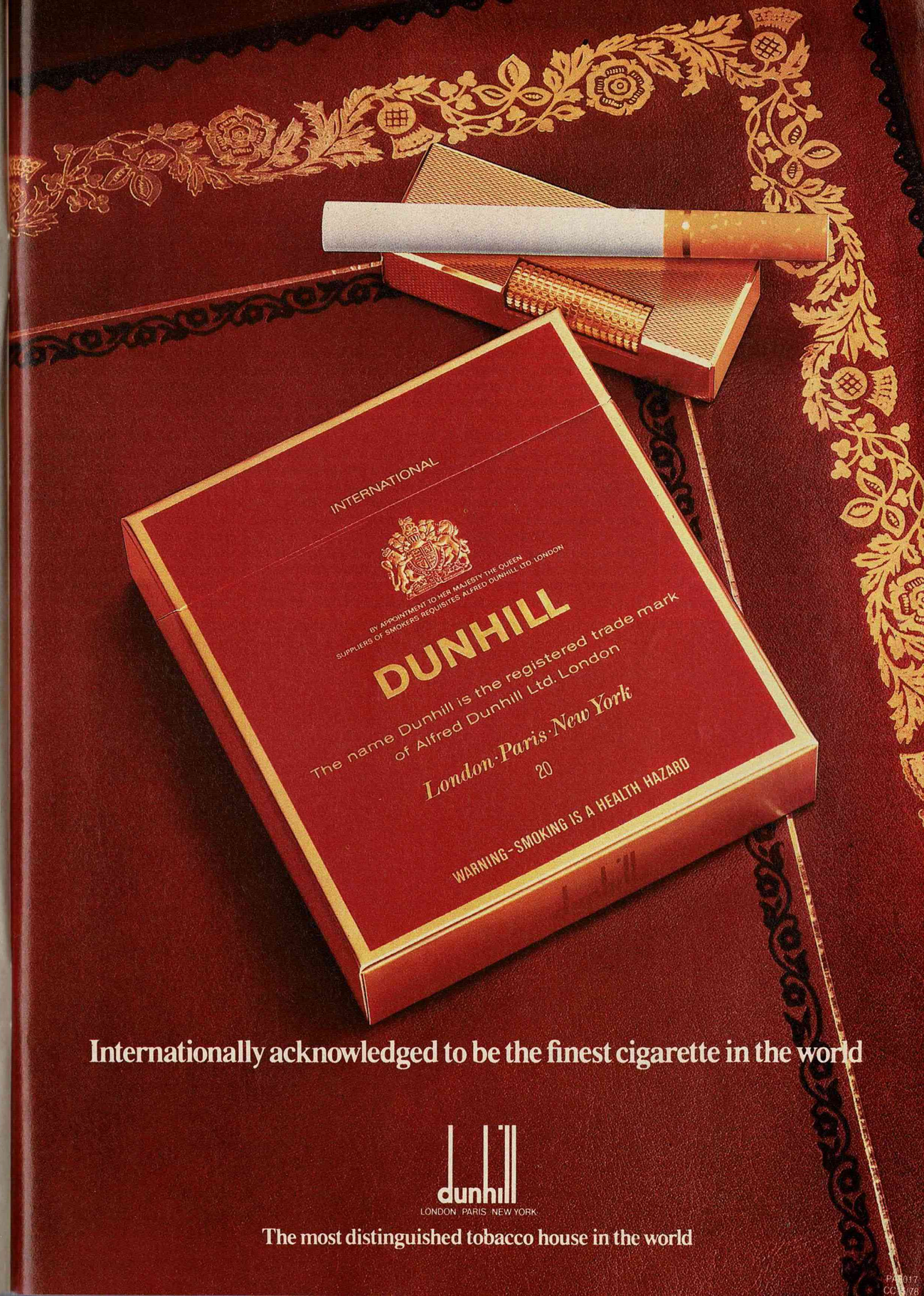
L.M.,
Rydalmere, NSW.

MERRY MAY

A brief note of thanks for your May issue. Quite a read, and a good look too. Miss World — great!

J.L.P.,
West Ryde, NSW.

PLAYBOY welcomes all correspondence. However, we can only publish letters which contain the full name and address of the writer, plus a phone number where possible.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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

CUBE CURSES

Remember, you were all warned. It was back in January (PLAYBOY, Potpourri) when we warned you of the horrors of that hot-selling piece of Hungarian hocus-pocus, Rubik's Cube. Since then the world's (second) most popular plaything has become a national obsession in a number of countries. Ills attributed to the Rubik fixation include insomnia, absenteeism, distracted workers with temporary dementia, and even divorce. We agree that it sounds completely absurd that one fist-sized cluster of rotating cubes can cause such heartache — but when you ponder that the Rubik's Cube can put 43.2 quintillion alternatives between the player and the right solution, the lunacy factor seems quite plausible.

The cube was devised in 1976 by Hungarian architect Erno Rubik and is now packaged worldwide by the Ideal Toy Corp. When it comes out of the box, all nine squares on each face are aligned to match a solid color wall. That means that each of the six sides is made up of one color — red, blue, white, and so on. The simple part is manipulating the cube's individual cube components so that the colors are scrambled. The toughest task is to wriggle them back into their former positions. That problem has had its novices, its amateur mathematicians — and its academics and computer operators all over the world — tied in amazing logistical knots.

In the UK, public servants are expressing dismay at the number of state computers being used by staff to perform "foreign order" jobs on Rubik's puzzle. One conclusion is that it could take the most highly advanced computer 1.4 million years to figure out all the endless possible combinations.

And in West Germany, there are marriage guidance counsellors concerned about the incidence of partners more preoccupied with the cube than their marriages. Cube playing by a New York business staff became so chronic that the firm's efficiency level dropped away quite dramatically.

Theorists offer that those destined to ever unravel this problem could take between five hours and a year to arrive at the solution. For rank amateurs relying on chance rather than logic, a result might be unattainable. The tragedy of solving it by chance is that the player would have no idea how he arrived at the result.

WEARIN' THE GREEN

In a little town called Wundowie, about 100 kilometres northeast of Perth, the local chaps scrutinise their scrotums carefully to note any shades of green. Out there, where the main local industry is working in the vanadium plant, a set of green gonads is worth a few days off work. They don't seem to hurt, just to change color, that's all.

But some people are a bit squeamish about the family jewels taking on a Sherwood tinge. About 90 men were sacked (in middle January) from industry in nearby Perth and some were offered jobs at the vanadium plant. Some refused. No green tongues or testicles for them, thanks. The Public Health Department says the greenness is not dangerous and simply shows exposure to vanadic acid, but the chaps are not reassured. Vanadium is used in quality steel production.

Some of the 30 men already on the factory workforce have seen their jocks filled with green orbs, but outsiders are still nervous. It may have novelty value at parties in the short term but they are anxious about the longer run.

The local factory owners, Agnew Clough, have a resident doctor who will grant three days off for a set of brightly-greened testicles, but there's a rumor that some have tried to fool him at least once by watercolors.

STRANGE CUSTOMS

We have some curious customs. One of them is that customs officers have wider powers than most of the other police-type law forces. Two very beautiful married women found that out when they came home from a slightly naughty holiday in Manila. Over there they had a great time (their husbands were home in Adelaide) with a couple of stylish local Filipino guys. The women were so delighted and excited they didn't realise they were being followed.

For their new boyfriends, whether the women knew it or not, were a couple of well known villains who have strong interests in the local drug-running trade. So when the women got to Perth on the way home, Customs were eager to chat with them, and give them a thorough search — very thorough. It does seem that Customs can search you, but only externally. So the women were obliged to strip and be searched . . . then they were asked to bend over and let the Eveready light shine in . . . then to bend backwards . . . and finally to climb naked on to this table, that's it. . . feet well apart, thanks, and jump to the floor, legs apart please.

The idea was that any little objects that might be hiding would be shaken loose and crash to the floor.

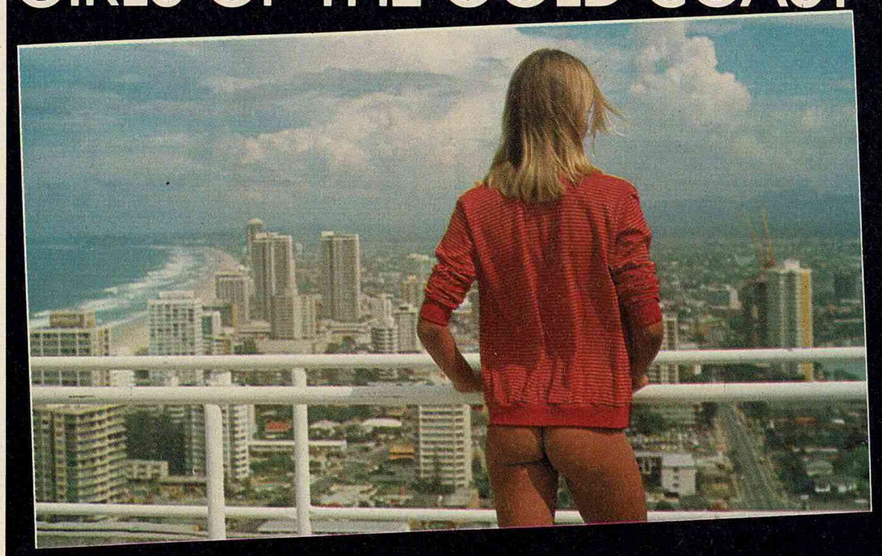
These two women were suitably outraged and told a few trusty friends. But they couldn't make too much fuss because they might have to explain to their husbands about their Filipino friends.

OFF THE STREETS

You can't please everybody no matter what you try to do.

The move by some Sydney City Council aldermen to empower the Kings Cross

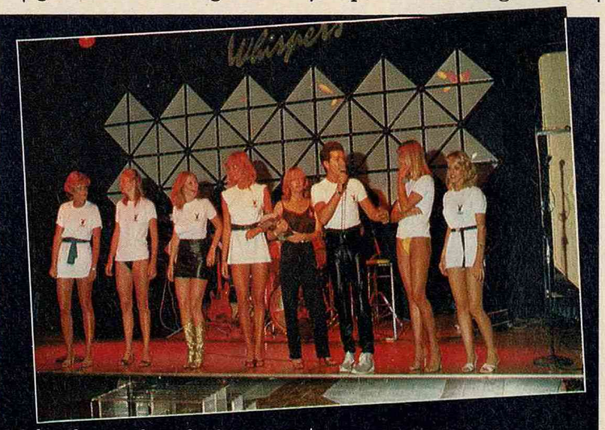
GIRLS OF THE GOLD COAST



A memo to all the lovely girls of Australia: start looking your best because PLAYBOY has hit the road in search of the nation's finest. We're adding it to our list of the all-time great assignments and it means that our crew will be covering the major cities one by one to collect pictorials on Australia's most beautiful and exciting women.

Our first call was Queensland, where deputy editor Andrew Cowell, our fashion editor Kate Stead, photographer Colin Stead and promotion whiz Issi Dye headed to round up the Girls on the Gold Coast. The visit was preceded by the most extensive advertising campaign to announce PLAYBOY's arrival and the crew landed to find 60 hopeful applicants waiting for a testing. What a choice! The hard part was narrowing the field to 10 beautiful finalists but Kate and Colin finally settled on Sandra Ralph, Anne-Marie Woodrow, Lynne Barron, Lindsey McKay, Cathy Baartz, Irene Shanks, Beverley Ingster, Debbie Francis, Roxane Gamble and Elizabeth Chapman as the girls who could really do some justice to the sunshine and beautiful resort atmosphere of the Gold Coast. It might be Australia's sunshine playground but for the PLAYBOY crew there was a lot of work to cover and people to meet during the flying sojourn. Thankfully, Budget Rent-A-Car bailed us out by putting a limo on tap. On day one, the team put it to use as they were pursued around the area by a QTQ-9 unit covering a segment for the *Today Tonight* current affairs show. Crew and girls just had time to clear interviews with 4GG and 4IP, plus the press, to make preparation for the night-time fun and games.

And what a night it was. It all took place at the magnificent Twain's International nightclub and restaurant, facing page left, in



Surfers Paradise where Issi, the perfect master of ceremonies, introduced the girls to all the patrons. The TV cameras picked up on the action as the girls and May Playmate Michelle Randell celebrated with the guests and Twain's host Chris "The King" Xanthopoulos, and gave away PLAYBOY T-shirts to the capacity crowd.

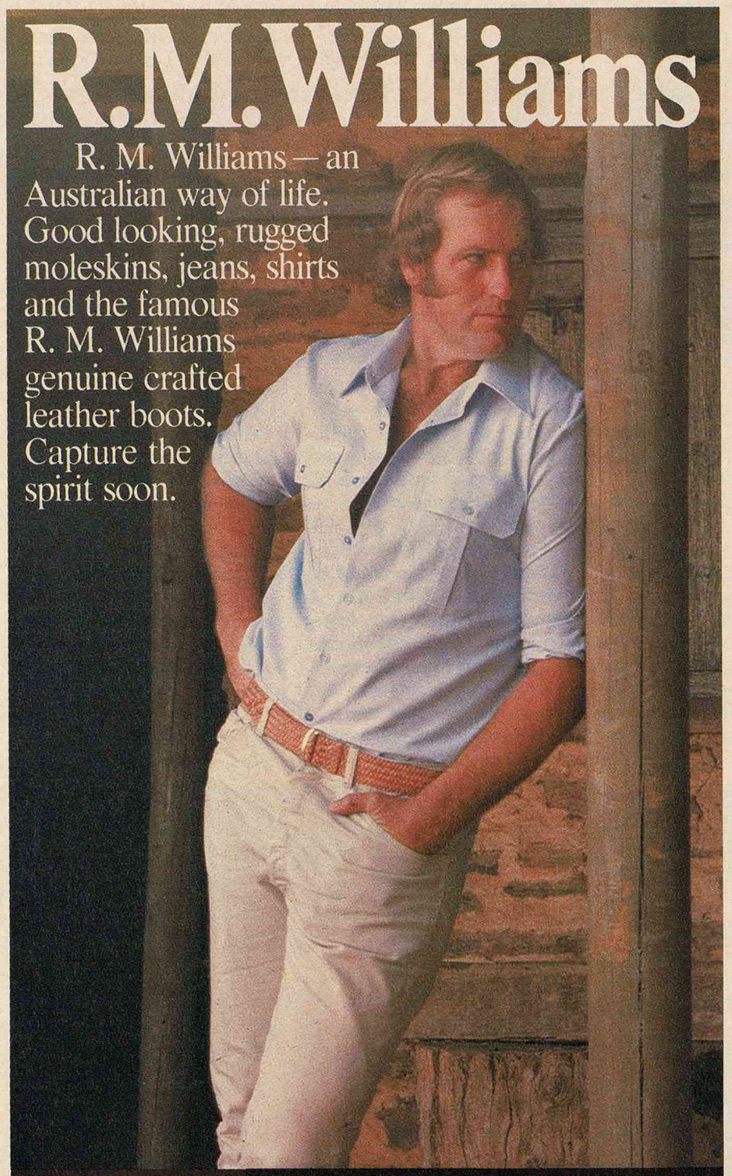
Day two was reserved for shooting as Colin let his cameras loose on the girls cavorting among the rain forest scenery, atop a skyscraper, the Golden Gate, and on the Coast's fabulous beaches. As you'll witness next month, the results are stunning. That night, the team hit Whispers Disco, above right, Brisbane, where the guests scored PLAYBOY prizes and raged with the bevy of beauties. Whispers features outstanding floor shows and the PLAYBOY visit coincided with the appearance of Australia's hottest Elvis look-and-sound-alike, Eddie Youngblood.

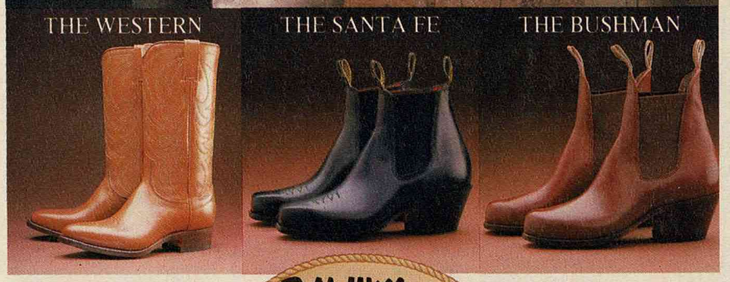
One of the best ways to see Surfers is from the water, so the crew and girls spent a good part of the third day cruising the nearby keys aboard the AAT cruiser *Shangri-la* with some of Queensland's most sensational habitats as part of the scenery. From there it was on to Brendan Edwards' Club Pacific Health Club at Man Beach for a bit of loosening up exercises and a session in the sauna with Elizabeth and Debbie. Brendan is a former star Hawthorn footy player who decided there could be few better places for a health club than the Gold Coast.

The hard part was checking out of the luxurious St Tropez apartments which were PLAYBOY's headquarters for the week. The St Tropez accommodation just has to be about the best way to experience the Gold Coast. Somehow our crew made it home with the goods and we'll take great pleasure in showing them to the rest of Australia in next month's sensational Girls of the Gold Coast spread. Meanwhile, we're not letting the crew stow their bags for too long before sending them back on the road again. Keep an eye on your local media girls — PLAYBOY could be hitting your town next.

R.M.Williams

R. M. Williams — an Australian way of life. Good looking, rugged moleskins, jeans, shirts and the famous R. M. Williams genuine crafted leather boots. Capture the spirit soon.





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5 Percy Street,
Prospect
The Gallerie,
Gawler Place
Phone 44 8191

R.M. Williams
The Original
Bushmens Outfitters

Melbourne
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Phone 63 5227
Sydney
71 Castlereagh St,
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Taylor St. Toowoomba Phone (076) 34 4336

WRITE FOR THE FAMOUS R.M.WILLIAMS CATALOGUE

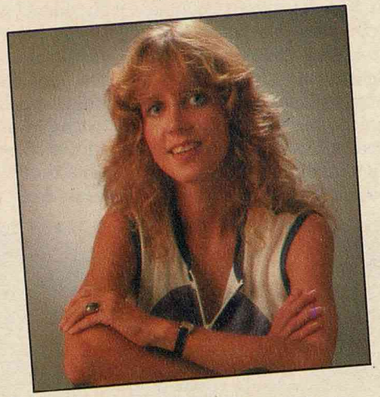
police authorities to force sex shops to move off the streets into upstairs premises has been generally welcomed by most local residents.

But a spokesperson for one of the leading disabled persons groups contacted PLAYBOY to complain that the council's move was discriminatory against them.

"Some disabled folk probably need sex aids more than do the rest of the population," she explained. "And being forced to walk up stairs to buy them is just another example of the barriers that unthinking legislators keep putting in the way of people who already have considerable trouble just functioning in our society."

MAYALL'S MAGGIE

Never mind Meatloaf, Australian rock and blues fans discovered the newest version of the Beauty and the Beast roadshow when John Mayall's



Brain Damage Club Tour did the rounds earlier this year. The veteran blues hand did us the kindness of including his lady of the last two and a half years, Maggie Parker, pictured, on the tour, and those who caught the act are still talking about the gal's singing talent and, not least of all, her looks. We caught up with Maggie toward the end of the tour and if 46 gigs in eight weeks was causing any wear and tear on the blonde, blue-eyed lady it certainly wasn't showing.

Maggie, 26, was only two years of age when the legendary British blues man formed his first band. While John was jammin' with the likes of Clapton, Peter Green, John McVie and Mick Taylor, Maggie was growing up in Chicago and learning how to sing. But, as the romantics say, music and true love pay no heed to distance or the generation gap and when the pair first met at a Stone Lake, Wisconsin, rock concert in 1977, their partnership immediately clicked.

Now, they live in Los Angeles and help with each other's projects.

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* A bright red SUZUKI 4-WD soft top
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  — A Western Tourist 6-sleeper tent
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  — 6 air mattresses
* A camping table and 6 **CINZANO** Directors Chairs
* An angling kit — fishing rod, basket, hooks, sinkers, etc.
* A **CINZANO** umbrella

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50 CINZANO Directors Chairs
50 CINZANO T-Shirts

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Just answer this simple question, complete the coupon and send it to:

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What is the best way to serve CINZANO Vermouth? (The answer is on every CINZANO bottle!)

.....

Name.....

Address.....

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My T-shirt size is:.....

The first correct entries drawn will win the prizes.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

1. Closing Date July 31, 1981. Winners will be notified by mail and announced in the Australian on 15th August, 1981.
2. The first correct entry drawn will win the first prize and the next 125 correct entries will win the consolation prizes. Where the conditions of entry are contrary to State law, persons are not eligible to enter this competition.
3. Judge's decision is final. No correspondence will be entered into. Entry in this competition will not create legal rights or obligations.
4. Entry in this competition is free and open to residents of Australia over 18 years of age, with the exception of employees and their immediate families of F. Cinzano & Cia. (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., associated companies, and their Advertising Agencies.
5. Prizes cannot be exchanged for cash. On-road costs for the Suzuki have been included, but the winner will be responsible for Comprehensive Insurance.

Permit number TC81/345 issued under the Lottery and Art Union Act NSW.

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Enjoy the refreshing difference!

AP3669

FOR YOUR EYES ONLY

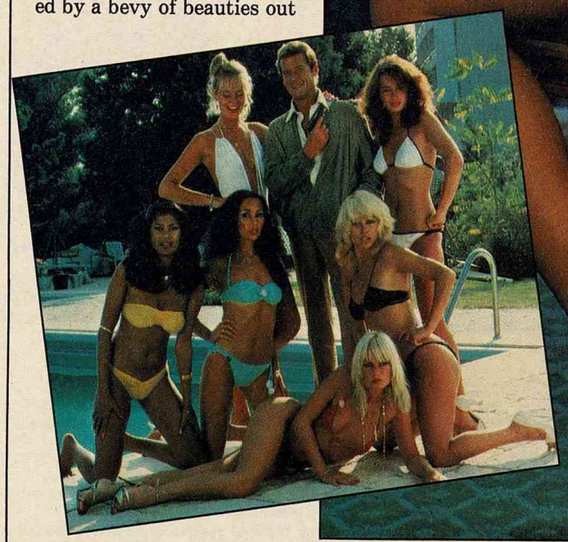
a dossier on some of the divine creatures from the latest of the james bond films . . .

FOR YOUR EYES ONLY is the twelfth in the series of Agent 007 adventures.

The exact details of the plot are, as you by now must know, a matter of international security, to be revealed only on a need-to-know basis as you munch into a bag of potato chips and sip hard on your tepid orange juice.

But PLAYBOY can tell you that this time Bond must locate a top-secret naval device that is lost somewhere off the Grecian coast. Enough of that. On the facing page is lovely Liz Warville from Britain, obviously well-qualified to be a James Bond beauty.

Right is New Yorker Max Vesterhalt, who says her ambition is to rule the world! And below is Mr Suave himself, Roger Moore, surrounded by a bevy of beauties out

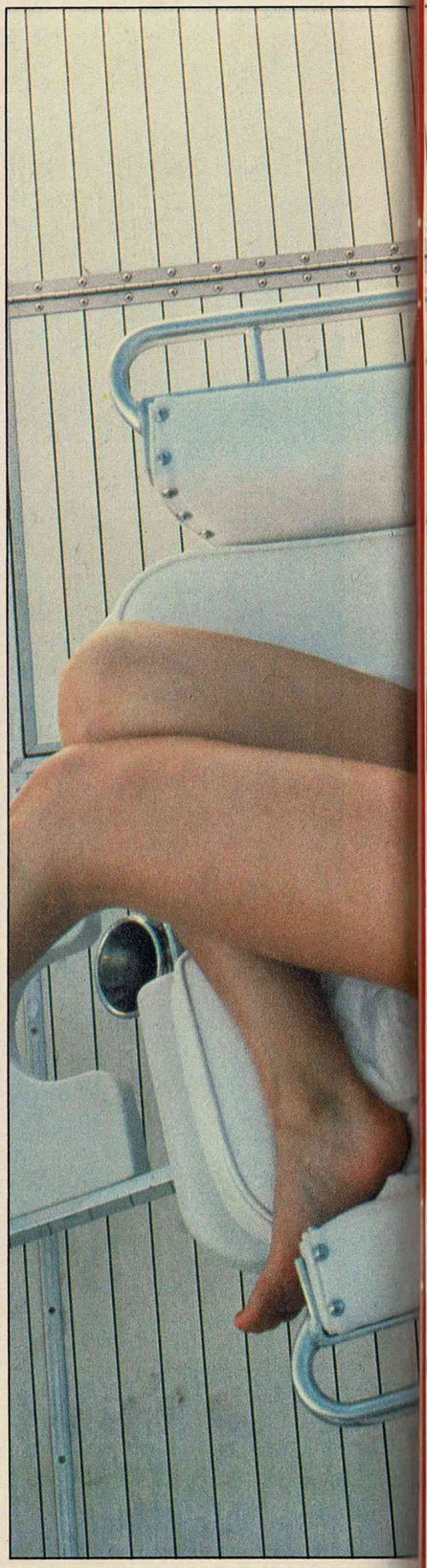


of the movie. In *For Your Eyes Only,* Moore, as 007, comes to grips with an evil Greek millionaire whose idea of fun is to tie Bond to a beautiful girl and throw both of them off his yacht into a shark infested sea. The plot thickens as Bond makes for the Italian skiing resort of Cortina d'Ampezzo where he runs into a figure skater, played by the real-life figure skater, Lynn-Holly Johnson. That is the lovely Lynn-Holly in bed, below, just after receiving a bit of special attention from 007.

If nothing else, the Bond beauties are most certainly women of the world. There is Tula Coosy, left, who was born in Rome, now lives in London and works as a model. She keeps tropical fish as pets and likes to escape the hectic big city lifestyle with camping trips into the country.

Kim Mills, at right, is a London-born girl, keeps a flat there and spends her leisure time reading science fiction, which may help to explain how she ended up in a James Bond extravaganza.

In *For Your Eyes Only,* Bond will make car-freaks envious as he charges in all directions in a Lotus Esprit Turbo — with extras. He



also finds himself handling one of the arch-villains on the isle of Corfu who tries to wipe out Bond with a dune-buggy. PLAYBOY was happy to lend a hand in choosing one of the Bond girls, shown here at her best. She is Robbin Young, from Florida, and she plays the part of a flowershop sales girl. Robbin was flown to Italy for her four days of film shooting. She also had some acting tips from Roger Moore, inset on facing page. So, there you have it — a sneak preview of Bond's bountiful beauties.

"Picture Search."

The fast forward and reverse you can actually see.

Imagine you're looking for a particular scene on a 3 hour tape. With most ordinary video-recorder, it's a time-consuming hit and miss affair - Fast Forward, Stop, Play, Rewind, Continue.

The Sony Betamax SL-C7 has a unique time-saving capability called "Picture Search". "Picture Search", allows you to see the picture going past at 11 times normal speed on your television!

What's more, the Sony Betamax's "Picture Search" will do exactly the same in reverse. When you find the place you want, simply take your finger off the "Picture Search" button, and the Sony Betamax will stop the tape where you want it to. With Sony Betamax SL-C7, there is no time-consuming stopping between modes.

You can switch directly from one mode to another - even Fast Forward to Reverse - without having to stop the machine.

Remote Control. Every Sony Betamax SL-C7 comes with a cordless infra-red remote control as standard equipment. This control duplicates 12 of the machine's main functions including Picture Search "x3" speed, Freeze Frame and Record.

Automatic Timer. Another time-saving feature of the Sony Betamax SL-C7 is its unique 14-day, 4-event, fully programmable timer. What this means is that you now have the ability to record any four programmes over a two-week period and replay them at a time to suit yourself. Such rationalisation of programming can save you hour after hour of valuable time. (We should point out at this stage, that recording of TV programmes other than some live programmes, may infringe copyright unless permitted by the copyright owner).

Sony's Superior Picture. The characteristic which most endears Sony to professionals - particularly those involved in film and television production - is Sony quality.

Unfortunately, there is nothing we can say, no evidence we can provide, that will convince you of something you can only see through your eyes. However, we would like to invite you to see the Sony Betamax for yourself. In action. Up close. Compare it with anything else on the market.

Only then will you understand what we mean by "Sony Picture Quality". Only then will you begin to see why professionals have so much time for Sony.

Beta

Sony Betamax SL-C7

The Betamax SL-C7 can only be operated with TV receivers having a UHF Tuner.

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Adelaide	Grenfell Hi-Fi 51 5017
Adelaide	Myer Emporium 217 0123
Adelaide	Video World 223 5342
Campbelltown	Spartan Electricals 337 3331
Glenelg	Jim Ryan Sound 295 1564
Norwood	Ern Smith's 332 8000
Salisbury	Video Centre 250 4670
Woodville	Astra Housewares 268 2411

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

East Perth	Videolink 328 3022
Fremantle	Myer 335 5455
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Perth	Myer, 246 Murray St. 321 0151

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SON 0025

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

I've seen a few motorbike riders around wearing old style helmets shaped like a sort of pudding bowl, and I am wondering how to get hold of one. I think they look much better than current helmets, which to me all look the same, and they are also probably more comfortable . However, none of the motorcycle equipment shops I've been to could help me, so can you tell me if this style of helmet is still made, and if so, where I could purchase one? — M.H., Vic.

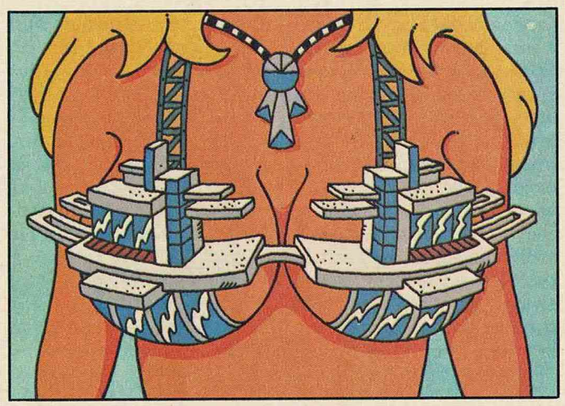
We are pleased to be able to tell you that the helmets you refer to are no longer made, and even if they were, you'd be crazy to buy one. They might just possibly be a lot more comfortable than a modern helmet, but only because they are infinitely lighter and flimsier, affording little if any protection against a solid blow. The reason that modern helmets, as you say, all look the same is that they are constructed to comply with a series of design regulations aimed at protecting as much of the wearer's head as possible. If you're determined to have a distinctive looking helmet, we suggest that you buy a modern full-face one and hire an artist to paint an original mural on it.

Has Muhammad Ali made any other cinematic appearances apart from his life story, *The Greatest?* I'd read somewhere that he planned to become an actor once he'd finished boxing, but I've not heard anything further. — S.L., Qld.

Muhammad Ali's movie career is far longer than many people imagine. Way back in 1961, the young Cassius Clay, as he was then known, could be seen behind the opening credits in the film, Requiem for a Heavyweight. *In that three-minute sequence he beat the life out of Anthony Quinn, who was playing an ageing boxer on the brink of his retirement. More recently he appeared in a sort of* Roots *rip-off, called* Freedom Road. *Even overweight and in semi-retirement, Ali is an infinitely better boxer than actor, but that is unlikely to stop his beautiful face appearing on the big screen again.*

Recently I heard a story that Jayne Mansfield had a bra especially designed for her by the architect Frank Lloyd Wright. Is this true? — M.A., NSW.

We suspect not. You may be thinking of a garment



built for that 1940s movie queen, Jane Russell. This particular bra was not the handiwork of an architect, but of the eccentric millionaire and aviation pioneer Howard Hughes. Among all his other interests, Hughes also managed to be a film producer for a while, and he put together Miss Russell's skyward-pointing brassiere for The Outlaw, *made in 1943. Tame by present standards, it was held up for six years by the censors. Publicity at the time used lines like "two good reasons why you should see this movie".*

Can you give me any advice on how to get into car racing? I live in the Northern Territory, so I don't get a chance to see much racing, but I think I'm a pretty good driver, and I'd like to have a try. I've often seen second hand racing cars advertised in auto magazines at fairly reasonable prices, and I've thought of moving south, buying one, and having a go. I could afford the car, but what I'm now wondering is whether it's possible for a reasonably good driver to make a living from the prize money, as I'd like to do it full time if I could. What are the odds against doing that, and also what do you think would be the best class of racing to get started in? — L.K., NT.

There's a saying that the only way to make a small fortune out of motor racing is to start off with a big fortune. The exceptions to that are the handful of professional drivers who race other people's cars and don't have to pay the bills, but those drivers don't get into that position overnight. They've usually spent a number of years and a lot of their own money trying to achieve a big enough reputation for other people to be interested in hiring them. For the unsponsored driver the cost of a season's racing is likely to be enormous, with the initial cost of the car only a small part of it. Prize money goes only a small way toward covering expenses, and even some quite successful drivers have recently had to abandon the sport due to lack of funds. The cheapest way to get started is probably in Formula Vee, for cars based on standard Volkswagen components. The next step up from that, however, into Formula Ford or Formula 2, is likely to break the bank. People will keep on trying, and we wish them luck, but they should know that motor racing is now probably more difficult than ever to break into.

For the first time in a very long while, I find myself making love regularly, but rather than solving all my problems, it's starting to bother me a bit. The trouble is that while the lady still interests me sexually, I don't feel in any way emotionally involved with her, and don't want to be. On the other hand, she seems to have a very romantic view of the relationship, and I suppose I've been stringing her along a bit just so as not to miss out on the sexual side of things. After being without it for a fair while it's hard to give it up again just like that, as I'm worried that I might not find anyone else in the near future. How do you propose I should handle things? — T.N., NSW.

If the lady concerned is really determined to be romantically involved, you'd better give her some idea of just how you feel about the subject, and the sooner the better. The longer you encourage her delusion that you share her feelings, the more difficult it will be when she finally finds out you don't. Let her know that you're basically just after a good time. She may accept that more readily than you imagine. If she doesn't, and you find yourself once again on the loose, you have no reason to expect that someone else won't turn up in the future and at least you won't be hurting anybody.

My wife and I have a bit of a problem with our sex life, and we'd like your advice on the matter. We live about a hundred miles out of Sydney but, because of my work, I sometimes have to spend a week or two at a time there, and my wife usually comes along with me. For economic reasons, we stay at my parents' house, and that's

where the problem starts. Even though in most ways we both quite like staying there, once we get into the bedroom everything goes wrong. My wife hardly ever comes, and sometimes I can't get it up at all. We just never really seem to be able to get going properly. This isn't normal for us, as when we're home we have an excellent sex life. I can see that it must have something to do with my parents being around, but I can't understand why — F.C., NSW.

Without knowing any details of your family background, we can only surmise. However, it is not uncommon for couples to feel sexually inhibited when in the presence of members of their family. If you had an upbringing in which sex was seldom mentioned, and was looked upon as something slightly dirty, to be kept at a distance, you could still feel some hangover from that. Even though you may since have consciously rejected all of that, a return to the old family environment may revive a few of those feelings for you, just enough to put you off form. If the problem is as serious as you suggest, one answer would be to simply spend less time in that situation. However, if you and your wife are going to continue staying with your parents, you could at least remind yourselves occasionally that once you are in the bedroom, you are responsible only to each other, and no one else's inhibitions matter in the slightest.

I have a problem that is affecting my peace of mind. A few months ago, I left home to join the air force, leaving behind my girlfriend whom I love very much. Prior to my leaving, we had a very fulfilling, loving sex life. Recently I returned from the base, and my girlfriend told me that after making love she didn't feel very satisfied. Previously she would reach orgasm four or five times, so I am a little confused. The few weeks away from each other made our love grow stronger, so it can't be the cause of any diminished feelings. We have a beautiful relationship, both sexually and non-sexually. I suppose I, too, have not been getting the contented, satisfied feeling that I did before. During the time I was home we made love as much as possible before I returned, and I wonder if this could have some bearing on the problem. Overall, the past few months have been a very emotional and stressful time for us both, and I suppose I put the problem down to that. Please give me your advice on the matter. — L.A., SA.

Your own diagnosis that the problem stems from just the stress of the past few months sounds like a fairly reasonable one. If you have previously had a secure, continuing relationship, the recent change to being an occasional visitor is bound to have an effect on your sex life. When you returned, knowing that you only had a brief time together, you may have approached sex with the attitude that you had to make up for lost time, and prepare yourself for the next period of separation, like a squirrel storing up nuts for the winter. In doing so you will have increased the pressure upon yourselves, and added to the likelihood of disappointment. So if long separations followed by brief periods together is to be the continuing pattern you may have to learn just to enjoy the moments of lovemaking just for their own sake, and not as an endurance award.

My problem might not appear very serious to some people, but it's causing me a lot of worry and I'd be grateful for your advice. I'm 21 and live in a small country town in northern Victoria. I had a steady girlfriend for a couple of years, but split with her a few months ago and since then no one new has come on to the scene. Most of the people my age seem to be paired off, and there seem to be very few interesting women around here who are not attached to someone. I am not particularly trying to settle down — I'd just like a bit of fun now and again and at the moment I'm not getting it. Because it's a small town, everybody seems to know just what everybody else is doing, and I get sick of people thinking of me as some manner of weirdo or, worse, trying to line me up with girls I couldn't possibly have any interest in. You'll probably suggest that I move out of town. I've thought about that a lot, but the only snag is that I have a reasonable job here as a mechanic working upon agricultural machinery, and I'd be a bit worried about giving it up with jobs being as scarce as they are at the moment. Do you think I should stick it out here, or chance a move to the city? — J.T., Vic.

When you get to the point of feeling like a real misfit in your own hometown, it's probably time to move on, even if only temporarily. At the age of 21, it makes good sense to keep yourself uncommitted for a while, but if you're surrounded by people who think otherwise it can be hard to maintain your self-esteem. Some people are just not cut out for life in the country, even if they were born there. And while it's true that giving up a job in the present economic climate does call for a certain amount of courage, when something as important as your personal happiness is at stake, it's probably worth the risk. In your case, with all of those mechanical qualifications on your record, you would probably find the move easier than it would be for many other people. Think about it carefully for a while though, and try to work out whether this restlessness of yours has stemmed from your recent split with your girlfriend. If that is the case, you may just need more time to get back in circulation.

I'm hoping to make a trip to Europe later this year and am looking for ways to cut costs. As even the Apex advance booking fares are now extremely expensive, I was thinking of getting an Apex fare to somewhere in South-east Asia, perhaps to Singapore, and once there, buying another ticket on to Europe. I have heard that there are travel agents in Asia where one can obtain amazingly cheap fares to other parts of the world, but travel agents here haven't been able to give me much information, other than to say it was a bit dodgy. Do you think it's worth the gamble? — T.G., Vic.

Going to South-east Asia and shopping around for an onward ticket can very often lead to extremely worthwhile savings, but it depends on how much spare time you've got. If you are intending to spend some time in Asia before heading on to Europe, then shopping around for a cut-price ticket could work out cheaper than getting a conventional stopover fare from Australia. Don't expect to be able to jump on the first plane, however. You'll have to spend some time waiting around, and there will be your accommodation expenses during that period. Best places to look for the super-cheap onward tickets are Singapore, Penang and, most importantly, Bangkok. Some of these operators, like Penang's well-known "Fast Freddy", appear to be running decidedly shoestring outfits, but they are generally reliable.

Can you tell me whether the so-called "Spanish fly" really works? I've heard stories about it, but have never been able to find out if there is any truth in them. How does the stuff work, and if it's really as good as they say, where could I get it? — A.K., NSW.

Spanish fly isn't available locally — and it's a good thing. Whatever aphrodisiacal powers the substance may have, these are greatly outweighed by its dangerous side effects. The fly is actually a beetle, called Lytta vesicatoria, *native to France and Spain, which is killed, dried and pulverised, and a chemical known as* cantharidin *is extracted. When swallowed, it passes through the kidneys into the bladder, causes extreme aggravation and in turn stimulates internal sexual organs, causing various extreme degrees of sexual arousal. Sometimes the penis can become permanently erect and can only be returned to a flaccid state through surgery. Violent convulsions have also been known to occur.*

As an occasional drinker of whisky (my consumption is limited in part by the incredible cost of the stuff), I'd be grateful if you could tell me any differences in Scotch, Bourbon and Irish whisky. Are they all made the same way? — N.P., WA.

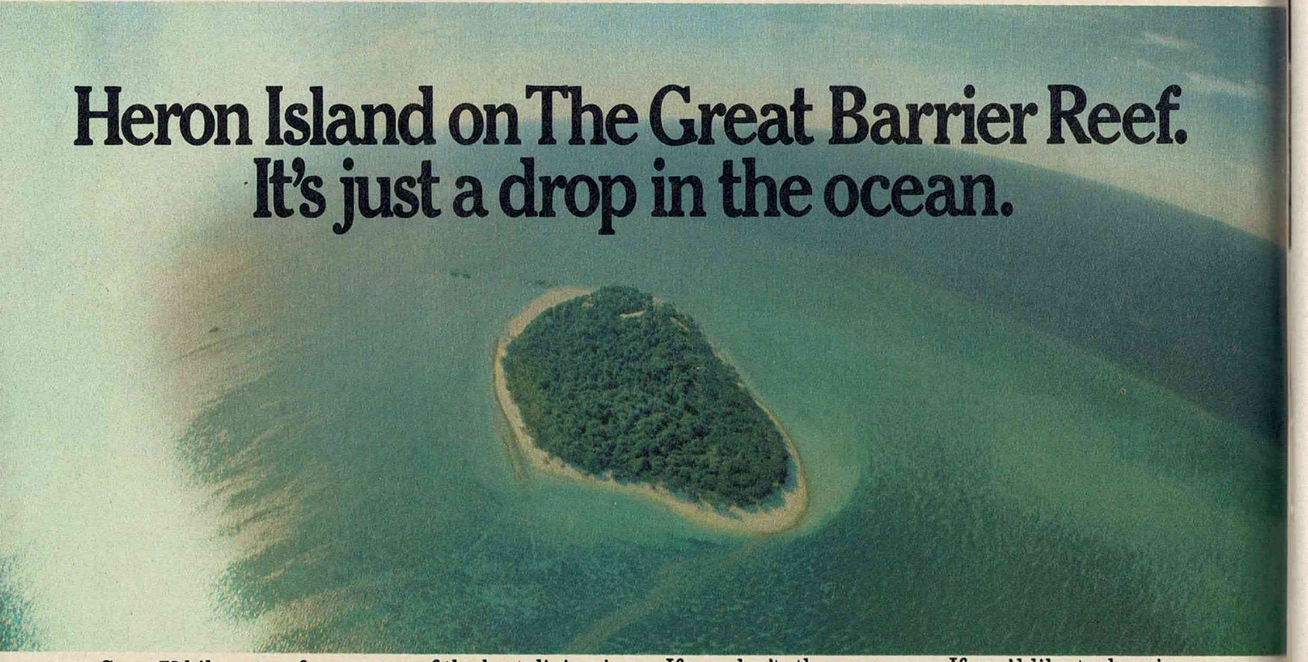
The one thing that all whiskies have in common is that they begin with the fermentation of grain. Beyond that point, variations in the detail of manufacture are myriad. Most Scotch is a blend of malt whisky, made from barley, and of grain whisky, made from wheat. The two are blended after both have been fully distilled. Pure unblended malt whisky also has a large following, even though some people find its taste too heavy. Irish whisky also comes from a blend of both barley and wheat, but in this case the barley and wheat malt are mixed together sometime before the fermentation process. This gives the end product a somewhat lighter quality than Scotch. American and Canadian whiskies are generally manufactured in the same way as Scotch, although a variety of grains are used. The best known is Bourbon, which combines barley malt and rye with a corn mash in the initial stage. Lately, the Japanese have tried to make their product as much like Scotch as possible. Top quality Scotch continues to be the aristocrat among whiskies.

Six months ago, I broke up with a girl I'd been involved with for about a year. The break-up was her idea, not mine, and it's the worst thing that's happened in my life. I want her back desperately, but now she seems to be seeing a lot of somebody else and it's really bringing me down. I've pleaded with her a few times to come back to me but this only made her angry, and now she won't talk to me at all. I believe it's driving me crazy. What do you think I should do? — C.W., SA.

Six months is far long enough to allow yourself to go on feeling like that. Now it's time for you to make yourself feel something else. Look upon her break with you as a demonstration of her poor taste, and ask yourself if you'd really want to be involved with someone who had such terrible judgement Remind yourself now and again that, if you once felt so strongly about her, you're capable of feeling exactly the same thing about somebody else, and you certainly will. Another girl, twice as desirable, could be waiting just around the next corner, but if you're moping around over what happened six months ago, you'll never see her.

The Playboy Adviser *will answer all reasonable questions about your lifestyle, pub arguments, hangups or fantasies. Send them to* Playboy Adviser, *Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001.*

Heron Island on The Great Barrier Reef. It's just a drop in the ocean.



Some 72 kilometres from Gladstone is one of the only two, inhabited coral cays in the whole length of the Great Barrier Reef.

It's already been afforded the coveted status of a National Park and offers some of the best diving in the world.

Its waters abound with tropical fish, its shores with bird life.

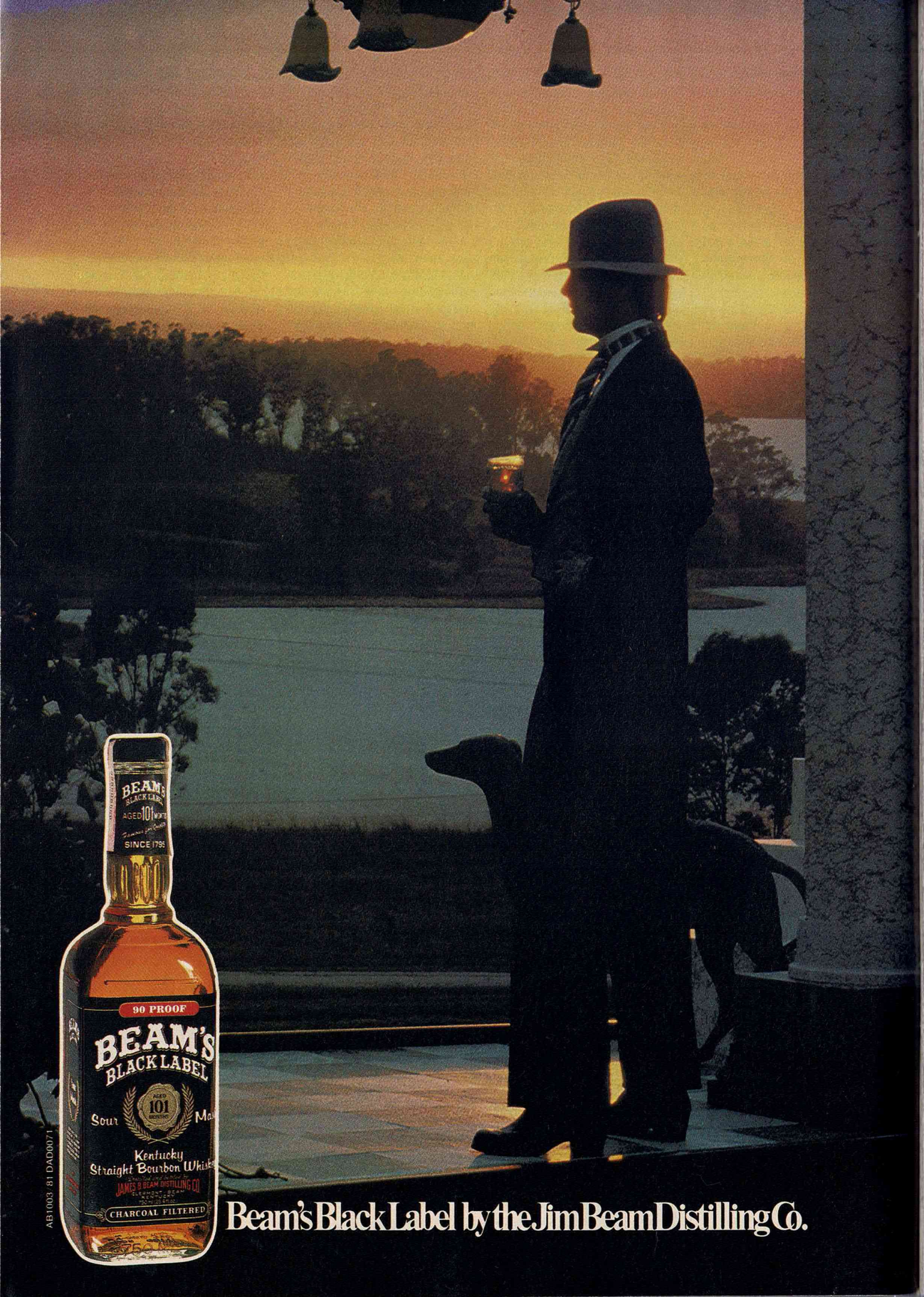
It's the perfect haven if you want to get away from it all.

If you don't, there are always our dangerously friendly bars, dancing under the stars and our restaurant where you may meet some of those fish who eluded you earlier in the day.

If you'd like to drop in, contact your Travel Agent, TAA, Ansett or the Queensland Government Tourist Office.

Heron Island. Just a drop in the ocean.

HI-51



THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

HELLO SAILOR

I was fascinated to read Michael Glynn's comments in Sydney — Gay Capital of Australia (PLAYBOY, May) on the history of leatherwear. Mr Glynn claims it was the popular dress code for cowboys and for certain orders of knights.

This seems to make a great deal of sense as both lifestyles were masculine oriented and, if you'll forgive the expression, close to being chauvinistic. It must also be suspected that knights of almost any sect, with very little company for anyone save their own kind, would relieve themselves on those long crusades with the odd bit of homosexuality.

Most Western and frontier historians agree that the minuscule supply of women prompted cowboys to warm each other's cockles around the campfires at night or choose to wear their chaps backwards on those long and lonely cattle drives.

So, what's so wrong with the clergyman, accountant, boilermaker or sailor spending his spare time strutting around in a lovely bit of leather loungewear or a rawhide G-string? After all, we have been doing it for centuries and it sure breathes better than rubber.

M.P.T.,
Carlton, Vic.

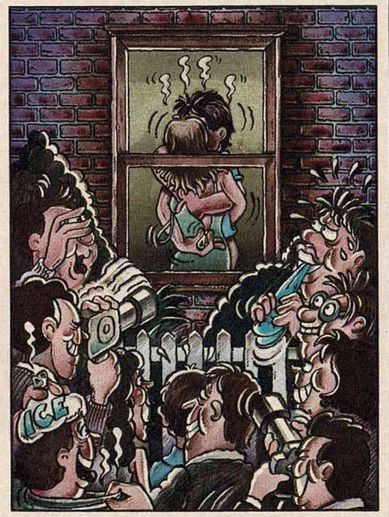
Can there be some connection between Sydney's dual reputations of being the most expensive city and also the gayest?

After reading Sydney — Gay Capital of Australia, I was left wondering just how much the excessive demands placed on this old town contribute to the rising cost of everything from real estate to rump steak.

The homosexual boom has evidently attracted such people from all over the South Pacific to Sydney to sample the lifestyle.

This influx, along with the arrival of the Asian migrants, the ever-growing movement from country regions, plus Sydney's general attraction as the most live-wire city in Australia, is placing intolerable strains on all supplies. Perhaps you guys could do us all a favor by promoting Port Hedland, WA, or Tennant Creek, NT, as the new gay capitals? Then we might be able to resurrect Australia's oldest city from the sort of gay abandon with which it is being piped to its ruin. For my part, I hope the day will soon be here. Amen.

L.D.R.,
Balmain, NSW.



Can gay pioneer activist Lex Watson be suffering from the sort of social cringe which has kept homosexual rights as a matter of closet conversation for too long? In Sydney — Gay Capital of Australia, Watson might be a bit too hasty in his answer to whether it is easy for him to pick out a homosexual.

"Oh, I couldn't pick one in a fit of Sundays," he says. But later on he claims to be able to recognise all heterosexuals who "stick out a mile". Isn't that something like saying that he can't spot the black folks, but he sure does recognise the whites? Surely Mr Watson is doing his own cause harm with his glib remarks? Gay people are an integral part of society.

T.D.,
Hindmarsh, SA.

GLAZED GAZE

A truly tremendous vote of gratitude from myself and my near neighbors goes to the manufacturers of that famous reflective window material which makes Australia's brick veneer dreams cooler in summer. Listen to this tale: several months ago a young couple took out the option on the house across the road and shortly after moving in had the windows of the front rooms coated with reflective lining. In daylight hours it is possible to see out of the windows, but the reflective substance makes it impossible to see in. However, the friendly installation man forgot to tell our new neighbors that the one-way effect is reversed at night when an internal light is on. As this certain young couple's bedroom forte involved screwing with the lights on, it became known that No 42 provided the best live sex show in town. My house is immediately opposite and friends from up and down the street would drop by on the slightest pretext in the hope of catching a glimpse of the action. My wife and next door neighbor joked about charging admission for the show but the situation became a little bit more serious when all the neighborhood kids started to use our footpath as a rallying point each evening after 10. I got sick of kicking kids off the front fence and so decided to do something about it. So, one weekend I had a barbecue at my place and invited friends, near neighbors and also the couple from across the road. I tried to talk my wife into tactfully dropping a few hints to the young wife about the public performances but was told that it was my responsibility. With a few drinks to boost the courage, I sidled up to my new neighbor and after a spot of light banter remarked on the wisdom of installing the glazing to keep the hot sun out of his front rooms. "But the only problem," said I, "is that it doesn't remain reflective at night when you have a light switched on behind."

From the way in which he almost choked on his beer, I could tell that he understood exactly what I was talking about and, as if to confirm it, the lamplit performances ceased from then on.

After that, fewer and fewer people were seen at night walking their dogs up and down the street in front of the young couple's home. My wife is much relieved that the neighborhood has been restored to respectability.

We've since become quite good friends with the young couple, but there is the odd evening when television is especially dull and the moon is full that I regret shutting down the town's best free skin show.

Name withheld by request,
Port Macquarie, NSW.

There is much material here for reflection. — Ed.

NUCLEAR EXPERTISE

I thought your interview with atomic research director Stuart Butler (PLAYBOY: May) went a long way toward dissipating a few of the more emotional beefs current about the entire nuclear issue.

Butler's recognition of the suspicions and fables that surround the nuclear industry was rather refreshing. Particularly when so many pro-proliferationists are happy to leave the consumer in uneasy ignorance.

The unforthcoming nature of many famed nuclear

"experts" can only be interpreted as further evidence that they do indeed have something to hide. It's said that time will reveal all, but with the current lack and confusion of evidence, the only conclusion is the *Catch-22* choice of buy in order to try — whatever the result.

That solution seems too horrible to even contemplate and does nothing to remove the suspicion that the mad drive toward nuclear proliferation is still largely fuelled by all those multinationals who stand to make the most profit from the uranium and reactor installation sales.

G. Morris,
Sydney.

TOP OF THE WORLD

As a confirmed knocker of the Miss World-Miss Universe parades, I wasn't surprised at all to hear that the newly-crowned Gabriella Brum had told them what to do with the tiara, sceptre and crown jewels. My complaint about the beauty contest is that it is patently unfair to single out one lady from a bevy of equally deserving beauties.

In that sense, I agree that such shows are demeaning to women. With that done, I must compliment PLAYBOY, and photographer Sebastian Giefer Bastel, on the stunning pictorial on Gabriella.

The display did far more justice to her natural beauty than could ever have been revealed on any catwalk.

The lady has obviously got guts to back her good looks and I can't help thinking that if she had not abdicated, the cloistered confines of the Miss World title would have given us no chance of discovering her true natural charms. So, keep up the good work, PLAYBOY.

L.P. Kelly,
East Perth, WA.

RENT FREE

If you've got any doubts about the strength of demand for inner city accommodation, allow me to relate a tale which illustrates the severity of the shortage.

Before heading overseas on a six-month study leave trip, I made provision to let my apartment to cover repayments over that period. The newspaper advert drew numerous responses and I committed myself to a full day of interviews and flat inspection tours. A pretty boring business all round.

It was close to midday and I'd already opened the door on six interested parties when the seventh arrived five minutes late and a little short of breath. She was a refreshingly attractive girl of about 23 and I offered her coffee while she caught her breath.

I don't know whether it was her cheeky reference to my water bed or the fact that there was an obvious electricity between us, but

in less than 20 minutes we found ourselves having it off on that double water bed.

This encounter brought the letting problem to a fitting climax as the doorbell rang to announce the arrival of our next applicants.

"It's taken," I yelled and they must have shuffled off because we weren't disturbed for another 40 minutes after which time I hung a notice on the door to say that a suitable tenant had been found, and not to bother trying for it again.

We immediately returned to the water bed. I still had a few weeks to go before departure and had not planned to let the flat till then. But this young lady badly needed a roof over her head and, after all, it was a double bed. As I write this two days before heading for London I can look back on three memorable weeks, and forward to the promise that she'll still be there when I return.

R.G.D.,
Surry Hills, NSW.

MEDIA PRAYER

Lee Patterson's helpful How To Handle The Media rave in the March issue of PLAYBOY has apparently set a number of you off on new career paths judging by our mailbag. At least a few of our correspondents thought Patterson's tongue in jowl advice would help them cope better next time the TV boys stick their vox pop cameras in your face on the street. Patterson has penned this special Mediamaniac's prayer for publicity-minded PLAYBOY readers, hopeful of cracking the electric bigtime; also he suggests that mediamaniacs kneel down in front of the nearest television set and carefully recite the following after him:

The Lord is my producer, I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in strange green rooms;

He leadeth me in the paths of the prophet McNair and the prophet Anderson —

From Four Corners unto Nationwide, in just a mere Sixty Moments; for my own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in the shadow of the valley of the deadline and microphone, I will fear no Letter to the Editor of the Sydney Morning Herald longer than 400 words; no writ of defamation, no visitation of The Age Insight Team.

I will fear no decision of the Australian Broadcasting Tribunal; nor will I covet the drething room or audienth reach of St Ita.

For thou are with me, thy television and thy radio — AM, PM and FM; thou comforteth me.

Thou preparest a camera before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with makeup; my tongue runneth over.

Thou art my compere and floor manager in one — the star of thine own show.

Surely then goodness and money shall follow me all the days of my life; so that I shall dwell in Broadcast House and, by the grace of God, sit at the right hand of the Lord Murdoch, Lord Packer, Lord Duckmanton, Lord Fairfax, our Lady of Flinders Street and the Lord Gyngell.

Thy will be done.

Forgive us our press passes,

And until the same time next week, forever forever, good night, thank you and,

Amen.

PS: The devil made Lee Patterson write this.

A PUBLIC DEFENCE

I would like to say a word on behalf of a segment of the population that is often maligned unfairly: lawyers.

PLAYBOY is, of course, an appropriate place to state the case for the defence, considering Lee Patterson's long article in your April magazine: The Law: too many lawyers, too much money, too little justice. Patterson, as we all know, is entitled to the free expression of his opinions, under the rule of law, but did they have to be so long-winded and read so much like a politician making a speech?

Patterson's approach, it seems to me, was that of the typical journalist: grab any facts and figures out of the air, worry not too much about the context, and then shock the gullible public. So then, what are the real facts in context?

Yes, lawyers certainly are among the better off in the community. But they have to work very hard for quite a few years to obtain admission to the legal fraternity. During their training years, the income is miserly.

Admission is no sure road to an easy and a comfortable life either. The lawyer has to really use his brains to keep up with his confreres in a demanding and taxing profession. Too many slip-ups and he will find the clients beating a path to someone else's door. Nor should it be ever thought that every lawyer — yes, solicitors and barristers too — is so loaded with money that he could not spend it all in a lifetime.

Patterson makes quite a point about conveyancing in the Eastern States. Conveyancing works are keeping many lawyers above the breadline. But perhaps they should not be in the law at all? Too many lawyers, as Patterson says. Here I agree with him. There are too many of us. And why is that so? Public demand, of course. People want to go to law, so they need lawyers. The right to advice, and in courts, to legal representatives of one's own choice is fundamental in every free society. Would Patterson want to change that? I'm sure he would not.

Certainly some procedures could be de-legalised, but which ones and how many? Patterson is quite unclear on this pertinent point. Further, just how could the public be sure of fair treatment from non-lawyers? The law may have its faults, but it works. There are crooked lawyers, but they are in the minority and most, I believe, are caught. An assumption true, but surely one we are entitled to make?

Solicitor,
Sydney.

HAPPY SCREWS

As a regular — and as a thorough reader of PLAYBOY, I am intrigued by the dialogue that has been continuing in your magazine under the quite titillating headings of Screwed (After Hours, in October) and Screwed Again (Forum, January). As you and your readers may recall, the subject discussed under those headings was an intriguing cocktail called, alternatively, a slow comfortable screw or a long, slow and comfortable screw up against a very hard wall.

Well, I was just browsing in a book store the other day when I came across an eyecatching little number called *The Happy Mixer.* I ended up buying the book — for the recipes, mind you, not the decorative and scantily-dressed mixers — and when I got home, surprise surprise, I found a listing for a slow, comfortable screw. I recommend the book to fellow readers.

According to the author, Sharyn Hayes, who has apparently been shaking the cocktails in a bar of the Melbourne Hilton for six years, the approved recipe is: one equal part of slow gin, Southern Comfort, vodka and orange juice; shake or blend together and serve in a champagne glass. Bottoms up for many happy screws in the future.

S. Adams,
Sydney.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas.

PORN PIN-UP BAN

RICHMOND (Virginia) — The good news for jail prisoners: they can look at pornographic pictures in private. The bad: they may not hang the suggestive pictures on the walls of their cells. A US Federal Appeals Court has upheld the prisoners' right to private viewing privileges, but upheld a regulation of the Powhatan Correctional Centre against open pornographic displays when the pictures could be viewed by the many non-consenting prison inmates.

BOTTOM PINCH

AUSTIN (Texas) — Out of cash and needing a bed for the night, a 22-year-old Houston man sought accommodation at the city jail. Told he couldn't be given lodgings until he'd broken a law, the man dropped his tweeds in the station lobby. The police duly made the pinch and put him in a cell for the night. The next day a humorless judge extended his visit to 10 to 20 days in default of a $90 fine.

DEAD BALL

LONDON — A very macabre tale of bad sportmanship emerged when five grave robbers appeared before an English court. The prosecution claimed that the five took skulls from an 18th century masoleum in Exeter, and used one of them as the ball in an improvised game of soccer. A $50 fine each.

CLOSET BOOZER

OSLO — Port authorities figured they'd stumbled on to a smuggling operation when they discovered 120 bottles of hard liquor and several thousand cigarettes secreted in the cabin of Indian seaman, Ezadio Soares. However he was cleared of the smuggling charge when he convinced a court that the booze and the fags were all for his own consumption. "I drink more than one litre of alcohol a day and I smoke like a chimney," Soares told the court. When he was asked why he went to the trouble of hiding his props, Soares said: "I did not want my captain to think that I was just a drunk."

SPERM SALES

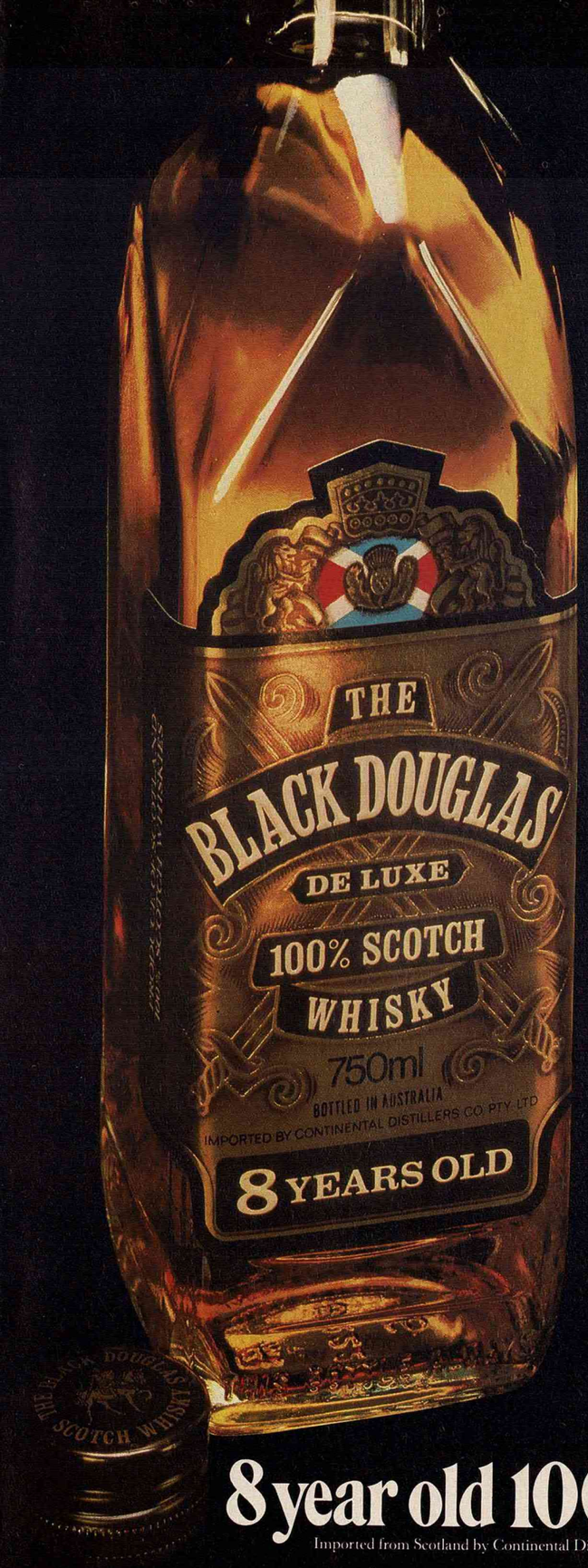
SYDNEY — In the interests of raising $20,000 for renovations, the management of a suburban gym put its finest cash crop on the market. By selling sperm donations from their superfit athletes at $10 a blow, the gym backers hoped to improve their savings.

DIVORCE CHORUS

SAN DIEGO — The legal community — but so far none of the petitioners — is concerned by one Californian judge's technique for simplifying divorce procedures. In uncontested cases Judge Paul D. Rosado assembles prospective divorcees in groups, has them sworn and then grants decrees to the entire assemblage on the basis of uniform yes and no answers to the basic questions involved in uncontested cases.

REVENGE

NEW YORK — The Big Apple's Finest have one less rapist to worry about, but one more killer. A man who was shot in the ankle, robbed of his jewellery and forced to watch his girlfriend raped has enforced his own retribution. The police say that after tracking down the robber-rapist, the man waited for the opportune moment and then revved up his car before running down and killing his tormentor.



"Certain things in life have achieved a reputation for supreme quality and The Black Douglas is a prized example.

Its superior smoothness and quality stem from the fact that it's 8 years old, 3 years older than the Scotch you're probably drinking now."

"So why waste time and money on an ordinary Scotch?"

The Black Douglas

8 year old 100% Scotch Whisky.

Imported from Scotland by Continental Distillers

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Playboy Interview MANNING CLARK

academe's storyteller who pens dreaming australia's tales in words of fire

MANNING CLARK has been called the philosopher-historian; however, he regards himself, perhaps more correctly, as being a storyteller. The story he has told is Australia's . . . and Clark's acclaimed A History of Australia *is as big and broad as our vast continent. His history is regarded as a lasting masterpiece. It is no dry-as-dust set of volumes, but a living, throbbing view of our country, seen through the eyes of a man who, literally, regards life as a simple but titanic struggle between good and evil. Of course, Charles Manning Hope Clark is also one of our greatest writers. Quite apart from his five-volume history, his novel-style biography of poet Henry Lawson is a superb story, quite sufficient in its own right to guarantee the literary reputation of the author.*

Although Clark's Australia *has probably cast the mould of how future generations will regard their origins — it is, after all, the definitive history of this country, all one million words of it — Clark himself is better known to the average Australian as one of the group of Australian intellectuals, including Nobel prize winner Patrick White, who climbed out of their ivory towers to attack the dismissal of the Whitlam Government in 1975 by then Governor-General Sir John Kerr. The group went public, in as earthy a fashion as any politician or popular campaigner, to wage a war on their opponents, in particular Kerr himself.*

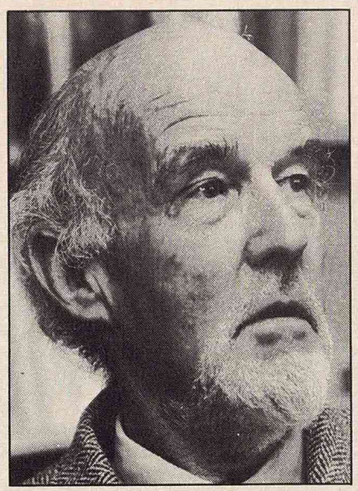
Although Manning Clark had many opponents, he has always managed to maintain their respect. In fact, that conservative-dominated grouping, the National Australia Day Committee, this year chose Manning Clark as Australian of the Year. Why Clark? In part, the committee stated that he was given the award for his outstanding contribution to Australian history and his involvement in social issues. This was to the committee's credit, for it is rare, even in a democracy, for a man to be honored partly for his attack upon the Establishment.

Perhaps The Bulletin *came the closest to explaining the attitude to Clark's selection: "Even Manning Clark's most virulent critics will find it particularly fitting that he should be chosen this week as Australian of the Year. Few leading figures are so unmistakedly Australian in manner an accent: no one has done more to arouse Australians, through his teaching, his books, his prophecy and general intellectual head-thumping, to a clearer understanding of their own country."*

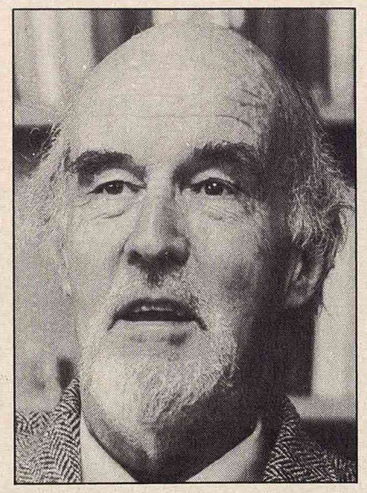
Of course, Clark himself does not like to be associated with the word "prophecy", although in his interview he does point out that the original meaning of the word was related to a man "speaking on behalf of his own generation."

Clark, the second son of an Anglican clergyman, is a descendant of one of the great and influential characters of our history, the bible-bashing, down-on-the-booze, wield-the-lash, woe-to-thee-who-commits-adultery cleric and magistrate, The Reverend Samuel Marsden, It is difficult to imagine that a trace of Marsden is present in Clark's body. Clark himself is a liberal-radical, a trenchant critic of Prime Minister Fraser (Marsden would have loved him), a humanitarian, a believer in a great egalitarian society where all people should have the right and the chance to fulfil themselves to the best of their abilities.

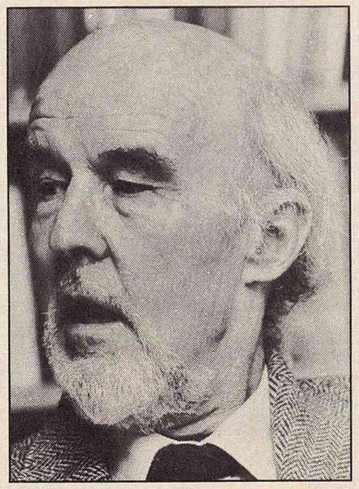
Clark was a scholarship student at Melbourne Grammar, a graduate student at Oxford, later a teacher at Geelong Grammar and was appointed, in 1949, as Professor of Australian History at the Australian National University. He retired the chair in 1975 when he turned 60. Apart from his intellectual qualities, Clark was a champion sportsman. He played cricket for Oxford, and was a top order batsman and wicket-keeper. He's no Anglophile, saying that Australians were hardly tolerated at Oxford in the



"I gradually drifted to the idea that I would write a history of Australia. Now it dominates my life. It's like that great burden the pilgrim had on his back. But I love it."

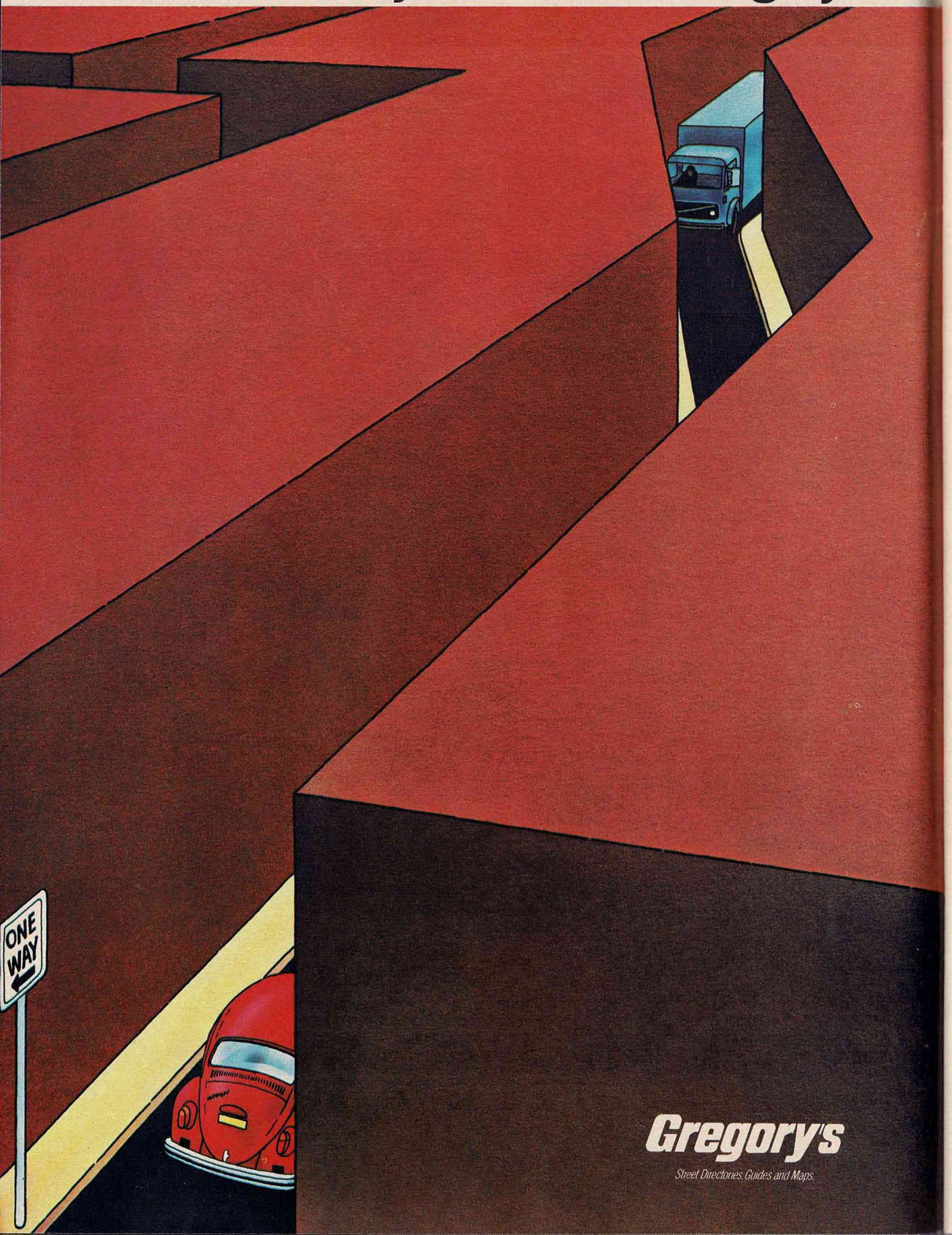


"I suppose it was (Nazi Germany) which introduced me, as a simple boy from Australia, to the . . . crop of human evil. Australians didn't know very much about evil."



"Well, the class question is always much more powerful than a race question. Who is going to own the wealth of Australia and how is it all going to be distributed?"

Sooner or later you'll need a Gregory's.



'30s — although being a very good cricketer did make him, perhaps, more palatable to the English, but not them to him.

In recent years, Clark has returned to Oxford to teach, and he has also taught at Harvard. He was immensely stimulated in the United States — "I am extremely fond of American pop culture" — and was impressed by keen student interest in Australian history.

Having just completed the fifth and last volume of his history — it ends in 1915, the year of his birth, Clark is thinking about writing a summary of the 20th century but might tackle an autobiography first. He also wants to write short stories. Considering that he has retired, and is now 66, he is extraordinarily prolific, but he is full of gusto about his life, saying that he is happier and more fulfilled now than he was 20 years ago. He is also less pessimistic about Australian society than he was some five years ago. But he cheekily points out that the great issues facing Australia then are still present, merely less noticeable now because the Fraser Liberal Government has applied, as he puts it, "a good old coat of conservative varnish to the cracks."

The great issues facing Australia, he believes, still relate to distribution of wealth and the need to reshape the system in time for the step into the next century. But, as he points out, any major reform, particularly of a constitutional nature in Australia, is nearly impossible under present circumstances. Perhaps the opportunity would present itself should Australia ever break with the monarchy, itself an unfortunate feudal vestige, in the opinion of Clark.

*When PLAYBOY editor **John Jost** arrived at Manning Clark's Canberra home, a Robin Boyd-designed house opposite one of those huge national capital parks, Clark had just left his upstairs study where he had been putting the finishing touches on his fifth volume. Clark always writes in the morning. Says Jost:*

"Clark is softly spoken, almost shy, but the first impression quickly fades. You know soon enough that here is a marvellously alive intellect. We sat in the courtyard, talked about the interview ahead over lunch. Later, when the questions began, Clark's responses rolled out, without any hesitation, with all of the poise of someone who has been successfully communicating for years."

PLAYBOY: Professor, what did you want to be as a small boy?

CLARK: You could say that I wanted to be the last thing I heard of. If I saw a cricketer, I thought it would be nice to be a cricketer; if I went to a football game, well it would be marvellous to be a footballer. I thought the world was full of wonders when I was young. Looking back, I can see two sorts of career preoccupations. For a long time, I wanted to become a doctor. Probably for what you might call the Walter Mitty reasons. The other thing that was pretty strong all through childhood was my desire to be a storyteller. I remember very vividly that one of my boyhood roles at school, both the State school and at Melbourne Grammar, was the telling of stories. I don't mean fibs of course, but I was a storyteller.

PLAYBOY: What sort of atmosphere permeated your childhood?

CLARK: Well, I lived, I think, in a very lively home. My own father was a marvellous storyteller, a marvellous raconteur. He had been a chaplain at Long Bay Jail, had grown up in St Peters, in the Cooks River area in Sydney in the 1880s and the 1890s. It was a very tough Sydney and he had marvellous stories about catching fish for the kitchen. I remember many years later, my brother asked him for a pound to take a girl out. And my father said, what do you want a pound for? In my day it was a shilling. At the end of the evening, if you were lucky, you had enough change left to buy a bucket of prawns. He was a terribly lively chap. He was a talented man, but I think he went to seed later on. I think this was a phenomenon often associated with clergymen. They get over 50. It all seems to drain out of them. My mother was a very gifted woman who could play the piano and so on. Had all the comforts as a child. She was a gentlewoman by birth and she was, by nature, a very good woman. My father, who was a worldly man, had that very difficult assignment, living with a good woman, which I think was an enormous test for any human being to be subjected to.

"I think that Oxford made me rather anti-English for quite a while. They were very condescending to Australians."

PLAYBOY: Did your mother supply a large spiritual component?

CLARK: Yes. She was one of the few people I have ever met in my life who was really a believer. I mean she really did believe that God did interfere in human life and that if you really believed and asked it would be given unto you.

PLAYBOY: Are you a believer?

CLARK: Well, I don't know. Sometimes I am. I have always wanted to be a believer.

PLAYBOY: And when did you start to identify with a future career?

CLARK: It happened very gradually. When I was a boarder at Melbourne Grammar, I was still thinking about being a doctor. When I came to do my matriculation, the headmaster said he thought I could manage "this history stuff", as he called it. He said just do the best that you can in matriculation and then go to the university and do the best you can and see how it develops. I followed his advice. I was very fond of him, I admired him enormously. Of course, when I got to the university, it was almost entirely preoccupied teaching British and European history. I didn't learn anything about Australia at all. It was not till much later that my interest in history became an interest in Australian history.

PLAYBOY: So the fact that your mother was descended from the earlier settlers had nothing to do with it?

CLARK: Not till later on. My mother talked a lot about her ancestry. Her sisters and two brothers used to talk a lot about the Oxleys, the Wentworths and the Macarthurs and say you will hear all about these people when you grow up, but I didn't know what they were talking about. It wasn't till later when I became interested in Australia that I began to think about this and put it all together.

PLAYBOY: Has your work changed your character at all?

CLARK: It's certainly given a purpose to my life. I have gradually discovered Australia. And by teaching Australian history I was given a purpose in my life. I gradually drifted to the idea that I would write a history of Australia. Now it dominates my life. It's like that great burden the pilgrim had on his back, in John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. But I love it.

PLAYBOY: You went on to Oxford?

CLARK: Well, I think that experience in Oxford made me rather anti-English for quite a while, because we had it pumped into us that this was Mecca, but to me it was, on the whole, fairly painful, for they were very condescending to Australians.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps this anti-English feeling was a condition precedent to writing *A History of Australia?*

CLARK: Oh it was, it was. It made me very conscious of myself as an Australian. They were condescending and arrogant. For instance, I played cricket at Oxford. I didn't last long

enough to get a blue, but I did play for quite a while with the Oxford side and there, too, they treated me as an outsider. They were prepared to use whatever cricket ability I had but they didn't accept me as an ordinary human being and I never forgot it. The other great experience I had at that time occurred because my wife was doing a PhD in Germany. I went to Germany the morning after the Crystal Night in November, 1938, when the Nazi government took revenge on the Jewish community for the murder of a German official at its embassy in Paris. The Nazis alleged that the assassination had been committed by a Jew, and the German government destroyed the Jewish shops, Jewish houses and so on. In 1938, I came out of the Bonn railway station and saw the glass on the pavements and these terrifically brutish men on the back of trucks with sub-machine guns in their hands. I suppose it was that episode which introduced me, as a simple boy from Australia, to what I call the crop of evil, of human evil. Australians didn't know very much about evil. And suddenly all the explanations I'd been given about life at school and then at Melbourne University were hopelessly superficial. I felt I had to start all over again, look at the whole human scene, and try to work it out. In some ways it started me off on an enormous journey. I don't say that I've found the answer but I've been looking for a long time.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel as though you were in a scene with the Visigoths?

CLARK: No, I didn't think of them as Visigoths, I thought of them as human beings who were just caught up in something much greater than themselves. I also was very, very struck then with how I had been deceived by all of my earlier reading which had told me these people were incompetent. I very quickly learnt that wicked men are often very, very able. What worried me was that the British and the French were going on as though these Nazis were a push-over. They even wrote that these Nazis had cardboard tanks. They didn't have enough petrol. They didn't know what they were doing. They were but stupid men, merely semi-gangsters. What struck me was that the Nazis were men caught up by an enormous passion.

PLAYBOY: When did you come home?

CLARK: In 1940. August of 1940.

PLAYBOY: What happened then?

CLARK: Well, I wanted to obtain a university job, but universities were closing down more than setting up. I wasn't fit for military service. I had a wife and child and I had to work so I became a school teacher at Geelong Grammar. I didn't particularly like it at Geelong Grammar but I was very grateful to it because it brought me up against the problem of how to teach.

PLAYBOY: Do you think institutions like Geelong Grammar are providing a satisfactory service to the establishment? Isn't a school like that designed to educate only the sons of the rich and the powerful?

CLARK: Well, I don't know. I'd been a scholarship boy at Melbourne Grammar, and then I taught at Geelong Grammar, and up to a point I was unhappy at both places except the last two years at Melbourne Grammar — I liked that very much. I had very mixed feelings about it all. I felt that neither Melbourne Grammer nor Geelong Grammar really meant what they said . . . they were talking about producing an elite, an intellectual and cultural elite. But it seemed to me that they weren't interested in this but something else. What I think

"In 1938 I came out of the Bonn railway station and saw the glass on the pavements and these terrifically brutish men with sub-machine guns."

Tolstoy calls "behaving in the right way". So that you always had your hair cut in a certain way. You wore your blue tie with a white shirt and so on. That's what was called "correct behavior". But Melbourne Grammar was very good at producing and at teaching the very gifted people. They got a marvellous education. Whether they were entitled to it, I don't know. But I thought that 80 percent of the school were there under false pretenses because they weren't getting very much at all.

PLAYBOY: It must have been an extraordinary counterpoint for you . . . the arcadia of Geelong Grammar at Corio Bay compared with Germany.

CLARK: You're quite correct. I mean when I came back to Melbourne in 1940 the people still held the sceptical view of the Nazis that I'd held in 1938 and I thought that this was terribly dangerous. And whenever I'd had too much to drink, and that happened quite often in those days, I found myself saying so . . . these people just had no idea of just how strong was that German army, for example. I had been lucky, I had seen it. At the University of Bonn, I read all the German military periodicals, and they set out clearly what they were going to do. The mistakes they made in 1914 . . . that disastrous decision to have a go at Paris before they took the Channel ports. This time they'd taken the Channel ports, Holland, Belgium, and they'd gone right up the coast of Norway to the very top. My God, they did the whole lot. I'd read about this in the Bonn Univerisity library! Then they'd planned to turn on Russia. And later, there they were! At the gates of Moscow. They seemed to me to be going according to the plan.

PLAYBOY: Did you think they'd win?

CLARK: No, I didn't. I had a strong view America would enter the war.

PLAYBOY: What about Japan during this period? Were you conscious of the Japanese at all?

CLARK: Not as much as we probably should have been because my own generation did not know anything about Japan or China. We didn't know anything about Indonesia. For example, a minor example: toward the end of the war, the press announced that an Indonesian Independence Movement had come to Melbourne. But we'd never heard of the fact that there was a movement against the Dutch in Indonesia. We knew about the Indian Congress Movement in India, but the whole of Indonesia, of South-east Asia, the Philippines, China . . . it was blank for us.

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction when Australia's PM Curtin turned away from Britain to America?

CLARK: I was delighted when I heard John Curtin's appeal to America early in 1942. My experience in England in the '30s convinced me that the English were done. I remember one episode. The colonial students at Oxford used to be invited down to meet people in the British government, and this included me. I met Sir Thomas Inskip, the Minister for Co-ordination of Defence. That would be about November of 1938. I believed the British were powerful before then. But when I met this chap I was bemused, shocked, unimpressed. I mean chaps like this couldn't possibly run the world anymore. And what's happened since has proved that hunch to be right.

PLAYBOY: Why? Had the British been corrupted by affluence and living on top for so long? Had they really lost their nerve?

CLARK: I think so . . . lost their nerve. They must have been tough at one time. In the 18th century, they were pirates. But by the beginning of the 19th century they were beginning to believe their own myth about themselves as some benevolent, civilising influence. It was attractive, as was their enormous degree of toleration, but it doesn't help you to rule the world. They merely tolerated Australians. We Australians were still outsiders. When I went back to England in 1956 and taught part time at Balliol, a big change had already begun. They were then beginning to be interested in us, in our intellectual and artistic life. By 1963, a revolution had occurred in the attitude to Australians. Back in 1938 we were all supposed to be scholarship boys, but the only thing they were really interested in was could you play cricket.

PLAYBOY: Your great love is Aussie Rules, isn't it?

CLARK: Not to play. I've never been good at playing it but I love watching it. I try to say in the fifth volume of *A History of Australia* that I think we've created Australian Rules in our own image. People created a god in their own image — and we created Australian Rules.

PLAYBOY: Australian Rules football symbolises our flamboyance?

CLARK: Australian Rules, that's our Australian creation. And it is Australia. The crowd, the players. This astonishing combination is what attracts me, a combination of the grace of a ballet dancer, blended with the great Australian larrikin tradition. It's the presence of the two on the field and that great throw of chance — which way will the ball bounce. Australian Rules has an enormous amount of cruelty. If you're no good, it's very obvious.

PLAYBOY: You have very firm views about the future. You haven't been frightened to state them. It seems to me that you have some sort of second sight which would make you feel trenchant enough to make those views known. I'm referring to your remarks, say, after '75. It was a pretty pessimistic view of the future, a harshly prophetic one.

CLARK: Yes. I think this is one of the things a historian can be. I don't like the word prophet, although it doesn't mean he's predicting the future. The word prophet comes from two Greek words, I think, which mean speaking on behalf of a generation. The really good historians do that. They knew what was going on in their generation and they chose a subject from the past to make a point about their own generation.

PLAYBOY: Such as Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire?* Was he thinking about Britain?

CLARK: He was thinking about how destructive equality is. He thought that Rome had been destroyed by Christianity. He said, toward the end of his great history, that he had described the triumph of barbarism and religion.

PLAYBOY: I'm sure you wouldn't object to equality?

CLARK: No.

PLAYBOY: In the early stages equality may perhaps lower the standard. We tear down the towers and build the low-rise to accommodate everyone and, in doing so, destroy dreams and ideals.

CLARK: I thought a lot about it. All of us have. What is going to be the effect of the participation of the masses in culture and in general social activities? My generation spent a lot of time reading and talking about books such as Ortega y Gasset's *The Revolt of the Masses.* And there's Unamuno's *The Tragic Vision of Life.* Those two talked about important matters that interested me. How can you get genuine equality? How can you break away from a Melbourne Grammar School situation, a Geelong Grammar situation, and not barbarise society? I'd like to believe you can, you can achieve this. I was interested in Unamuno because he was concerned if there was no life in the world to come, has life any meaning at all?

PLAYBOY: Religion has always given people a very clear picture of what the future is when they die.

CLARK: Unamuno points out, that

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when you look at it, they really have not said very much.

PLAYBOY: The Christian Brothers have.

CLARK: Yes, but if you look at biblical authority on the next life then you see it is slight. And if you look at what Christ said about it, it's even slighter. I spent a lot of a part of my life wondering if the next life is going to be any less boring than now.

PLAYBOY: For the intelligent man or woman, is life a battle against boredom? Do you think the natural condition is ennui?

CLARK: In truth, I've not been bored for any length of time. I've always been excited. Excuse me for being so naive. I've always been terribly excited and I've enjoyed it enormously. And I enjoy life far more now than I used to.

PLAYBOY: Since you stopped teaching you are enjoying your life more?

CLARK: Certainly. I am enjoying it far more. I don't think the universities were very nice places to be in, in my last years as a teacher. They turned nasty. There were considerable tensions. Between the students and the staff, within the staff. And people who had been friends for life suddenly found that they were on different sides of the fence in this student argument. The time had come for me to stop being a teacher.

PLAYBOY: What was the reason for the '60s student revolution? Vietnam?

CLARK: I think it was probably was. I've never really understood where it came from, how it all started, but Vietnam was interesting for all sorts of reasons. It was the first time that our huge civilian population was educated about war by television. People saw the horrors of Vietnam on the TV screen every night.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that, because we can now watch war on television, the nations will be at all inhibited?

CLARK: I think this is one of the ways TV is going to be very useful. In just the same way I think it is quite possible that the invention of the atomic bomb has destroyed the possibility of a world war. I think the atomic bomb and hydrogen bomb and their successors have convinced the Americans, the Russians, the Japanese, the British — I'm not too sure about the French and the Germans — under no circumstances is that bomb to fall.

PLAYBOY: You've now written four volumes of your history. Is the fifth to be the last, or is there to be a sixth?

CLARK: Well, I don't know. I have practically finished the fifth. I posted it to Peter Ryan at the Melbourne University Press on April 10.

PLAYBOY: Where does it take us up to?

CLARK: 1915. But if I did do a volume six, it would be a different sort of volume. A summary of the 20th century. A look at Australian life, pop culture, highbrow culture, literature, rather than a chronological history.

PLAYBOY: Have you got a point in your mind when you actually sat down and said I'm going to start this history of Australia.

CLARK: I did actually start in Oxford, in April of 1956, when I was on study leave. I was planning then to write a two volume textbook, history of Australia. And I got to the journey of Quiros and realised it was all terribly cautious stuff.

PLAYBOY: That's the fellow who landed in New Hebrides in the 17th century and thought he was in Sydney?

CLARK: Yes, that's right. I suddenly realised that I hadn't got the gift for this at all. I'm bored and the reader will be bored, but this is a magnificent story. And what I've got to do is learn how to tell the story. So I started again. I was hoping to do it in two

"I grew up in a generation that had a love-hate relationship with the country, with the appearance of the country."

volumes, the whole lot, but I only got to about 1821 in the first volume.

PLAYBOY: I think you've written about a million words.

CLARK: Yes, that is right. But the history was an attempt to say something to the serious people in Australia. The only real test is did what you say get across? And I only hope it did.

PLAYBOY: Well, I imagine you could plot the sales and know your books are doing healthy business.

CLARK: Oh, yes they are. That I think comes from the serious readers. It's always interesting that when a book comes out, it has a quick sale at first — one always has one's friends, by the way. Then sales disappear for a while. Then they pick up when the serious reader comes into the book shops.

PLAYBOY: After '75, you were reported as being pessimistic about the future stability of our society. Do you still feel that way?

CLARK: Let me explain something to you first. In 1975, I said that the conservatives in Australia were not prepared to accept peaceful changes conducted by a political party with a majority of votes in the Australian Parliament, and if they were going to continue to use unconventional methods to get rid of the majority party, then possibly the only way left for a change would be by violence, and this could lead to a civil war.

PLAYBOY: Do you have the feeling that the situation that existed after '75 has sort of cooled off a bit?

CLARK: I think that it has cooled off a bit, mainly because the issues, the great issues, are not being discussed publicly. It seems to me to be a deliberate policy by the people in charge of our society that the painful subjects should be glossed over. What we have got at the moment, I think, is a good coat of conservative varnish over the cracks.

PLAYBOY: And you seemed to have achieved a degree of serenity within yourself recently? Has the recognition helped this?

CLARK: No, but there has been some sort of recognition and that is always very pleasing. Whether the recognition has been just or unjust is not for me to decide. It's pleasing, I think.

PLAYBOY: Would the Australian of the Year award be part of that recognition of you?

CLARK: Well, that's pleasing, I think. I was pleased that the citation said it was for saying something to Australians. The letters, telegrams, and messages from all sorts of people, especially people who were at school with you when you were seven or eight, nine and 10 and so on were very touching, but that is not the only reason . . . I think I've found some tranquillity because I'm more certain now of what I believe in.

PLAYBOY: Yes?

CLARK: This will sound terribly condescending — but I am more passionately fond of Australia now than I used to be, I think. I grew up in a generation that had a love-hate relationship with the country, with the appearance of the country. We were always thinking it ought to be greener and so on. It took me a hell of a long time to realise that Australia is not green, that it is artificial if it is green. And then there was a love-hate relationship with the Australian people, but I feel much more at ease, I'm terribly fond of the people in the outer at the Carlton football ground. I'm terribly fond of people I go fishing with and so on.

PLAYBOY: But about that award? It did surprise a lot of people.

CLARK: Um, it surprised me!

PLAYBOY: You had no inkling of it?

CLARK: Not at all. None. The best things that happen to you in life, you never think of. They just come out of the blue. I was ambitious to be successful in the academic world and I don't know if that was really rewarding. But I've never thought of these other things. Probably for that reason they were all the more pleasing.

PLAYBOY: The award reflected desire to encourage consensus at a time when people were worried about the lack of it. We fear confrontation like we pay lip service to egalitarianism . . .

CLARK: Oh, yes. One of the things that Australians are proud of is the absence of civic violence. Of course, people are proud that you can go from the bottom to the top in Australia. I'm not too sure if that's really true. But that *is* the Australian dream, isn't it? That no matter where you were born if you work hard, if you've got great natural ability, that you'll come to the top. I think we think of ourselves as a meritocracy with merit coming to the top. Now whether the people whom you really like come to the top is a different question. That's always a risk in Australia. And I think that comes from out of our past and from the rather harsh physical environment of Australia.

PLAYBOY: Our penal background?

CLARK: Yes. And male domination in the isolation, the excess of males over females in the early period. The problems of subduing this physical environment. The quality needed to handle the Aborigine. Now we realise that only the tough fellows could handle this environment, handle the Aborigine, handle the convict. So it was natural that they came to the top. That sort of person still seems to me to be in control of Australia. We are always likely to surrender power to "boss/sheriffs". We are suspicious of chatterers and visionaries.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with Vorster, the South African PM, who, in the early '70s, described the Whitlam Government as an aberration in the context of an Australia traditionally conservative in outlook?

CLARK: Well, I think there are very powerful reasons for the Australian conservatism. We're all immigrants, including the Aborigines, by the way. We believe that it is possible for a worker to get to the top if he wants to. Workers own their houses, they've got a plot of land, a vegetable garden and so on.

PLAYBOY: Like small farmers in Russia in the last century, a bastion of conservative idealism?

CLARK: Yes, they are. They certainly are. And then you have got this phenomenon of middle class affluence in Australia. All of this is more than sufficient to explain Australian conservatism. I don't think it's an aberration. There has been always another aspiration, another group of people with quite a different vision of Australia. And they are the ones, and I hope I belong to them, who think that you could have a different sort of society in Australia. The better side of Whitlam stood for that.

PLAYBOY: If there were a revolution in Australia, who would inherit? The left or the right?

CLARK: The interesting question is: where would it come from? In Germany, you didn't have to think twice — it had come partly from the German army. Spain, also from the army. In Australia, I think that the elitist political tradition comes from the country gentry. They, in alliance with the army officers, could establish some sort of elitist political clique in Australia. I don't think you'd need to have a *coup d'etat.* I think it could happen gradually.

PLAYBOY: But if something like that is developing, there is always something developing on the other side.

CLARK: Oh, yes, of course.

PLAYBOY: Don't we now have a system

"I don't think you need to have a coup d'etat (in Australia). I think it could happen gradually."

where Parliament functions as the aftermath of the struggle between organised unions, organised business and all the other institutions?

CLARK: Quite. The parliament is not central now in the struggle for power in this country. Indeed, the labor movement will have to do a lot more thinking about the sort of institutions it wants to have. Maybe they'll have to gradually replace the existing institutions with one which would serve their purposes better. I feel the existing system has served conservatism amazingly well. The present institutions of Australia favor conservatism, both the electoral system, the distribution between the Senate and the House of Representatives, the position of the Governor-General, and the High Court, the Army and the Public Service.

PLAYBOY: But hasn't the left organised itself well enough to satisfy its constituency? Perhaps that's why it rarely wins political power?

CLARK: Yes, material benefits.

PLAYBOY: Could you expand?

CLARK: No.

PLAYBOY: Is there much difference really between the personality and psychological make-up of the top union leaders and maybe the people on the other side? The fact is that they don't agree, and they don't choose to agree. In Europe, maybe because of the Syndicalist tradition, there is some form of alliance between the capitalist and the worker.

CLARK: A very great friend of mine happened to be one of the Allied Control Commissioners in Tokyo. One of the things that struck him very forcefully was how similar the Americans were to the Russians. You could talk about left wing versus right wing, radical versus conservative but really, here were two power blocs confronting each other and the sorts of people running these power blocs were very, very similar. He meant their psychology. Almost identical. That applies to many here.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Australia can develop a multi-racial society free of the racial tensions that characterise Great Britain or the United States?

CLARK: Well, it's here already, isn't it? We've already got ethnic Australia and old Australia. First, the older Aussie made the adjustment and accepted the new ethnic Australian. I think the chances of that going further are much better now than they were, say, during or after World War Two. I think one of the enormous advantages we got from the aftermath of World War Two, was the breaking down of philistinism in Australia, the breaking down of this Anglo-Saxon domination of Australia. It was exported British philistine civilisation which on the whole made Australia so dull. And this got a terribly big jump from the migration of the non-Anglo-Saxons immediately after World War Two. This was one of the many things that helped to make Australia much more interesting, and a much more exciting place. The old Australian accepted the change after the War. But whether he's going to take this migration of the Vietnamese, and the Asians generally, that is a big question.

PLAYBOY: We're got potential waves of migrants too in the white South Africans and the Rhodesians who are coming to Australia.

CLARK: Yes, they've made an impact in Western Australia already. If you walk around the streets of Perth, you can hear these slightly fruity voices.

PLAYBOY: Which leads to this question — do you think that the major internal issues we have are racial or would they be to do with our political and constitutional questions?

CLARK: Well, I think the class question is always much more powerful than a race question. Who is going to own the wealth of Australia and how is it

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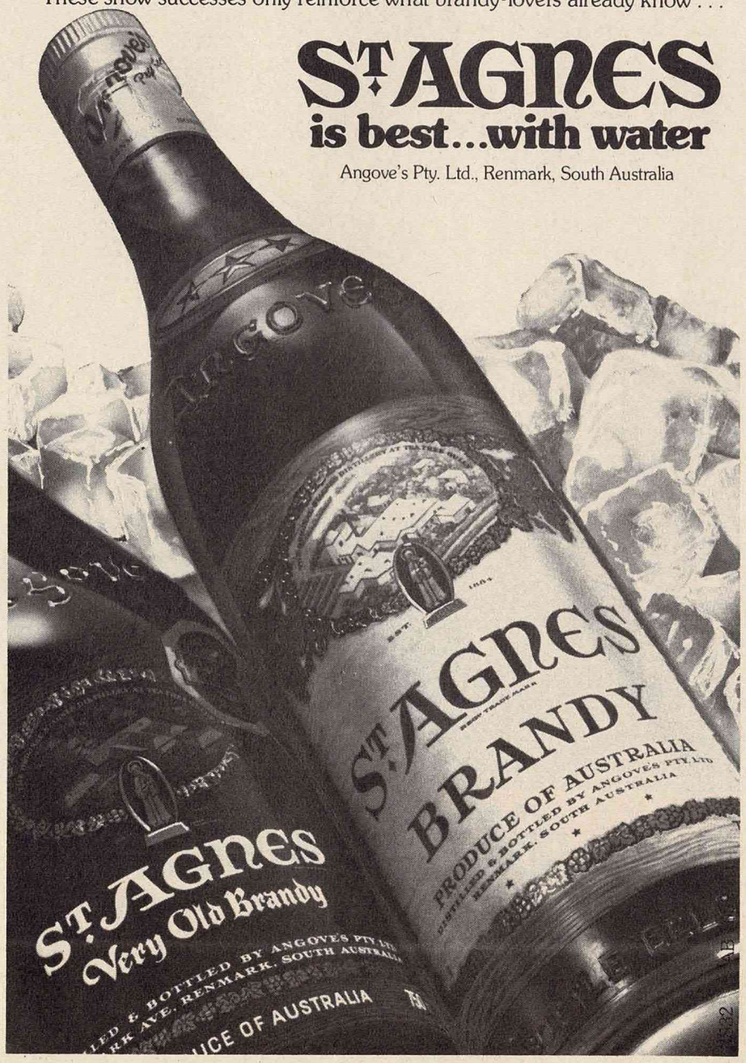

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all going to be distributed? That's the issue we've got to decide.

PLAYBOY: What hope do you think there is for a peaceful major constitutional reform?

CLARK: Well, to get a change in the Australian constitution you've got to get a majority of the people and a majority of the States in favor of the proposal. And I just can't see that happening without a major educational program. A major program to persuade people why it's necessary to do this.

PLAYBOY: Has there ever been a country to achieve genuine reform without major social upheaval?

CLARK: I don't know examples of it happening. The British have paid an enormous penalty for not breaking with the remnants of feudal society in English society. It has been one of the contributing factors to destroying British prestige, British power in the 20th century. I am worried because of this strength of conservatism in Australia. It might have caused us to miss the bus into the next century.

PLAYBOY: But what about all these new people coming into the country? May not they be a force to be reckoned with, especially in another half a generation or so? For instance, they may not have the sentiment that we would have about the Monarchy. If the Monarchy goes, opportunity for great change and reform would occur.

CLARK: Yes. I think the Monarchy is the apex of a feudal pyramid. It's a symbol of class privilege and it's a symbol of inequality within society. For that reason I think we ought to break with it. It's going to be difficult to break with it. I would hope that the Governor-General as representing the Monarchy in Australia is replaced by a president representing the people of Australia. I think you could have that president elected by both houses of the parliament.

PLAYBOY: Keep the parliamentary link rather than a direct election?

CLARK: Possibly. You see, if the people elect them, then maybe the people want the president to have power. I think that it is most important that the president has no power.

PLAYBOY: Would you rather see strong central government?

CLARK: Well, that's another thing I think the labor movement should be doing a lot of thinking about. There is a strong feeling against strong central government at the moment, there's a strong feeling against big government, isn't there? And I think Labor ought to try to show that you can get social justice, material well-being for all and equal opportunity for all without big government. Also it's got to show how you can give everyone a

voice in deciding the condition in which they are going to live. I think people have been alarmed during the past 20 years by a belief that wealth, that social justice, a redistribution of wealth can only be achieved by big government, can only be achieved by, if I may use the term without upsetting you, those bastards in Canberra, those remote bastards who don't know what life is about. Well, I think Labor's got to think its way back into a sort of grass roots democracy so that you get effective participation in all these movements at the grass roots level.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Labor can win the next election?

CLARK: Yes, I do. Political fortunes change very rapidly, very quickly. Maybe at the moment they don't look as though they would or could.

PLAYBOY: Under Hawke or Hayden?

CLARK: Well, I don't know. You've asked me a very awkward question. I'll take the risk. I see Mr Hayden as more a man of principle than Mr Hawke. I see Mr Hawke as having an extraordinary electoral appeal which raises a difficult problem for people in the labor movement. Are you going to stick with a man of principle who may not win for a while, or are you going to go for a man who probably could win the next election? That strikes me as an enormous dilemma.

PLAYBOY: In the United States, the presidential candidate is now chosen for his electoral performance abilities. So they have a perfomer who may not be able to govern very well. Would that apply to Hawke?

CLARK: Well, I do see another dilemma for Australians at the moment. I see the possibility of Mr Hawke as Prime Minister of a government of national consensus — a move to break away from the extreme conservatives, and the extreme radicals, leaving us with a government of national consensus in the middle, with the Hawkes, the Peacocks of this world. You've got a similar movement on foot in the United Kingdom, haven't you, with these social democrats Roy Jenkins, Shirley Williams and company. Now that's a real possibility in Australia. I seem to detect at the moment that some powerful profile, even a Mr Murdoch, possibly, may want that sort of thing to happen on the grounds that the present conservative leaders in Australia are too abrasive. Now I think there is a real possibility for a Bob Hawke to be a prime minister of a centrist movement. I think that the more moderate of the labor movement might go with him, I don't know. And the more moderate of the Liberals might go with him and you'd have this centre movement. I'm not certain this would be a good thing. We've really got to face up to this problem of a different sort of society. I believe that there must be a different sort of society in Australia. I think that we need socialism but of a democratic character, so everyone has a voice.

PLAYBOY: Have you heard talk of an Australian centrist movement?

CLARK: No.

PLAYBOY: Could you expand on the sort of society you'd like to see?

CLARK: Well, I think it is not unlike the sort of society that I imagine the people like Hayden have in mind. I don't think it is necessary to have a completely communist society with government controlling the means of production, of distribution and of exchange. I'm interested in the educational and the social welfare side of it. I would like to see an education system of genuine equality of opportunity because everyone should have an opportunity to fulfil themselves. And this society should have

"Now I think there is a real possibility for a Bob Hawke to be a prime minister of a centrist movement."

the benefit of being governed by the best people. If you'd like to put it in rather crude terms, it's a question about who's going to come to the top. If you look around, do you approve of the sort of people who are on top at the moment?

PLAYBOY: What sort of leaders do we need? Do you have examples in mind?

CLARK: I think we need a Whitlam who, as lieutenant, could teach the leader about the field of the possible.

PLAYBOY: What was the secret, do you think, of Fraser's success? Could I go one further, is it because conservatism is the more singularly united and dedicated to the assumption of power?

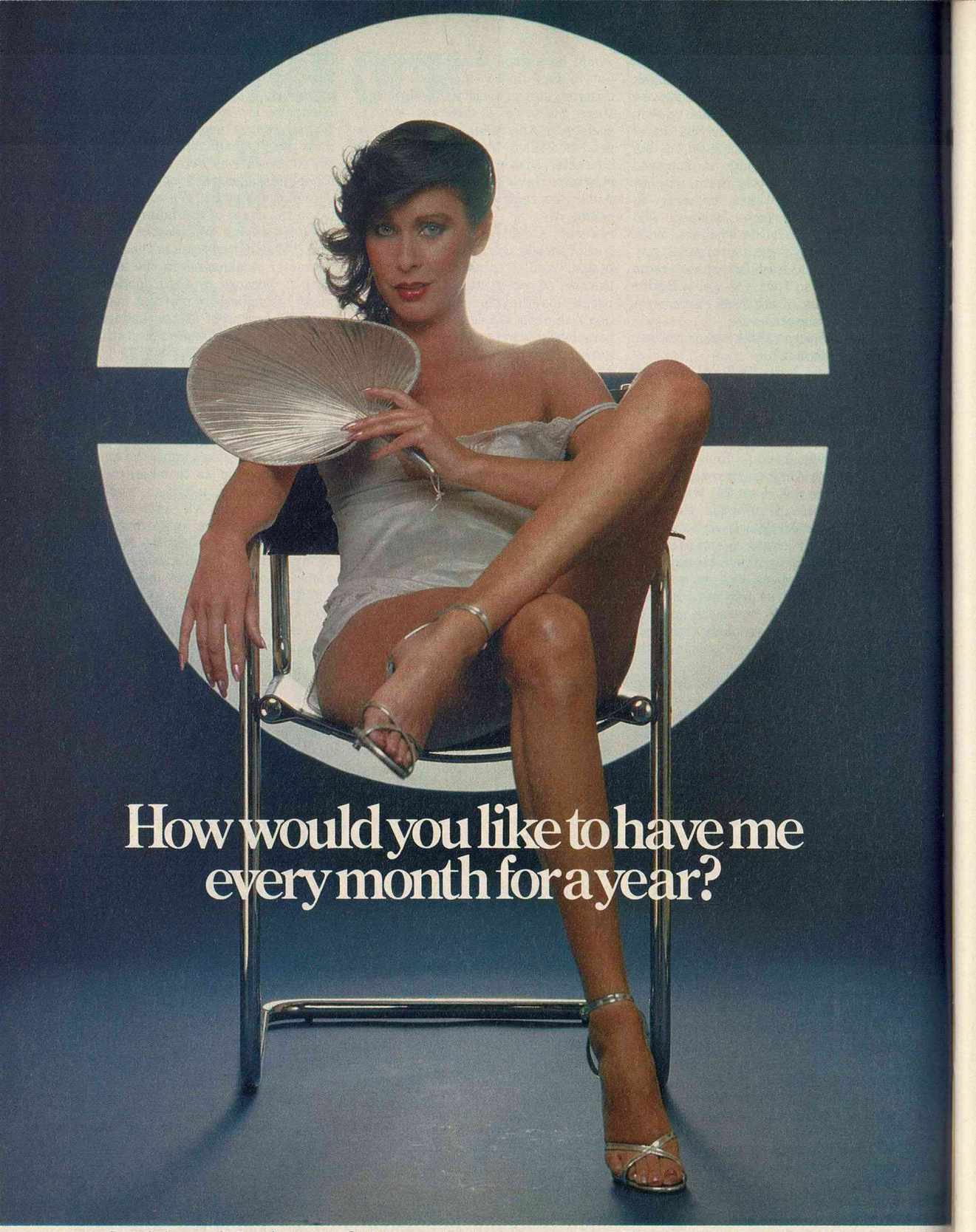
CLARK: Well, I don't know if it was his success. I think it was a temporary success of conservatism made possible partly by a world trend to conservatism. I think the social democrats in Australia, the United Kingdom, New Zealand, hadn't thought their way through to what sort of society they wanted to make. The social democrats, especially in Australia, failed to fully think out this business about the Governor-General, the Constitution, the bureaucracy, the Army, the judiciary and, of course, the economic system. It's not just a question of getting a majority in parliament. The social democrats in Australia led by Mr Whitlam, who I think was a magnificent leader in most ways, made big mistakes and the conservatives were able to exploit those mistakes. I'm not absolutely sure of the answers. We've got to face up to the cause of the failure of 1972-75, that ending in disaster of 1975. Why? Was it weakness in the leaders, character weaknesses in the leaders? Was it because of their inadequate views of the basis of power in society? Was it because of the wickedness of their opponents? Their exploitation in the media?

PLAYBOY: You mentioned the Army several times. Did the Army have any role, do you think, in 1975? Do you think the generals may have been consulted at some stage?

CLARK: Look, I don't know the answer to this question as to whether 1975 was a conspiracy and, if so, who were the conspirators. All sorts of views have been brought forward, haven't they? There were villains — the CIA, Army officers, multinational companies, Kerr, etc. I got interested in the Army from having a look at World War One. And the Boer War. I think you can see there the beginnings of a quiet association between the old country gentry in Australia, the elitist people in Australia, the socially elitist, and the officer corps in the Australian Army. Now when World War One broke out in 1914, the Commander-in-Chief of the Australian Army, Walter Throsby Bridges, belonged by birth to the ancient nobility of New South Wales, to the country gentry of New South Wales, on his mother's side, and he was accused — quite quickly after the outbreak of war — of appointing those sort of people to key positions in the Army. What also interests me was that when the war ended . . . those chaps started coming back. In Australia and in Russia, some members of the Army became a nucleus of a revolutionary force. They got behind the slogan of "Bread, peace and land". But, in Australia, by contrast, when the Army came back, it was to form the nucleus of a right wing movement in Australia, a right wing movement in which it is said that Monash, the Commander-in-Chief, played a part.

PLAYBOY: It was formed in the '20s to resist communism?

CLARK: Yes, to resist communism. And hence, in Australia, there has been an historically close association between the Army and conservatism. I would expect, if there were a right wing movement in Australia, that this would be where it could come from. It



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AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY

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would be an alliance between the Army officers and the old country gentry in Australia.

PLAYBOY: One point about the country gentry. Do you think that the old world wealthy classes and wealthy families have maintained their power and their wealth? What about the city moguls?

CLARK: Yes. But the new buccaneers are really interesting. The Lang Hancocks, the Holmes a Courts, the Murdochs and so on. And to the best of my knowledge, these chaps haven't been analysed yet — I don't mean psychoanalysed — they haven't been put up for examination.

PLAYBOY: Murdoch obviously has a political presence.

CLARK: Yes, but as I said to you before he seems to me to be a consensus man. He seems to see pretty clearly that if you come out too much on the extreme right, you'll have confrontation.

PLAYBOY: Do we have a new type of average Australian? Is there a new sort of Australian deal?

CLARK: Let me go back a bit, could I? The original Australian was the chap from the bush. And it was in the bush that you got the development of this new type of human being with his own mythology around mateship, social equality. He also had a great loathing for anyone else, a great fear of the foreigner, a great hatred of anyone who wasn't an Australian. So he was a mixture, this original Aussie. He's full of kindness for the people he likes. A man of tremendous resource, a man of tremendous courage, but with a terrible hatred within his heart for everyone else. The original Australian is both the noble bushman and the ugly Australian. They're not separate people, they are the same human being. Now this old Australian was destroyed by the coming of industrial civilisation to Australia — the railway, the telegraph, the telephone and later radio, air services, and, of course, the development of a suburban Australia. Now the question here is: what happens? Does the chap in the suburbs inherit, take over the old traditions? Well, I believe that the suburban larrikin, the city larrikin, has acquired the same sort of values as the old bush Australian — mates with each other and pretty tough on everyone else.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps a bit more tolerant of Asians?

CLARK: Oh yes, more tolerant of the Asians, a step forward but fundamentally much the same. We have developed what I call middle-class larrikinism in 20th century Australia.

PLAYBOY: Would John Singleton be a middle-class larrikin?

CLARK: Well, I don't want to mention names. I think that one of the interesting things is that, in Australia, political conservatism has often been served by larrikins.

PLAYBOY: Our public figures do reflect these characteristics?

CLARK: They do.

PLAYBOY: But a fellow like Bjelke-Petersen, who's not an Australian by birth, but who nevertheless seems to represent and reflect his portion of constituency very well, doesn't he?

CLARK: He appeals on a number of levels I think. He appeals because he says he's against big government and he's an expert at Canberra bashing. But he also appeals because he's been successful. Australians have an enormous admiration for success and for skill. He's got enormous political skill and he knows when to climb out of the ring.

PLAYBOY: Would you say the same of Malcolm Fraser?

CLARK: Well, I'm not too sure. It's early days yet. It will be interesting in the first place to see how he behaves when there's a real crisis, when a real political crisis blows up. I see Fraser mainly as a tormented man. I also see him as an easily identifiable representative of the morality of the old country gentry that I call the Melbourne Grammar morality. I mean, as somebody who went to the same school, I slightly shudder when I hear him speak because it's these very things that were pumped into us at school that I find so completely intolerable and insufferable. And Sir Phillip Lynch seems to me to be a reflection of his old school Xavier, of what's pumped into boys at Xavier by the Jesuits. But Fraser and Street have got extraordinary Melbourne Grammar morality. That's interesting.

"It will be interesting to see how he (Fraser) behaves when a real crisis blows up. I see Fraser mainly as a tormented man."

PLAYBOY: What are the contemporary strengths in society?

CLARK: Let me put it this way: if you had to get across a flooded river, whom would you ask to get you across? Well, I have no doubts at all in my mind. I'd ask for an Australian and I'd ask for him because I think he has enormous resource and he has enormous courage in the face of adversity. But I hasten to add that you'd have to tell him: "Look, I really do want to get across. No bloody well mucking around. I want to get across that river and I want to get across it now."

PLAYBOY: So that's his weakness too?

CLARK: Well, partly. For me, the great strength of the Australian is that I can understand him when he speaks. That may strike you as rather odd but I think my fellow Australians are the only ones who understand me and I can understand them. This is the only country in the world where I really feel that I don't need to use many words to be understood. That's I suppose one of the reasons why I like it here so much. I'm also struck by the enormous kindness of Australians. I hope we can all become more tolerant with the passage of time. I think we are the product of certain historical circumstances. The other thing about an Australian — which is probably a strength and maybe a weakness — is that he doesn't expect very much. I think the physical environment, the historical experiment here, caused people not to expect too much from human endeavor and that it is both a strength and a weakness. It's possibly one of the reasons why on the whole radical movements found it difficult to take off in Australia. Because deep down the Australians are not really convinced that life could be any different.

PLAYBOY: There's a lot of talk about materialism. Are we becoming more or too materialistic? Is it undermining our egalitarianism, our sense of social fair play?

CLARK: Well, we have always been partly materialist because we are an immigrant community. And why do people migrate? They migrate to improve their situation in life, and by their situation in life I mean their material situation in life. I suppose a danger at the moment is that this materialism in the past was balanced by people having other beliefs such as the great British myth, including the good benefits of parliamentary government combined with individual liberty. But the British myth's disappeared. I think people now don't really believe in any connection between political institutions and material success. The metaphysical beliefs of people have either disappeared or become shadowy or they've taken off into some odd spiritual activities.

PLAYBOY: What about conservation? Some people would make that serve as a national religion.

CLARK: Well, that's a very interesting one, because when he came here, the white man saw himself as a Lord of Creation. I don't think it really

matters but he really believed that he came here with this biblical command to go forth, increase, multiply and to subdue the land. He came here as a subduer, and therefore, as an exploiter. This was one of the many contradictions between the white man and Aborigine. The Aborigine was, on the whole, an acceptor. He not only accepted but he didn't have the means of changing it. It wasn't really until well after World War Two that many white people began to ask themselves some questions: "Is the subduer, the role of the subduer, ultimately dangerous? Will it eventually end by destroying the wealth? Should we also be preservers and conservers?" That seems to be the background of the conservation movement. And you'll notice by the way, insofar as more and more people have become conservationists, they've moved more toward the Aboriginal view of acceptance.

PLAYBOY: There seems to be a compromise developing?

CLARK: Yes. Some of the conservationists go too far. When you hear some of them talk, you think they'd expect you to ask them: "May I tread on this twig?"

PLAYBOY: Must not a policy of conservation be a compromise because we are subject to the demands of trading partners who have formerly been belligerent over resources?

CLARK: Yes. That is perhaps a great issue. If we don't provide the wealth, will they come and get it themselves?

PLAYBOY: I'd just like to ask you one question about the Aborigines. Can the Aborigines, say those in Arnhem Land, survive development?

CLARK: Yes, I think they can. I think they will because after all's said and done, they learnt how to survive here 30,000 years before the white man came. They've got a tremendous gift as survivors. They've also learnt to survive, at some considerable cost, since the white man came. They survived an enormous onslaught from the white man. I don't think the white man was wicked or evil, I think that's absolute rubbish, but the Aborigines learnt to survive in competition with his, at least in a material sense, vastly superior power. So I expect they will continue to survive. They'll survive because now, for the first time, more and more white people are coming round to accept that there are two cultures in Australia, the European and the Aboriginal, and that they both ought to be preserved.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that some of those who today aspire to helping Aborigines really assist?

CLARK: We've got to get rid of this notion in the minds of many white Australians that the Aborigine is a child. This was the great evil of the white man, beginning with the missionaries, that the mysterious reason why we didn't understand this person was because he was a child. The scientists at the end of the 19th century and beginning of the 20th century took over that idea, and so did the bureaucracy when it took over from the missionaries in the early 20th century.

PLAYBOY: That great man of the Bible and champion of corporal punishment in convict New South Wales, Samuel Marsden, is an ancestor of yours. Has this influenced you at all? And what sort of conversation do you think you and he could have?

CLARK: I think all members of a family understand each other in some sort of way. They might loathe each other but they have some sort of bond, a rather mysterious bond. I wouldn't like to talk to Marsden about his attitude to adultery or his attitude to drunkenness. But there would be some

"I'll continue to think all the time about life in Australia because that's my great passion, my great interest."

things, I think, that we could have quite a talk about. There are matters in my mother's family which have been handed on from generation to generation so whenever you see them you think: "My God, you're like that, too, are you." It's something that you can't escape from.

PLAYBOY: Had you ever thought of entering the church?

CLARK: No. My brother is in the church, my father was in the church, my uncle was in the church. I think that's quite enough.

PLAYBOY: They were all Anglicans, were they not?

CLARK: Yes, they were Anglican. A lot of people accuse me of really abusing the teaching and writing as a substitute pulpit. But you've got to be yourself. That's it.

PLAYBOY: Is it because you speak in terms of good and evil that people accuse you of mounting the pulpit?

CLARK: Yes.

PLAYBOY: You've had six children?

CLARK: Yes, six.

PLAYBOY: What attitudes have you tried to instil in them?

CLARK: I think one thing I'm most proud of in life actually, is that I get on very well with them. And that's lucky. I love seeing them and talking to them and I still have their confidence and that's, I don't know if I've ever deserved it, but that does seem to me to be terribly lucky. I enormously enjoy talking to them. I feel lonely if I don't see them.

PLAYBOY: What does the future, the immediate future, hold for you? Once you have finished the next volume of *A History of Australia?*

CLARK: Well, I will finish this fifth volume, I've practically finished it now. I want to go then to Gallipoli and I want to have another look at the war graves in France, then go and see my son in England and my daughter in America. But I'll continue to think all the time now about life in Australia because that's my great passion, my great interest. I'll continue to spend a lot of time thinking about the people I like. I think also I've got to know, I don't want to got into detail on this, but I've got to know a lot of people in life who mean a lot to me. And I've grown more and more fond of the appearance of Australia. I think as you get older you find the things you really like. And you can also see the changes . . .

PLAYBOY: Yes?

CLARK: I think the great changes in my lifetime, apart from technological changes, the great changes have been the attitude to women. My generation took a hell of a long time to find out that you could talk to women. Other great changes are in the attitude to Aborigines, the attitude to the Australian countryside, and a fundamental change that we are more concerned with Australia now, in 1981. When I was younger, that was not the concern. The concern was for somewhere else, and in the future.

PLAYBOY: You're now 66 years of age. How do you feel about that?

CLARK: I feel much happier than when I was 46.

PLAYBOY: Do you regard yourself as being old?

CLARK: No. I don't. My only regret is that I didn't know at 40 what I know now at 66 about life.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever secretly labelled yourself within any particular category or whatever?

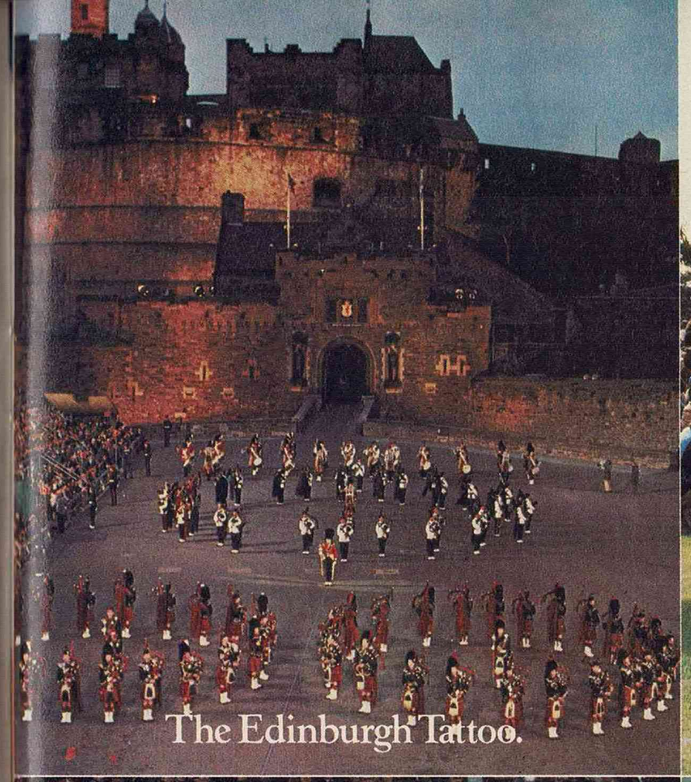
CLARK: No, no.

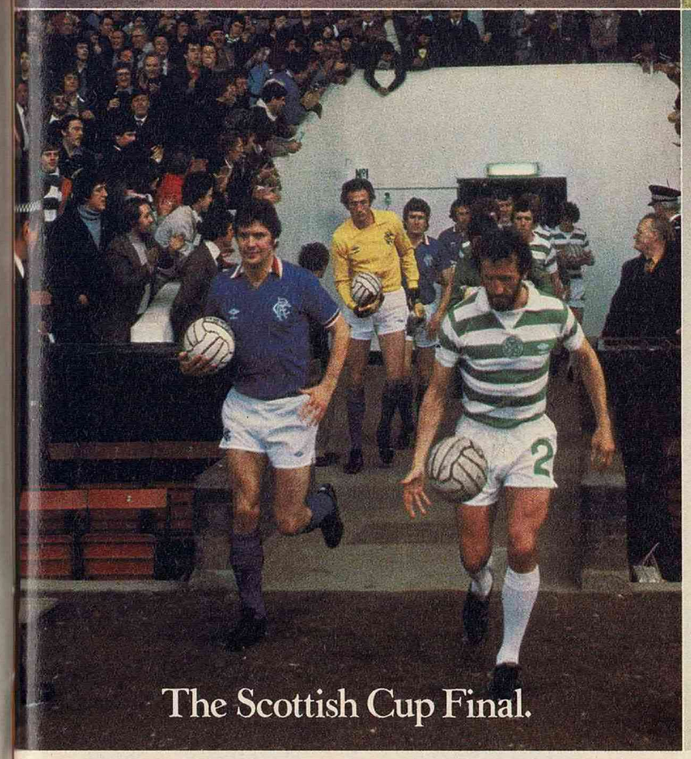
PLAYBOY: You have been called a philosopher/historian.

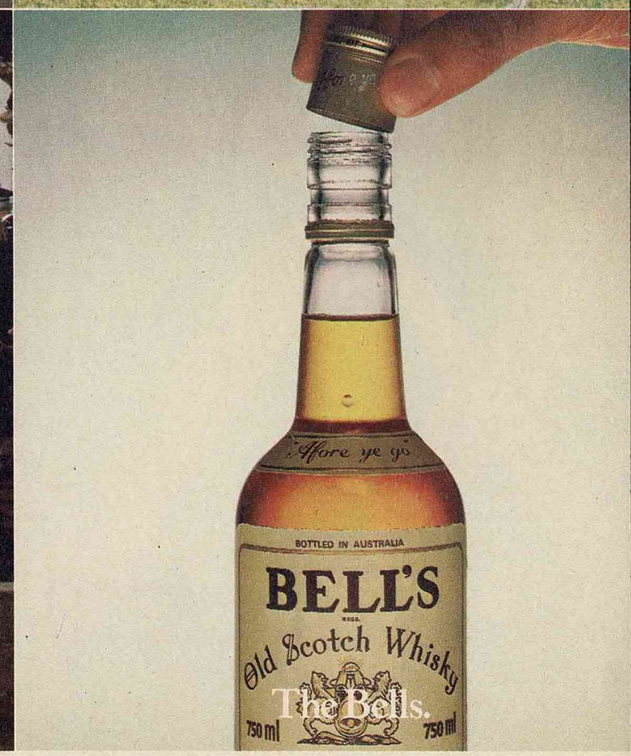
CLARK: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Does that particular labelling appeal to you?

CLARK: I don't think so. I like to think of myself as the storyteller who took the information from the past to make a point about life.







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GRAPPLING WITH THE TAX MAN

FLAT TAX. Higher tax. Lower tax. No tax. Tax surcharges. Petrol tax. Road tax. Beer excise tax. Sales tax. More sales tax. Import tax. Withholding tax. Capital profits tax. Resources tax. Tobacco tax . . . . Tomorrow, some enterprising politician or public servant will probably propose a toilet tax. The discussion goes on, *ad absurdium,* and frankly, it is all getting a bit bloody

article by Albert B. Bear

Illustration by Mark Salwowski

boring — not to mention expensive. To the average guy, the man in the street, you and me, it means bugger all, except that we pay the government, both Federal and State, more each year. Australia is supposed to be one of the lowest taxed of the developed economies, but did you know that we have one of the highest incidences of direct income tax? Other countries have lower income tax and higher indirect taxes. And with indirect taxes, you are at least given a choice.

And now it's on again. The mad scramble to fill out income tax returns. Whatever happened to those receipts? How much are those damn shares worth? And what dividends did you get from them? What's your file number? You ask yourself the same questions year after year after year — just so the Taxation Commissioner (or the "fiscal fiend", as tax-rebel Peter Clyne calls him) can get his chunk of your hard-earned bucks.

In a couple of months' time, when you think it's all over for another year, you'll get a refund cheque. If you're lucky, it'll be roughly what you expected. More likely, it'll be less. You might even be informed that you owe the Australian Taxation Office money. And like the law-abiding, apathetic citizen that you are, you'll accept the situation. Just like last year. And the year before that. After all, just what chance have you got?

A damned good one, that's what! You *can* outsmart the ATO. You *can* make it work for your money. Don't sit down, have another beer and try to forget all about it. Haven't you had enough? Aren't you sick and tired of paying more tax than you have to legally? Okay, so you aren't rich enough to afford some fancy tax-avoidance scheme, and you're certainly not willing to go to jail. But you can still fight. And, believe it or not, you can win. You can beat the taxman without getting frantic — and you can keep most of the tax dollars you'd normally just hand over to the government.

How? Simply by getting smart and not falling for the same old tricks that he uses every year to trap you into overpayment. It's like a war — you against him. Sure, he's good, but not that good — not as good as he'd like you to think. Don't forget that most of the people employed by the ATO are just faceless bureaucrats operating within rigid, but vague, parameters.

The first step is to get an idea of the nature of the opposing forces. Public servants, armed with laws you couldn't understand even if you tried and the most technologically advanced computers at their beck and call. To them, you're the adversary — an army of ungrateful cheats constantly conniving, fiddling and manoeuvring in an attempt to reduce their income.

There are more than 12,000 of them out there, just waiting to get your return. And they know that the battle will be fought on their terms. After all, they're the generals, and you're just one of an unruly mob of foot soldiers. They're also confident of victory — so confident that they can smell it. You think you've been fighting a guerrilla war, but they've had you on the defensive so long that you're disorganised, confused, easy prey. They've got all the battle plans, all the records. They know exactly where you will fiddle your return, and they know by how much. They're so cocky, they even publish the names of their victims every year. And now, thanks to their computer weaponry, they think that they know everything about *you*.

How do you even begin to tackle such an awesome enemy? And even if you do, what chance do you have? Let me tell you — they aren't all they're cracked up to be. They've sucked us in every year with the same old Taxation Office propaganda. That's how they've been able to keep us from getting organised, to keep us in line, *voluntarily* paying more tax than we should. The ATO works damn hard at sustaining its negative image because it knows that that's the best thing it's got going: FEAR! They're so smart, they even invite people to visit them. They tell you that you shouldn't be scared of them, they'll explain everything to you and show you what to do. Sure they will. You'll walk out of their offices more of a befuddled zombie than you even were when you walked in.

"It's possible to tie the taxman up in so much red tape that it could be years before you have to pay him any money, if at all. And he knows it."

There may be a lot of them, but less than one-fifth are assessors. Another 1000 are investigators, employed in the ATO's second line of attack. The majority — around three-quarters of the ATO's forces — just support the front line troops in the ongoing battle against almost 6,000,000 individual taxpayers and their returns. And that's without counting the returns they have to process relating to companies, sales tax, withholding tax, division seven tax, and various other taxes on things like wool, tobacco and canned fruit. In short, the ATO is hopelessly outnumbered.

But how do you fight an assessment? Easy. Ours is a democratic society with a built-in system of checks and balances. In other words, if you don't like the Commissioner's determination of your tax, you can object to it. If he still doesn't see things your way, there are further offences you can employ, in the form of ATO Boards of Review and court challenges. It's possible to tie the taxman up in so much red tape that it could be years before you have to pay him any money, *if at all*. And he knows it. That's why, if your claims are at least arguable, he'll probably surrender.

Consider the following statistics. Last year, there were 11,522 cases listed for reference to Boards of Review. Of those, 2677 were withdrawn by taxpayers while 8289 were allowed by the Commissioner or settled before going before a Board. That left only 556 for transmission to a Board. With the 551 cases left over from the year before, it left the Boards of Review, of which there are only three for all of Australia, with 1107 cases to hear. And by the end of that financial year, almost 750 cases were still waiting to be heard, or had been heard but not decided. And there were *still* another 24,217 awaiting transmission. At June 30, 1980. Takes a while, doesn't it?

The point is even better illustrated by a case involving Australia's best-known tax rebel, Peter Clyne. This time two years ago, he told Australian PLAYBOY how the "fiscal fiend" had decided one and a half years before that to ask him for a return (he claims he hasn't filed any since 1954). "That became bogged down in a legal battle of gargantuan proportions where we're down to our fourth final-final notice and our second prosecution," said Mr Clyne, adding, "and we haven't really got off the ground.

"After the present matter is decided against me, and after I've appealed to the District Courts and after I've appealed to the Supreme Court and after I've appealed to the High Court, which will be about 1984 (five years later), I will, of course, finally lose." Clyne then intends to present the Commissioner with a magnum of Dom Perignon, along with a *nil* tax return. Presumably, they will then begin again.

His methods, of course, are not for everyone, and we are not suggesting that they should be. But this does graphically illustrate just how long the whole process can take. And that's just one case. Imagine what would happen if all 8,000,000 individual and corporate taxpayers took similar action.

The Commissioner does realise how some people are waking up to the con

"Congratulations. You've just won a brand new MK10 ZSSP."

job that has been put over on Australian taxpayers, with the result that an increasing number of people are objecting to paying more tax than they legally have to. Even though those people represent an insignificant proportion of the total tax-paying public, they are already beginning to take out some of his legions with a barrage of red tape.

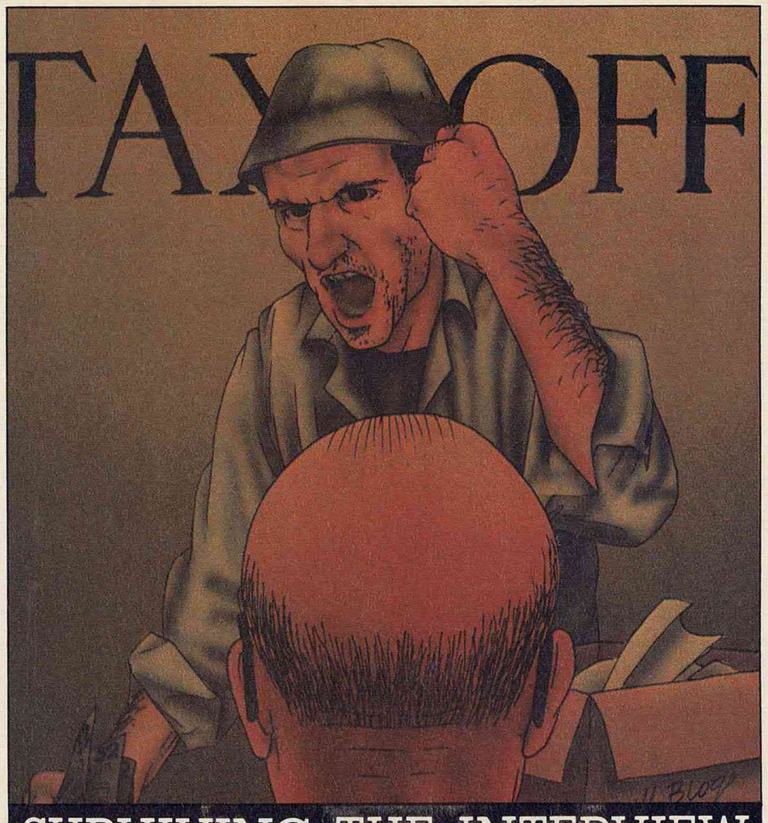
Conveniently ignoring the fact that this is only exercising a right available legally to all taxpayers, the Commissioner, when presenting his 1979/80 annual report last September to Parliament, whinged that in recent years there has been "an increasing disposition on the part of both taxpayers and their advisers to dispute assessments through the objection and appeal provisions of the income tax laws."

He added that "following changes which resulted in simplification of the law, particularly the repeal of the Health Insurance Levy, it had been expected that the year just ended would see some reversal of this trend. This has not occurred. In terms of work volume, the greatest impact of dispute by objection has arisen in relation to assessments of salary and wage earners, while requests for references to Taxation Boards of Review and appeals to Courts have increased for all categories of taxpayers. It is clear, however, that claims for deductions in respect of expenditure related to employment have constituted the greatest single cause of the growth in disputed differences between taxpayers and the administration."

Then, in an amazing admission of defeat, he added that his officers were attempting to reduce the strain upon resources in two ways. One was an examination of ATO internal procedures to streamline the processing of requests for review or court appeal, and thus to reduce the cumbersome backlog, but it is the other one which illustrates just how much we, the taxpayers, have been getting ripped off over the years.

"As a not insignificant proportion of claims disallowed in assessments are conceded wholly or in part following the lodgement of an objection and the provision of further detail in support of the claim," the Commissioner said, "analysis of these cases has been commenced with a view to identifying the extent to which assessor adjustments are subsequently reversed and the reasons for this. The results of the survey may justify changes in assessor training and assessing procedures aimed at reducing the number of objections received."

So now how do you feel? Angry? You should be. Translated, what the Commissioner really said is that most of those claims we have had had knocked back over the years were probably valid. And now he is talking about changing the system because his clerks — that's all the majority of them are you know — can't cope with the pressure of just a *few* of us objecting. What the hell would have happened if more of us had woken up earlier?



SURVIVING THE INTERVIEW

Now that we have had a quick look at your rights, perhaps you might like to have some common sense tips on how to get through an interview successfully. Although originally published in Paul Strassels and Robert Wool's book for US taxpayers, *All You Need to Know About the IRS: A Taxpayer's Guide, 1981 Edition*, the advice is very practical and has been adapted here for Australians.

1. Dress the way you normally do for business.
2. Be on time.
3. You don't have to accept the time and place assigned.
4. You can have a witness.
5. You can, and should, make a record of the interview.
6. You don't have to answer any questions, but you should ask yourself: "Is it in my best interests to answer that question?"
7. If in doubt, consult your legal adviser before answering.
8. Don't take anything more than you have to into the interview.
9. Try to act naturally.
10. Attitude is nearly everything.
11. In general, let your tax professional do the talking.
12. If you are asked a technical question, or something you and your adviser haven't considered, let your adviser decide what to do.
13. Don't be a smartarse when you confront the investigator.
14. Never volunteer information.
15. Don't be chatty.
16. Don't allow the investigator to draw you out.
17. Don't rush the investigator, or let him rush you.
18. Whatever you do, don't ever use the excuse that "everyone else does it".
19. Don't try the paper-dumping ploy.
20. Don't walk in without records to back up your deductions.
21. Don't use the investigation as a political forum.
22. Don't try for sympathy.
23. Don't allow the investigator to try to go "fishing".
24. Don't try to take the investigator to lunch.
25. Don't arrive at the interview with a stereotype of the investigator in your mind.
26. Don't attempt to bribe or seduce the investigator.
27. Never understimate the skills of the investigator.

Even if you are one of the privileged few who can afford to invest money in some sort of tax avoidance scheme in order to cut your tax bill, you shouldn't be too worried by the attention that the government is paying to you at the moment. Oh, I know it's made a lot of noise about how it's cracking down on tax avoidance schemes and how you'd better stay away from them if you know what's good for you, but really, it's a load of bullshit. It's all been said before. Sure, the government has legislated, but it can only take action against specifics. There's no convenient blanket action for it to take. So they've got the Curran scheme and a few others like it. So what? Really effective professional tax advisers don't advertise their schemes. They know that the successful schemes work best through anonymity, and that to do otherwise is to invite trouble.

The Commissioner also knows it. In his last annual report, he commented on how the investigation of these avoidance activities continued to erode the effectiveness of his staff in other areas — the ones where he hassles you and me. He also mentioned the "increasing secretiveness" with which promoters are surrounding their new schemes. "There is apparently a belief — *probably well founded* — that the longer the details of new and ingenious misuse of tax provisions can be kept away from investigative eyes the greater the difficulties there will be for the tax administration to establish any liability or the government to take any effective legislative action," he said.

If taxpayers only realised how the system can work for them, more and more would accept the odds stacked so heavily in their favor and play tax lotto. Given the Australian propensity to gamble, it's unbelievable that more of us haven't had a go already. Remember the commercials — you've got to be in it to win it!

What freaks most people out about the Taxation Office is not the phone call or the letter from one of those dour, solemn men in a grey suit (another apt Peter Clyne description), but the *prospect* of one. Sure, if a taxman decides to conduct an investigation of your affairs, he's going to try to give you a hard time. It's them against us, remember? But if you ask someone who's been through it before, he'll tell you that it's not as bad as the government would like you to believe. The government encourages those who've never been investigated, or even interviewed for that matter (usually a prelude to investigation), to be afraid of this unknown experience. That's part of the battle plan.

The master strategy of the taxmen relies on keeping us running scared. Published reports of their power (including the listing in their annual report of the names, addresses and occupations of those caught understating their taxable income) tend to keep us apprehensive, fearing the worst, and forever obedient to the ATO's way of thinking. But the taxman is really not the omniscient deity he would like us to think. There's absolutely no reason to fear him. None at all. Unless, of course, you've broken the law.

Remember, the taxman is a taxpayer, too. But you can bet that when he fills in his return, he knows exactly what he can, and can't, get away with. That's the secret. Tax *avoidance* — minimising your taxable income by the fullest use of allowable deductions — is perfectly legal, and the ATO knows it. It may not like it, but legally, there's nothing to be done about it. The no-no is tax *evasion,* where you attempt to avoid tax by not declaring part of your income. For the taxpayer who tries to do an honest job of reporting his taxable income every year, there's absolutely no reason to ever be scared or intimidated by the taxman.

> *"Tax avoidance . . . minimising your taxable income by the fullest use of allowable deductions . . . is perfectly legal. The no-no is tax evasion."*

The way to beat him is to be prepared. Before you blindly start filling out returns, have a good look at your *real* position. Get an overall feeling of where you stand. Check out all the plusses and minuses, and exemptions, if any (like a lottery win). Think about any dubious items. Don't forget about that interest on your savings accounts or debentures, or those dividends you received. This is one area where the ATO is using its nefarious computers and its insidious access to records to cross-check your return, by matching it against the official records of interest and dividend payments made.

There's another important thing to keep in mind before the actual adding and subtracting begins: every one of your deductions must be arguable, and that means if they're knocked back or queried, you should at least have some means of verification. The key here is: keep meticulous records. Remember, all allowable deductions must have been incurred with the *intent* of producing assessable income. So when you write out a cheque, keep a record of who it went to and why. Mark your credit card receipts the same way. A good idea is to keep a diary. That way, if a taxman wants to interview you, he can see straight away when, where and why the money was spent.

If you receive an allowance from your boss for local travel and entertainment, don't forget to show it as part of your income. Then you can offset your expenditure against it, and if you've used your allowance the right way, the expenses will exceed the allowance. There's nothing wrong with travelling first class or eating a la carte, as long as it's a legitimate business expense. If you travel overseas and combine a holiday with business, don't be stupid enough to try to get the Taxation Office to foot the bill for the lot — only claim the part which represents the business expense.

Unless you're intimately familiar with all the provisions of the Income Tax Assessment Act and its various amendments, not to mention details of all of the legal challenges, decided and pending, then the best way to handle the ATO is to hire a smart tax professional. It's his job to be on the ball, to keep up to date on what you can and can't do. You need someone on your side to show you the ropes. How to use those loopholes and avoid those traps. If you try to take on the ATO alone, you'll probably lose. Don't forget, the taxman is a professional. He thinks about taxes — your taxes — all of the time. You probably don't have the time or the inclination to learn everything you should know about taxation, so even up the odds. Get a tax consultant, a professional, an expert. Fight fire with fire. Don't worry about his fee; it's an allowable deduction. The taxman is quite happy to pay someone to show you how to beat him.

Okay, so now you're well prepared. You're going to be aggressive with your return this year (within legal bounds, of course). You're even going to hire a tax pro. You're pretty confident that you're not going to get ripped off this time. Sure you'll pay your tax, but you won't pay any more than you legally have to. You'll show those tax bastards who's boss. They won't dare knock you back this time.

Wrong! They'll reject your deductions this year just like they have every other year. The rules are still the same. They've bullied you in the past and they fully expect to be able to do it

again. Nobody's told them about your newly-awakened consciousness. They are still sitting up there, quite complacent, in their ivory tower waiting to pull in from company and personal income tax another 90 percent of all revenue that they collect. Didn't know it was that much, did you? Last year, the ATO raked in $18.6 billion in income tax, and that represented 90 percent of its total revenue.

But *this* year you're going to give the taxman a shock. You're going to lodge an objection to your assessment and, if you're lucky, you'll be one of the majority who has his objection upheld. If he doesn't agree with your objection, you'll request a hearing before a Board of Review.

But have you considered what you will do when a taxman telephones to tell you he wants to see you, or worse, if one suddenly lobs on your doorstep, identifies himself as an authorised officer or tax investigator, and says that he has come to conduct a field investigation of your affairs?

Peter Clyne's answer to that question, in his book *How to Survive a Financial Crisis,* is: "Relax! Don't panic! Give him a cup of tea! He isn't a member of the Gestapo. Indeed, face to face with a victim who knows the law, he has absolutely no worthwhile powers. He is as helpless legally as a St George sent out to slay dragons with the aid of a rusty pen-knife.

"He will tell you, in a hard, cold voice which he practises every morning with the aid of a tape recorder and his recollections of Humphrey Bogart, that he wants to ask a few questions and take your books away for an inspection. Quite true, that *is* what he wants to do. What he is trying to suggest without actually lying is that you are *obliged* to answer his questions and give him your books . . . But you are NOT obliged to do those things!

"Tell him, in an equally hard, cold voice (after all, you've seen *The Maltese Falcon,* too) that you would like him to finish his tea, and leave. And he'll leave like a lamb."

Mr Clyne's sentiments are admirable (anyone who consistently refers to the Commissioner as the fiscal fiend and likens taxation to legalised robbery can't be all bad), and he obviously has an intimate knowledge of taxation law, but his embellishments tend to oversimplify matters.

What most smart tax professionals would advise you to do is follow the steps outlined below:

Check out whether he is fully authorised to be there, and if so, which sections of the Act is he operating under. There are only two sections which give him the power to investigate your affairs — Sections 263 and 264. If he is acting under S263, then he is legally entitled "at all times to have full and free access to all buildings, places, books, documents and other papers for the purposes of this Act, and for that purpose may make extracts from or copies of any such books, documents or papers." Sounds pretty daunting, but you do have some rights. First of all, nowhere in S263 does it authorise the investigator to ask questions. But if you decide to answer any questions, you are the one who has the right to decide when and where the interview will be. You are also allowed to have a witness and to make a record of the conversation (yes, a tape recording is allowed). Finally, you can get a legal opinion before answering any questions, and you can request that all the questions be submitted in writing to you for prior consideration.

S264 *does* authorise him to ask, and demand answers to, questions, but he must give you notice, in writing, in advance. By the way, before you start thinking that you can foil any investigation by not keeping records, you should realise that if you are engaged in any sort of business, then you are required to keep records, in English. However, nowhere does it say where you are required to keep them, or whether you have to keep them in any particular filing system — like in alphabetical or chronological order. In fact, you don't even have to show the taxman where they are, and if he finds them locked in a filing cabinet or at the bottom of a well, you don't have to help him with a key or a ladder.

"What we need to do is hassle our local MPs. They're getting ripped off as much as we are — probably more, given their salaries."

If he has access to your records, you can't stop him making a copy. But he is not allowed, under S263, to remove them and you don't have to let him use your photocopier, if you have one. If he is an enterprising chap, and carts his own copier along with him, you don't have to supply him with a powerpoint. Again, however, S264 does authorise him to demand that you provide the records — but only after having given you prior written notice.

Now you know a lot more about how the taxman has screwed you in the past, but more importantly, you know what you can do about it. Don't forget, we've got him outnumbered and tied up in red tape. But he doesn't always fight fair. Remember it's his territory that the battle is fought on, and even though we're the good guys, good guys don't always win. Particularly when it's the bad guys who are making the rules, and who are not above changing them to gain an unfair advantage.

If you decide to fight the taxman through the maze of objections, Board of Review hearings and various courts, you should realise that even if you ultimately win, you'll still probably lose something. Under current rules, when the taxman sends you that first notice to pay, there's a time limit attached. A short one. Of course, you can ask him for an extension, but he doesn't always come to the party. That means you *have* to pay. Naturally, he tells you that *if* (he always says if) you win, then he'll give you your money back.

But that could take years. In the meantime you could have done a lot with the money he's taken from you. Even if you just let it languish in a savings bank account, you'd still have more than any he'll return *because he doesn't pay you interest on it.* Given today's inflation rate, then, you actually lose money.

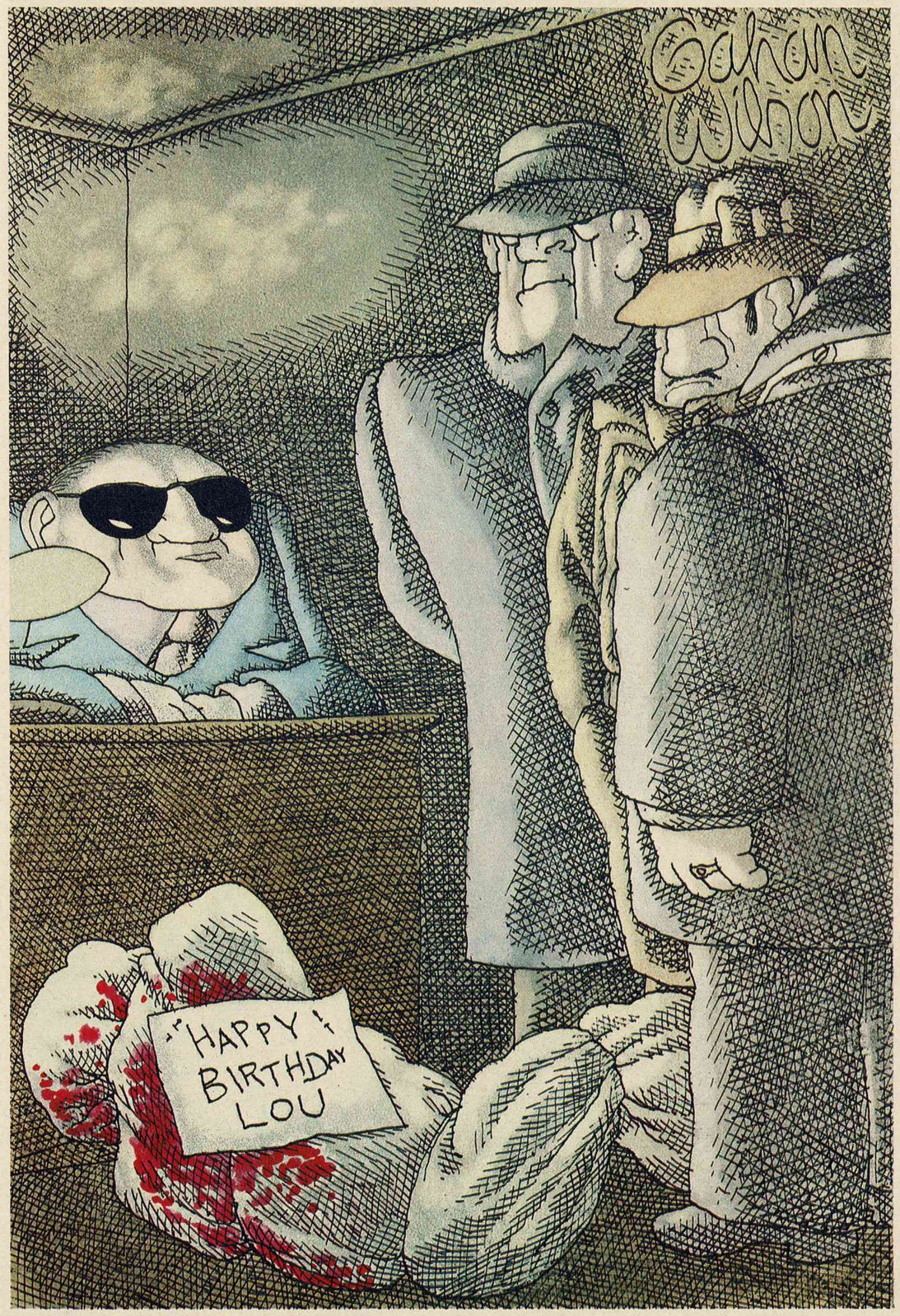
Unfortunately, until the law is changed, there's nothing we can do about that. What we need to do here is hassle the shit out of our local MPs until the law is changed. Remind them that they're taxpayers too, and that they're getting ripped off as much as we are — probably even more, given their salaries.

However, as Malcolm Fraser once said, and often repeated: "Life wasn't meant to be easy." And he smiled when he said it.

But you don't have to make it any easier for the ATO than it has been. In fact, you can make it a hell of a lot harder. Object your assessment. Push it all the way. After all, the most you can lose is what you would have paid anyway. And you *could* gain.

The most important thing to remember is that as long as you don't get greedy, as long as your deductions are at least arguable, as long as you don't break the law by hiding some of your income or claiming expenses you never incurred, then you will never again pay more tax than you legally have to.

Do get a tax professional. It helps to have someone on your side who lives and breathes tax. And, if you believe that the smart people in the world are the ones making the most money, then he's probably a lot smarter than the taxmen. After all, the average taxman only earned between $12,000 and $13,000 last year. Before tax.



"I'm very touched, fellows."

WAVES ON THE RICHTER SCALE

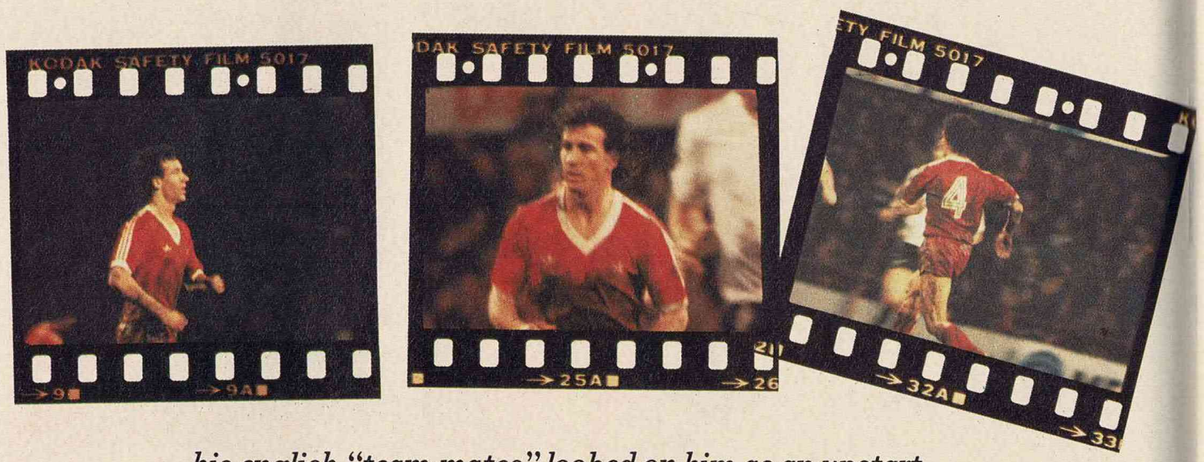
melbourne's brigitte richter is an earthquake about to happen, caught in rapt self-contemplation or in a daydream

Photography by Kym Faehse

brigitte is a beauty who produces tremors in any man who is fortunate enough to cross her path. her great bones, leonine head of hair and sweetly innocent, almost childlike face are all totally without fault

the waves of sensuality she emanates would devastate the most rigid seismograph — she certainly sends shudders through us

ROO IN AN ENGLISH FOOTBALL ZOO



his english "team-mates" looked on him as an upstart from way down under their soccer world. now his transfer fee is $1.5 million. neil jameson profiles craig johnston

CRAIG JOHNSTON propped a pair of elbows on the balcony railing and left his eyes to ramble the blue-grey stretch of the Algarve coast running raggedly south-east to the Spanish border. Even in the weak February sun, this southern pocket of Portugal displayed ample evidence to back its claim as being one of Europe's more attractive holiday haunts.

Johnston would have liked to have seen it in summer but work demands had not permitted him a summer in five years, and that situation wasn't about to change. Right now, he just appreciated the off-season quiet and the empty hotels and villas. After all, he had been sent there to rest, recover from an injury, and try to escape the intolerable pressures of his work. And to think. Think about this year, 1981, and how it promised to be the most monumental so far in the 20-year-old professional soccer player's young life. And he needed to make some important decisions.

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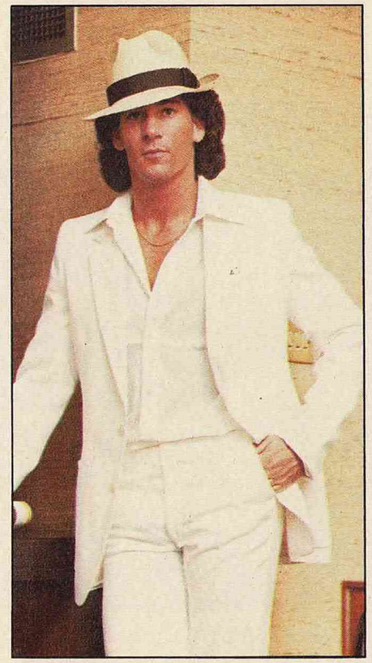
The problems were all up there in England. That's where the young Australian earned his living playing in the midfield for first division club Middlesbrough, in the toughest domestic football league in the world. In the four and a half hard years since Johnston had departed Australia as a dream-chasing teenager, he had paid all his dues through the apprenticeship ranks, injury, reserves and many rebuffs to finally scramble to the top of the heap as the hottest piece of property in the big Middlesbrough football stable. The club knew it had a $2 million asset, and if it could control the situation, keep Johnston in mint physical shape while extracting top performances, Boro stood to clean up with a huge sale on the highly inflationary transfer market. Now, with less than two months before the big transfer deadline, Middlesbrough manager John Neal was fighting a three-way battle between his club's board, the press and interested clubs to keep the situation under control. Johnston's injury and his often too-headstrong nature weren't helping the situation, so Neal sent the player to hide in Portugal. The excessive press speculation and Johnston's bad knee injury were just too much, and Neal had done what T.J. Smith would do with Kingston Town or any piece of valuable horseflesh — he put him out to rest. The player was pleased with the choice. It offered welcome solitude and a chance to contemplate.

Only three things were certain: at the end of the season he would not be with Middlesbrough; then in June, he would turn 21; and in July, he would be back home in Australia for his wedding. That still left unanswered the most pressing question of all: who would be his new employer? The very best of England's glamor clubs had hurled offers at Middlesbrough for the previous six months — a $2 million offer from Tottenham Hotspur, an equivalent amount from Leeds which was followed by interested stabs from Arsenal, from Manchester City, Derby County and Manchester United. But for Craig Johnston, it came down to a choice between two clubs: Liverpool or Nottingham Forest. And why not? They had been the two



winningest clubs for the past decade and represented the sort of glamor, success and professionalism to which Johnston wanted to hook his career.

With that languid ease of movement peculiar to athletes, he shifted his weight forward to relieve the dull ache in his knee. Ah, that's better. His eyes took in the only movement on the perfect vista — an ancient yacht utilising the butt end of the day's breeze to make the port of Faro, just down the coast. He'd often watched many other sailboats all scudding for home . . . back in Australia. It seemed like a long time since he left his family's waterfront cottage on Lake Macquarie, NSW, to make that first, hopeful trip to England.

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Col and Dorothy Johnston had sold the family home and moved into their smaller lakeside cottage to pay for that first trip to the UK. If their boy wanted to ditch school and go chase a football dream, then so be it. Their son arrived in Great Britain clutching on to a short introductory letter to Middlesbrough, the club he'd chosen partly on the advice of his father who knew that there were few distractions besides football in the bleak, north-east industrial town. Col Johnston had been a NSW representative player in his youth and had teamed up with his schoolteacher wife for a round-the-world sojourn during which time he tried his luck at the professional game in England and Scotland. That was back in the late 1950s, at the start of the rush of adventurous young Australians descending on London. When Col wasn't playing, he would drag Dorothy to the terraces at Stamford Bridge ground to watch Chelsea. Almost two decades later, she would recall when, in an advanced state of pregnancy, she had watched one of her last matches before leaving London. She had no idea then that her soon-to-be-born son would one day follow the long route back to the same forum.

So the Australians flew out of London, bound for South Africa on a rather prolonged return trip home. Engine trouble over Morocco almost meant that Craig Johnston was close to having his first glimpse of the world in a Casablanca hospital. But the plane made it in time for the birth to take place in Johannesburg. It took four years for the family to make it back to Australia. By then, Dorothy and Col had a parcel of surprises in the shape of three kids to present to their incredulous families. The Johnstons were a most surprising couple, and their two girls and a boy made life much more interesting.

It would have been nice to say the boy was a natural footballer from the day he could walk. But he wasn't. Instead, he was a frail if outgoing kid who just about shafted all athletic aspirations by contracting osteomyelitis — a bone disease which attacks the marrow — when he was six. Like any mum who has spent the long vigil beside the hospital bed of a critically ill child, Dorothy Johnston is less than forthcoming about discussing the illness. Craig's got his own reminders. The specialists said that he'd never play active sports and he still bears a 22cm scar on his thigh as a grim reminder of how different life could have been. However, it did deliver one favor. It kept him out of competitive sport during that critical period parents and tyrannical junior coaches exorcise their frustrated aspirations through the efforts of their children. Later, when most contemporaries had been bawled out, bored stiff or burned up by too much too soon, Johnston was just starting to hit his straps. Additionally, he had a sympathetic and detached father, a man who must

be a genuine rarity. To this day Col Johnston has seen his son play on no more than five occasions. He simply refuses to watch him. The son-father respect rating is immense. In fact, the player has never taken a single major decision without first consulting his father. Col Johnston never volunteers advice, but when asked, always comes through with the mail. To date, he has been right every time.

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Craig Johnston grew up on the northern end of Lake Macquarie just when the area was the nation's hottest nursery for junior soccer talent. He did the rounds of local junior clubs and went to Booragul High during the time it had on offer the keenest soccer education in the country. He was a straight A student, brilliant in maths and science. He was even better at wall-ball, a precise, competitive schoolyard game which ripped the toes out of shoes but produced razor sharp soccer skills. One English and a string of Australian clubs can now thank that Booragul wall for some of their finer young talent.

Craig Johnston can also thank Booragul High for introducing him to Jenny Jones, the girl he will marry this July.

The UK trip finally brought Johnston's daydreaming to an end. He landed in Middlesbrough, 15, fit and tanned with long hair bleach-tinged from the many hours spent surfing the waves of his neighborhood beaches. The culture shock couldn't have been more profound. If the drab and freezing climate, plus depressing industrial skyline, weren't enough to induce an acute bout of homesickness, the reception sure was. The pasty-faced British kids in the Boro youth ranks weren't about to let this guy from a soccer backwater, with nothing but a letter and an air ticket as his credentials, move in. After all, these kids had done it the hard way — by beating off the thousands of others from all over the isles for a shot at stardom via a pro club's youth ranks. This Aussie was an imposter. And they let him know it in the most ego-deflating fashion, by humiliating him with all their outrageously superior soccer skills. And why not? This was a question of their livelihood. He could always rock back to the sunshine and the prospect of a good profession via a university degree. For the other guys, it was make it or join the dole queue, and while he had trouble with the broad Geordie accent, they mimicked his clipped Strine and, predictably, dubbed him Roo.

"Now I was the worst player in the entire squad," he would later recall. "The others made it clear I was just off the banana boat. I still had the bananas sticking out of my ears."

He flew home in the off season but returned to Middlesbrough to ask for another chance. It was cold, he was homesick and he had visa problems; but his ego would not let him accept the hint that he was not good enough. Not even when he heard it direct from the mouth of the then Middlesbrough manager, the legendary figure, Jack Charlton. Johnston was performing one of those stableboy-type chores expected of the young trialists when he could not help but overhear Charlton tell one of the trainers: "When you see that Roo, tell him to pack his bags. He's wasting his time here." Even that wasn't enough to convince him. After every training session he took a ball into the carpark and practised his skills against the brick wall until it was too dark to see. Then he was up every morning at six for another private session before he commenced his heavy club chores of swabbing out the change rooms or polishing the scores of filthy football boots. For every scrap of glamor and hard cash earned in this game, there is a ton of sweat invested. Johnston trained hardest during the scheduled sessions and held his own practice in between. "I spent the rest of the time dodging the boss. I was sure he'd send me home," he says. The ploy worked. It gave him the breathing space to show marked improvement in the trial games. He was no longer the worst. Two years later, when Johnston had finally emerged as the most promising young player in Britain, the press would ask of Jack Charlton: "Tell us, Jack, how do you pick 'em?" And Craig Johnston, holding no regard for tradition, would interrupt: "Jack Charlton? He was the guy who wanted to send me home."

It's taken Johnston a few years to outlive the bitterness of those early days. He still looks back on a photo of those youth trialists and recalls the characters who set out to prove that he had no place in the club. In a profession that has the highest failure rate of all, he can note with a sense of satisfaction that he survived. Ninety-odd percent of the others have since been discarded.

It was a cold, monastic existence, offering few comforts and even fewer friendships. He boarded in the club hostel, collected his $21 a week allowance, worked at his chores and swotted up on football. While those headed for failure strutted their football egos in the local pubs and chased fanny, Johnston stayed in, wrote his optimistic letters, and rested mind and body for the daily survival routine on the playing field.

Among all this depression, he managed to win the respect and friendship of two men he'd admired from a distance. They were both Scots. One was Bobby Murdoch, a superb player who won numerous caps for Scotland, a European Cup winner's medal with Celtic, and had finished his playing career as the midfield architect of a successful Middlesbrough side. Only recently retired as a player, he was the club's youth coach. The other was Graeme Souness. In his early 20s, Souness had long shared the Boro midfield with Bobby Murdoch and emerged as a Scottish international and the club's most talented player. Souness epitomised everything that the young Australian had ever imagined about British football. With a football elegance to match his aristocratic good looks and immaculate dress sense, Souness was always carefully groomed and in full control. Additionally, he possessed a sense of real poise which superbly underplayed the controlled aggression so vital to his craft. His taste in autos was as impeccable as his selection of female company, and in those days he combined the two by squiring the then Miss World around in his Mercedes sports. Football didn't need an incentive system when Souness strutted his stuff. For he was Middlesbrough's living example of what the game had to offer the truly gifted. He was a man who neither needed nor courted the friendship of his fellow players, yet he displayed a marked respect for the struggling Australian teenager scorned by most of Boro.

It was something Johnston would never forget. When the day came in January, 1978, for Middlesbrough to sell Souness to Liverpool for the then club record fee of $704,000 the Scot sought out Johnston to say goodbye and deliver a prediction: "You'll have my place in this side soon." It was a fantastic forecast but Craig Johnston respected Souness' judgement far too much to dismiss it as false bravado.

The Scot's accuracy was indeed uncanny. In that very same month, Middlesbrough were drawn to play Everton in the fourth round of the Football Association (FA) Cup. Johnston, at 17, was picked to become the youngest player in Boro's history to play in a Cup match. Backed by a blaze of publicity, he walked on to Ayresome Park to the sound of the near capacity crowd chanting his name. He obliged by wowing them as Boro triumphed 3-2.

Typifying the drama that had dogged his young life, Johnston innocently contrived to provide the national press with a marvellous piece of sensationalism as a prelude to the Everton match. Boro had packed the squad off to the Channel Isle of Jersey to prepare for the match in peace. Johnston, still an uncontracted youth, went along for the ride wondering why the club had done him this favor. Alone, he boodled off to explore the nearby castle, dozed off in the mild afternoon sun and awoke to find that with the fall of night, the returning tide had converted the connecting causeway over to Jersey into an open expanse of water. Panic. Not wishing to be the subject of a general alarm, he plunged fully clothed into the icy waters and struck out for Jersey. The English Channel can get very cold in mid-winter and it was probably only his surfing experience which saved his life. The swim was no joke. He had only just lately recovered from near-pneumonia and had never encountered water as cold nor tides as treacherous. When John Neal told the press that the "Channel Swimmer" was Boro's surprise selection for the Cup match, it made great reading in the popular London newspapers.

The standard joke detailed the fictitious local who helped him from the water in the dark and asked, "Where on earth have you come from?" Craig Johnston quipped: "Australia."

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The remainder of that '78 season offered a regular first team spot plus his first league goal, scored against West Ham. Boro bolted his signature to a three-year contract and Neal described Johnston as the best young player he had ever managed. Heady stuff. But it was soon to prove to be all too transient.

He holidayed in Australia during the off-season and committed the error of playing for a local club when he should have been resting a groin tear. It had started as a slight strain which he had not been game to reveal to the Middlesbrough physiotherapist for fear of being dropped. By the time he returned to the UK, the injury set up secondary complications which then affected Craig's entire pelvic muscle structure. It took half a season to trace the original problem, and months of therapy and rest to rectify it. The long convalescence cost him a bundle in match bonuses and in appearance money, and he had to struggle to meet his heavy financial commitments — which included the repayments on his English house.

It was a harsh period made more intolerable by the weather and the knowledge that after having just been permitted the briefest glimpse of his professional target, an injury had slammed the door in his face. The experience compelled him to fortify his bodily strength with a muscle building course of such rigor that his dramatically rearranged torso prompted Boro team-mates to half jokingly ask if he had been taking anabolic steroids. He had not — but their surprise was warranted. The frail kid had grown muscles on his muscles.

A few injuries aside, the 1979-80 season slotted him snugly back in his first team spot, with rapid improvement. He had already rejected an offer to sign for the Australian national squad, despite the separate overtures from the national soccer president, Sir Arthur George, and Socceroo coach Rudi Gutendorf. In fact, Gutendorf took time out just to watch Johnston in action against Arsenal. The soccer press billed the scouting exercise and Johnston might have let it get to him. He turned in a shocker but must have done enough to convince Gutendorf he was just what Australia needed. But with house, heart and a burgeoning career now unfolding, he had far too much to risk by joining the Socceroos.

"Like most Australian kids, I had always dreamed about wearing the green and gold," he admits. "But when the chance did come, I had to reject it."

Less than 12 months later, England supremo Ron Greenwood called the young Aussie into the national under-21 side for a friendly against Norway. Johnston was nominated as man-of-the-match and realised conclusively where his future lay. He immediately filed for British citizenship. Suddenly, it had all fallen into place. He picked up man-of-the-match awards from a string of club performances as the daily press structured its farrago of superlatives around his emerging reputation. Scouts tumbled out of the woodwork to check him out and he was being spruiked as a future A international for England.

The "Keegan" comparisons were already bouncing about among the less imaginative football writers and now the fans were picking up on them. It was a bit embarrassing for Johnston. Being labelled as "the new Keegan" wasn't something ever to be taken lightly. Kevin Keegan was the England captain and he was two times European Footballer of the Year. Johnston still had a few mountains to shovel before he could even approach the majesty of performance which Keegan had displayed for the past decade. But still the parallel stemmed from something more than just the obvious similarities of their build and hairstyle. The Boro players could all grudgingly remember how, on a pre-season tour of Yugoslavia, Johnston's presence on the ball had sparked an excited muttering among the many onlookers: "Kee-gan, Kee-gan."

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The sun was gone, snuffing out the day's last breeze as it went. It didn't

matter, the yacht had long since disappeared from view as if drawing shut the blinds on yet another blue Mediterranean day. Craig Johnston turned from the railing and scooped up the postcards. He still had plenty of friends to write to.

Bobby Murdoch was one of those friends. Come what may, Johnston would always rate the affable Scot as one of the greatest influences on his career. There was also Chris Rea, the Middlesbrough rock star and soccer nut who played in Johnston's pick-up games in the park and exchanged concert tickets for soccer admission with the footballer. There were some good friends back home in Australia, including his folks. And there was Jenny. Like rock stars, footballers are in demand by a lot of people besides managers and the press. But Jenny Jones was all Craig Johnston needed in the female company department. Her quiet patience was the perfect foil for his rampant ego, and hers was often the small voice of reason when the pressures of work and public acclamation threatened to warp his view of things. Her folks hadn't been keen on the idea when she told them she planned to join Craig in England. In retrospect, it is hard to imagine him keeping his act together without her presence.

Craig Johnston travelled back to England and tried to forget about his knee problem just as Boro struggled through to the sixth round of the FA Cup. Then on Tuesday, March 10, the Wolverhampton Wanderers scored twice in extra time to dump Boro 3-1 in a replay. The season's transfer deadline was 5pm on March 11. The Boro players coach-tripped it home from Wolverhampton late that night. Craig Johnston was woken early the following morning by a call from the Middlesbrough office. Would he be available to travel to Liverpool that day and talk terms with the Reds' manager, Bob Paisley? Johnston had half expected the development. Before leaving, he had spoken by phone to the Nottingham Forest boss, that dynamic motivator, Brian Clough. The Forest boss accepted the promise that Johnston would call him after listening to the Liverpool offer. The player made one more call — to his father. And Col Johnston just said "Liverpool". Forest had Clough and a lot of winning ways. Liverpool didn't rely on one personality — it was a machine with all the long term components of success running right throughout the club. On the Wednesday afternoon Johnston met Paisley in the manager's Anfield Park office. After listening to the terms, the player said he'd promised to phone Clough. Paisley quietly left the room, and he made the call to Nottingham. Clough offered $2 million transfer fee and greater basic wage but Johnston said he had already decided to join Liverpool. A resigned Brian Clough lamented: "I would have walked to Liverpool myself to sign you."

That day, Johnston, Liverpool and the Middlesbrough management all shook hands on a $1.5 million deal of which he receives five percent.

A fortnight later, Craig Johnston returned to Liverpool club to sign all the vital forms.

Meanwhile, the soccer press speculated just how hard it would be to even crack a place in the Liverpool midfield, arguably the strongest in the league. Johnston's not worried — he likes high hurdles and this one is as high as they come. The man who's got the spot Johnston has his eye on is Graeme Souness.

Ironically, until the Johnston sale, Souness' transfer was still Boro's record receipt. The wheel had turned for the Aussie imposter.

TECHNICALLY SPEAKING...

CRAIG JOHNSTON is self critical to the point where he admits that it's power, aggression, speed and a high work-rate which are his greatest assets.

"I'll never have the natural skill of someone like Keegan," he claims. "What skill I have got, I've had to work at."

In the pure technical sense, he is one of the game's rarities. The midfield role gives him a roving commission which he exploits to the full. He wins balls, defends, uses the ball to set up attacks and scores some spectacular goals. Very few midfielders have the stamina to add another facet to their play — that of acting as a third striker or as goalscorer. In other words, he gives his team three, rather than two, inside forwards. Strangely, it has been his natural game since his junior school days, and now it is something that Ron Greenwood recognises as a quality which could be well exploited for England. It's not that Johnston doesn't want to play for Australia but as he told a rather bemused *60 Minutes* reporter: "Playing soccer for Australia would be like surfing for England."

England's vanguard of senior soccer talent is on the wane. Kevin Keegan is making fewer and fewer international appearances and is plagued by injury. When the World Cup finals come around in Spain next year, Craig Johnston will be 22. It could present him with the chance to establish an international reputation. Nevertheless, forward planning is something he confines to the near future. His idea of football is playing it to the limit, and if he doesn't leave the field physically and emotionally drained, he feels he hasn't given his best. Otherwise, he has been taken off injured. How long he can last at that pace will be the real test of his stamina, skill and maturity. And, of course, his ego. If at times his rampant ego has dropped him in hot water, he can count the times when his headstrong lack of sensitivity and extroverted nature have helped him to survive. It is not something he admires but sees it as important to his make-up as his football skill.

"I'm glad you caught me . . . we were just going out for lunch."

BEYOND THE PILL: Birth Control in the '80s

article by David Black

Illustration by Ivan Punchatz

GEORGINE led him lightly by one finger upstairs to her bed . . . When he worried about contraception, she laughed. Didn't Angela use Enovid yet? Welcome, *she said,* to the post-pill paradise.

John Updike, *Couples*

THE POST-PILL paradise! In 1960, the first oral contraceptive for women, was introduced into America. That drug-obsessed society which ploughed billions of dollars a year into prescriptions called it The Pill, as if it was the only pill. It was seen, in the US, and later in Australia and elsewhere, as the solution to the unwanted children problem posed by intercourse.

By 1965, 15.3 percent of married American women aged 16 to 44 used one or another of the proliferating range of oral contraceptives.

By 1970, 22.3 percent of married American women aged 15 to 44 were using oral contraceptives. By 1973, with a 25.1 percent usage, the Pill was entrenched as the contraceptive of choice. The second most popular method, the condom, was used by only 9.4 percent. And the diaphragm was preferred by only 2.4 percent. The Pill dominated the sexual heavens, as amazing as a second sun that had just appeared in the sky. People basked in the glow.

"The Pill was a blessing," states Margo, a woman who started taking it in 1972. "It really agreed with me. I used to have heavy periods, always a problem. The Pill regulated them. They were lighter. My skin cleared up. But most of all, I could relax. There was no more of that worry almost every month: Am I pregnant? That constant low-level stress. It used to drive me absolutely crazy. Before taking the Pill, whenever I went to bed with a man — whether we used a condom or a diaphragm — I assumed the worst. Just so I would be prepared if the worst *happened.* And I'd lay there while we were making love, thinking, 'Is this worth it? Is it worth getting pregnant?' All that pleasure of the moment always had to be measured against *my whole future.*

"The first time I made love after taking the Pill, out of habit, I started going through that old routine: 'Is it worth it?' And, suddenly, I realised that the question no longer made any sense. *I wasn't going to get pregnant.*

"Then something incredible struck me. Something, oh, really scary, but exciting, too. I realised that, before the Pill, I had this narrow idea of the kinds of men I'd go out with — just in case I got knocked up. I wanted the father to be — I don't know: good genes, good circumstances; family and status and a guy I'd want to live with forever. Just in case.

"And it suddenly hit me that since I wasn't going to get pregnant, I could date anyone — even guys I would never in the world want to be the father of my children. *Anyone.* That may not sound like much, but for me back then, it was like escaping. Like I had been locked up in this country club all my life, and I had finally broken out into the real world."

The real world sustained attacks such as these by the millions, and the effects are still hotly debated.

An American expert, Dr Henry Grunebaum of Harvard University, has said that: "Following World War Two, after the baby boom was over, it became apparent that, given the new contraceptives and the increased availability of the old methods, it was now possible to indulge in sex without consequences. And I think *that* — however you want to describe it — led to a sexual revolution."

The Pill paradise lasted about 15 years. And like zealots in all other revolutions, women remained loyal to the cause only until the cause let them down. In the '70s, reports started coming out in America and Australia linking oral contraceptives to blood clots and to cancer. Women started reassessing their liberator.

The Pill, it turned out, might under certain circumstances cause a virtual smorgasbord of side-effects, some of them dangerous and some not. Acne, appetite change, asthma, benign liver tumor, birth defects, bleeding gums, blood clots in the brain, eyes, heart, legs and lungs, pelvic area bleeding, cancer of the breast, cervix, ovaries, pituitary gland, uterus and vagina (in animals) and of the cervix, liver and skin (in humans), cataracts, chemical diabetes, cholesterol and triglyceride-level increases, extreme contact-lens intolerance. There were also cramps and dizziness, epilepsy, eye lesions, fatigue, gall-bladder disease, growth of already-existing fibrous tumors of the uterus, hair loss on the head and gain on the face, heart disease, herpes susceptibility, excessively high blood pressure, infertility (permanent), jaundice, kidney disease, disappearance of libido, liver problems, menstrual cycle changes, psychological depression, migraines, nausea, nervousness, rashes, reduction of wax in the ears, spotty darkening of the skin, strokes, swollen ankles, tender breasts, thromboembolism, thrombophlebitis, thyroid disorders, fallopian pregnancies (in progesterone-only Pills), urination problems, vascular-disease besides thromboembolisms), varicose veins, vaginitis, venereal-disease susceptibility. And also vitamin deficiency, vomiting and weight gain or loss.

More perhaps in America than in Australia, there has been a reversal in thinking regarding the pill.

However, in both countries, where women used to proclaim their right to use the Pill, many now proclaim their right *not* to, forcing a new look at contraception and a new role for men in choosing a contraceptive.

Also in America, by 1976, Pill use among women 15 to 44 had dropped to 22.3 percent. Between 1975 and 1978, there was a decline of 23 percent in the number of Pill prescriptions filled by retail pharmacies: from 64,000,000 to 49,000,000. In those four years, retail

pharmacy sales of one of the most popular brands of American oral contraceptives, Ortho-Novum, dropped to an astonishing 29 percent.

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When the first doubts about the Pill began circulating, some women went for a time to the IUD, especially to the newly-spawned second generation of smaller medicated IUDs.

By the early '70s, women blithely were wearing the IUDs as internal charms, gynaecological rabbits' feet. In 1973, 6.7 percent of American women aged 15 to 44 used IUDs — compared with 4.8 percent in 1970 and only .7 percent in 1965.

But, like the Pill, IUDs betrayed their promise. They supposedly caused anaemia, bad cramps, haemorrhages, pain, spotting, uterine and cervical perforations and, most seriously, pelvic inflammatory disease that can lead to permanent sterility or death.

Revolutions by their nature are unstable and the revolution in birth control is no exception. Between 1973 and 1976, the percentage of American women who had used IUDs spiralled downward from 6.7 to 6.1 — and there is evidence that in the past five years, the plunge has been even more significant. Another lesson learned.

And now that the wonders of chemistry (the Pill) and technology (the IUD) seem to be increasingly malevolent, more traditional methods of contraception are enjoying a renewed popularity. The condom and the diaphragm have returned — like royalty from exile. In 1978, American condom sales started to climb, at about 12 percent a year. Diaphragm sales also rose — from 503,000 in 1975 to 1,205,000 in 1978, a startling 140 percent increase in only four years.

The current effectiveness of the condom is greater than most people realise. Condoms that are used with spermicidal foams have a theoretical effectiveness of better than 99 percent. Diaphragms used with a spermicidal gel have a theoretical effectiveness of 97 percent. Pills have a theoretical effectiveness of 99.7 percent and IUDs of 97-99 percent. Theoretically, then, condoms can be almost as safe as the Pill and more safe than IUDs, while diaphragms are virtually as safe as IUDs.

Admittedly, there are problems. Condoms do break."I'd be pumping away," says one condom veteran "and all of a sudden my girlfriend would say, 'Hey, something feels a lot better.' " It's not difficult to see why they resisted jumping out of bed to put on a new one.

Women who use diaphragms complain that the romance goes out the window when they have to insert the thing ahead of time. Diaphragm users lament: "If I want to make love tonight, I'll put in the diaphragm ahead of time. Then, if nothing happens, if he just turns over and goes to sleep, I'll be upset. So I finally said: 'I've had it. From now on you tell me and I'll prepare.' But that's also unromantic and it just gets everything off sync."

Men and women show squeamishness about using condoms and the diaphragms. Accustomed to sleeping with women using the pill or the IUD, some men have never used a condom.

Today's upheaval in contraception habits forces people to talk, and there is sure plenty to be talked about: is the responsibility of contraception a power or a burden? And whose power or burden is it, his or hers? In the '50s when there was *no* discussion, men were supposed to be responsible, no wallet complete without its condom. In the '60s and early '70s, women were supposed to be responsible, on the Pill or using an IUD. Today, particularly

"Traditional methods of contraception are enjoying a renewed popularity. The condom and diaphragm have returned — like royalty from exile."

among those who practise casual sex, neither the man nor the woman can assume his or her partner is prepared; they must negotiate.

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This is the first hint of what the coming Second Sexual Revolution and the future of contraception might involve: bringing out even more into the open the struggle between the sexes that sometimes makes screwing seem like a fight between two competing biologies — the viscerally conservative (one egg released per month) and the viscerally prodigal (30,000,000 sperm produced every day).

The future of contraception lies in a method that answers both the needs and the mood of the times. The ideal method divides the burden equally between man and woman, is not directly related to the sex act, does not introduce foreign substances into the body and is 100 percent effective.

The ideal method does not exist.

But there are three traditional methods that at least partly fulfil the specifications and that, like the condom and the diaphragm, have been given new life in the wake of disillusionment with the Pill and IUDs: sterilisation, the cervical cap and natural family planning.

It is not insignificant, then, that sterilisation has become the second most popular method of birth control after the Pill (which, to the extent it is almost perfectly effective, also isolates the sex act in the moment). The number of American men and women sterilised has climbed from a total of 7.8 percent in 1965 to 19.3 percent in 1976. By 1978, almost 11,000,000 American people had been sterilised, and presently the figure is climbing at a rate of between 500,000 and 700,000 annually.

This boom is attributable partly to advances in the methods — for both men and women. "Since the early '70s, female sterilisation especially has become significantly easier to do," says Miriam Rubin of the US Association for Voluntary Sterilisation. "Now, like the male operation, it is just an outpatient procedure under local anaesthetic. Both female and male sterilisations are safe, quick and relatively painless — usually the worst pain you feel is the needle administering the anaesthetic.

"Most of the anxiety (for men especially) centres on how it will affect their sexuality. But they can be sexually active almost immediately. It still feels the same: same arousal and sensations. You still feel an ejaculation, except there is only semen, not sperm, in the ejaculate."

But the boom in sterilisation is due not just to the advances in methods. It is also the result of the growing acceptance of the idea. Ten years ago, sterilisation — especially for men — seemed extraordinary.

"The only problems we run into," says Rubin, "are the older men (and it usually is men) who were married, had kids, got vasectomies, and then got divorced. Now, they're with a young woman who wants kids, and the men come back to us asking about the possibility of having reversals done.

"But even *that* is getting more and more likely. Some doctors are already having good results with reversals, though it's still on a limited basis. And as microsurgical techniques are improved, the chances of reversals will get better and better — although *no one* should get sterilised counting on a reversal."

Despite that caution, sterilisation is increasingly advocated by doctors for married women who have had enough children or who are past the safe child-bearing age and do not want children. And there is a determined attempt on the part of various pro-sterilisation groups — such as Zero Population Growth — to push the method, and to make it even more

acceptable by leavening the subject with humor, even trivialising it. Last year, for Fathers' Day, an American Zero Population Growth foundation raffled off a vasectomy. Second prize was a year's supply (estimated at two gross) of brightly-colored condoms, and the booby prize was one month's free nappy service.

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The cervical cap is exactly what it sounds like: a small cap that fits over the cervix. It is a traditional method of contraception, thousands of years old. Relatively modern cervical caps, developed in 1838, were originally made out of gold, platinum or silver: precious ores which women secreted within their bodies.

Today, the caps are made of less romantic substances, such as plastic or rubber, that come not from mines but from test tubes.

In terms of effectiveness, safety and convenience, the cervical cap compares well with the competition. It is as free from side effects as the diaphragm and the condom, and far more convenient.

The only inconvenience involved in using the cap is that some men report feeling it when they are making love; however, some women report that the cap heightens their arousal, perhaps from the pressure against the cervix.

So much for the convenience and safety. Now, effectiveness.

Like foams alone (which have a use-effectiveness rate of 78 percent), suppositories (which have a use-effectiveness rate of 75-80 percent), withdrawal (which has a use-effectiveness rate of 75-80 percent) and lactation (which had a use-effectiveness rate of a low 60 percent), the cervical cap tends to be dismissed as not a serious contraceptive method — even though it may have a use-effectiveness rate surpassing that of the condom and the diaphragm and just short of the IUD and the Pill: 91.4 percent, according to a study released in 1953, one of the rare studies done in the United States on the cervical cap.

Considering its advantages, why has it been dismissed? If there are doubts about its effectiveness, why isn't it studied more to see whether or not it works?

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Natural family planning is disliked or distrusted by many, but at least it has the backing of the Catholic Church, an ally that can certainly hold its own against most.

Natural family planning can be divided into three parts:

The Calendar Method: traditionally called the rhythm method, involves calculating, on the basis of previous menstrual cycles, the woman's likely period of fertility, and then abstaining during that time.

The Ovulation Method: (also called the Billings Method after Drs John and Evelyn Billings, the Australian husband-and-wife team who first developed it in 1964) involves learning to read changes in cervical mucus. From the first appearance of moistness *after* menstruation to the fourth day after ovulation (the wettest day), a woman is probably fertile.

The Basal Body Temperature (BBT): involves keeping track of the woman's temperature every day, watching for the slight drop that in some women precedes ovulation as well as the rise that follows from 24 to 72 hours after ovulation. It is considered safe to have intercourse only after the temperature has been elevated for at least three days.

And for the past decade, there has been a grass-roots surge of interest in a method called the *sympto-thermal* — also *fertility awareness* — method,

"The search for safe, effective birth control has changed American and Australian societies before, and it's going to change them again."

which combines aspects of all three. In the combined regimen, a woman takes her temperature daily before getting out of bed. Then, two or three times during the day, she examines her cervical mucus and the position of the cervix. Before and after ovulation, the cervix is firm, low and closed; during ovulation, it's soft, high and open. If checking sounds like a drag, fertility-awareness enthusiasts claim that it just takes a moment and then it becomes second nature when combined with a woman's regular trip to the bathroom. The total process takes only about 10 minutes per day.

But natural family planning tends to be dismissed by many as a mixture of naivete and near magic.

Theoretically, however, its record is surprisingly good. Although the traditional calendar-only method has an effectiveness rate of only 87 percent, the Basal-body-temperature method is 93 percent effective.

The Billings method, used by itself, has a stunning theoretical effectiveness rate: 98 percent.

And, as for the combination sympto-thermal method, a fairly recent study conducted in the Los Angeles area by doctors from Cedars-Sinai Medical Centre and sponsored by the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development has found that it can have an actual use effectiveness rate of 88.8 percent.

According to their statistics, that places it in a tie for third with the diaphragm — after the Pill and the IUD, and better than the condom. Although other statistics would place it slightly below the condom and the diaphragm, the natural family planning method is certainly good enough to keep it in the running.

The search for safe, effective birth control has changed American and Australian societies before, and it's going to change them again. As a matter of fact, many Australians have already changed, because we realise finally that *safe* is a relative term.

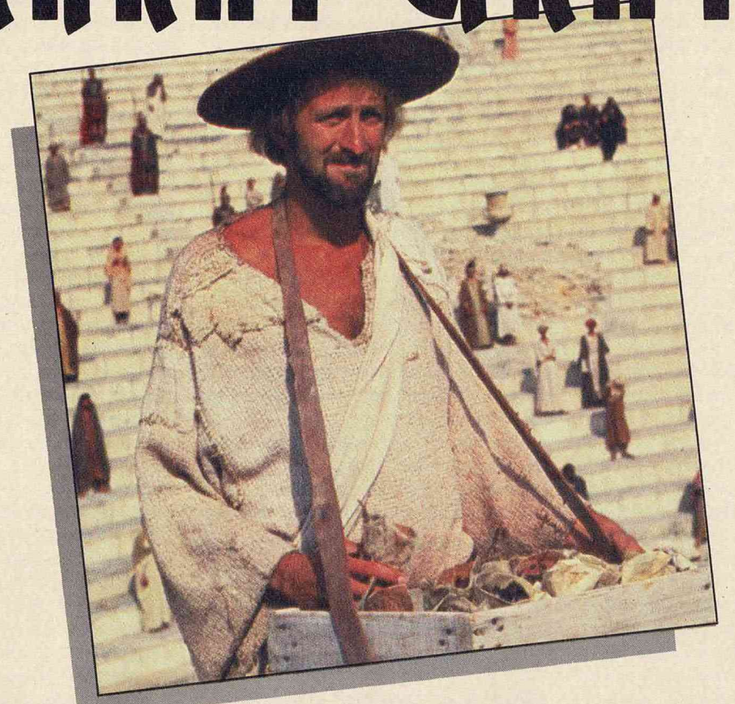
"There is no safe contraceptive," says one doctor. "But it's not just contraceptives — there is just no safe *anything*. Aspirin, sugar, anything. You can cross the street and get hit by a car. It is naive to expect safety."

Perhaps that tact could be amended a bit: it is naive to expect safety without a price. Whether that price is using a spermicide, interrupting sex to insert a diaphragm or apply a condom, safe and effective contraception *is* available.

Contraception, it turns out, is a matter of each individual balancing the risks of pregnancy against a contraceptive method's risk to health. The blithe assumption current when the Pill was introduced — that we now had a perfectly safe and perfectly effective contraceptive that freed us from all consequences — has burst like a colored party balloon. We have to re-learn that trite, true lesson: there is no free lunch. We can have our nearly foolproof contraceptives and the explosion of sexual activity they produce — but the side effects, whether pregnancy or health hazards, are there to remind us that we're inextricably locked into an equation that includes sex and mortality.

Of course, that's nothing new, and it need not be depressing. Other generations found that the acknowledgement of the connection between sexuality and mortality heightened the pleasure. If you believed, as the Elizabethans did, that every orgasm (which was called the Little Death) made you die a day sooner — brother, you made sure those orgasms were worth it. Our teachers ought to be Shakespeare, Rabelais, Boccaccio. So we must learn that life is a party in a plague. Is that any reason to wear a hair shirt and forgo the party?

GRAHAM CHAPMAN



GOD KNOWS how many visitors to Sydney have made the pilgrimage to Watson's Bay to spend a sunbaked afternoon paying homage to the city's beauty while dining on fish and wine at the harbor's edge. A nonpareil view, but a backside-numbing experience because, as in most shrines of worship, the congregation cops out on the seating.

Graham Chapman, the author of the recent international bestseller *A Liar's Autobiography,* shifted himself on the unyielding moulded plastic chair and cocked his ear as a loud moan came from the next table.

The noise was being made by an archetypal bronzed Ocker who was apparently suffering exquisite pain and receiving scant sympathy from his girlfriend. Her tart comment was that he'd been urged to bring his air-cushion. "Ah, a piles sufferer," diagnosed Dr Chapman, slipping easily into his medical persona. In addition to being an author and Cambridge-educated medico, Graham Chapman is also a noted comedy writer, original member of the *Monty Python Flying Circus,* actor, dried-out alcoholic, homosexual and mountaineer.

"There was a RAF squadron-leader brought into my teaching hospital in London with a live 25mm shell from an aircraft gun up his anus. He had bad piles and used to push them back with the shell and one day he lost his grip on the thing and it shot up into his sigmoid colon. Bit dicey removing an unexploded missile by surgery so the entire theatre staff had to wear air-raid helmets for the operation."

Graham Chapman abandoned the hazards of medicine for the uncertainties of entertainment and has compiled an enviable list of achievements. His writing successes include the *Doctor in the House* and *Doctor At Large* television series, *The Frost Report, At Last The 1948 Show,* the film *Monty Python And The Holy Grail* and, more recently, *The Life Of Brian,* in which he played the title role.

Tall and lean with china-blue eyes squinting against the smoke from his ancient pipe, he looks like a mountain-climber, and in his jeans and washed-out cotton shirt, there is nothing about him to indicate that his income reached a level that caused the British Inland Revenue to impose 83 percent tax on his earnings, thereby forcing him to Los Angeles. This is Graham Chapman's third visit to Oz, and he is planning to leave Los Angeles and settle here. He has just spent two weeks exploring the Eastern States in search of possible locations for the multi-million dollar adventure comedy that he hopes to commence filming this month or next.

profile by Meg Post

PLAYBOY: Your last film, *The Life Of Brian,* created quite a furore. Do you expect that this movie you are now planning to make in Australia to be quite as controversial?

CHAPMAN: I don't see how that is possible. Who could be offended by a tale of hidden treasure and zany pirates set in the early 18th century?

PLAYBOY: What is its title?

CHAPMAN: *Yellow Beard.* Incidentally, although I've worked on all three drafts of the script with several other writers, the original idea came from the late Keith Moon. He was tired of being the drummer with the Who and was looking for something else to do.

PLAYBOY: Was *Yellow Beard* to be his chance to break into acting?

CHAPMAN: Yes. We'd been good friends and drinking chums for some years so he came to me with this idea for an adventure-comedy movie. There were possibilities for music and all sorts of things and he wanted me to do the writing. I liked the idea so I wrote him a synopsis and took it to him in hospital where he was being treated for alcoholism and going through withdrawal symptoms. It was terribly unpleasant for him. He had bitten through his tongue and was having the shakes and shivers. He was convinced that the SAS were after him and had placed electrified piano wires on either side of his testicles so that if he twitched or moved at all that would be the finish of him. I went away and put *Yellow Beard* in the bottom of a drawer and shortly after Keith died.

PLAYBOY: So he wasn't really the gross yobbo depicted in so many of the press reports?

CHAPMAN: Keith was a terrific fellow, very human, I loved him. Sure, he was an experience and whenever he was around you thought something was going to happen, but he was kindness itself. He had a wonderfully generous nature and seeing him in the agony of withdrawal was ghastly. One of his recurring nightmares was that he was losing weight to the extent that he might not exist anymore. So he'd keep going and weighing himself throughout the night. Mind you, he knew this was untrue but as soon as he dropped off to sleep it would return to him.

PLAYBOY: You forgot about the *Yellow Beard* project for some time then?

CHAPMAN: I didn't actually forget it but I did have *Life Of Brian* to do and after *Brian* was in the cinemas then I set to work on *Yellow Beard* with Bernard McKenna, who was my co-writer on the *Doctor In The House* and the *Doctor At Large* television series, and then Peter Cook came in on the second draft and this final one has been worked on by David Sherlock.

PLAYBOY: What decided you to look for locations in Australia?

CHAPMAN: The pleasant climate, and I wanted a sunny location after the frightful experience of making *Monty Python* and the *Holy Grail* in Scotland where we all clanked around those Highlands in the freezing cold dressed in string and metal armor, with mist and drizzle penetrating to every part of the body. Sunshine next time, we decided, so we went to Tunisia to make *Life Of Brian* and that was a little too hot.

PLAYBOY: Apart from the heat, it must have been fairly torturous hanging from that cross?

CHAPMAN: It would have been quite unbearable except that someone fixed a bicycle seat to the upright. I was very glad when it was all over and I resolved to find somewhere both sunny and civilised for *Yellow Beard.* Then, coincidentally, a brochure came from the Queensland Film Board with stacks of pictures of islands in the Barrier Reef and this gave me the impetus to get on with the script.

PLAYBOY: Will filming take place only in Queensland?

CHAPMAN: No. Probably in Tasmania and Victoria also. We'll be needing places which can double for England, and Australia is wonderful because you can simulate just about any place.

PLAYBOY: Will your costs be cut by filming here?

CHAPMAN: Yes, probably by as much as several million dollars.

PLAYBOY: How much was the original estimate for the film?

CHAPMAN: In excess of $15 million.

PLAYBOY: And the Australian estimate?

CHAPMAN: I hope to keep it under $9 million and probably we'll be able to pare it down below that figure.

"She's very beautiful and even more venal, an absolute corker who likes money over everything. The role requires someone with an innocent quality."

PLAYBOY: Has your decision to use Australia been influenced by the Federal Government's tax concessions for local investors in the film industry?

CHAPMAN: I haven't gone into those concessions yet, because my negotiations with local people are still in the preliminary stage but it now seems possible that it will be a largely Australian film.

PLAYBOY: Then how many people from outside Australia will be involved?

CHAPMAN: About five or six.

PLAYBOY: Will you be playing the hero?

CHAPMAN: That has yet to be decided, but now that it is to be filmed in Australia, then John Cleese will almost certainly be taking part.

PLAYBOY: How many central roles are there in it?

CHAPMAN: There are about 12 main characters in *Yellow Beard.*

PLAYBOY: And speaking parts?

CHAPMAN: Approximately 70. Much of the action takes place aboard ship and therefore there have to be a credible number of parts.

PLAYBOY: Have you chosen a director?

CHAPMAN: No, I'm looking — of course, all the crew and technicians will be Australians also.

PLAYBOY: Will all those pirates have lots of beautiful, scantily-dressed girlfriends aboard?

CHAPMAN: Indeed they will. There are several good roles for voluptuous ladies and minor roles for a stream of them.

PLAYBOY: And a virtuous leading lady?

CHAPMAN: Well, normally there would be a kind and virginal beauty who befriends the hero — not so with ours — she's very beautiful and even more venal, an absolute corker who likes money over everything. The role does require someone with an innocent quality to be able to effectively put over the bizarre lines. With the right actress, it should prove an extremely funny part.

PLAYBOY: Writing successful comedies seems almost second nature to you — where did you begin?

CHAPMAN: At Cambridge as a writer for the Footlights' Club revues. The Footlights' Club was the main reason for me wanting to go there, not to do medicine.

PLAYBOY: Then why bother to get a degree in medicine?

CHAPMAN: Well, I was following in my brother's footsteps. He's four years older than me and is now a surgeon. My father is a retired policeman and having weathered the Depression and then World War Two, he wanted his sons to have a bit of security. By the way, showbusiness was an anathema to both my parents.

PLAYBOY: Have you been able to put your medical training to any use?

CHAPMAN: It has been invaluable to my work as a writer because you get to meet so many different types and in such intimate surroundings, situations and circumstances that it opens up a whole field of humanity for you. It also sharpens up your observation. Sometimes when a patient enters your surgery you can get a diagnosis just by the way he walks, and this is of immense use to me when I'm writing comedy scripts.

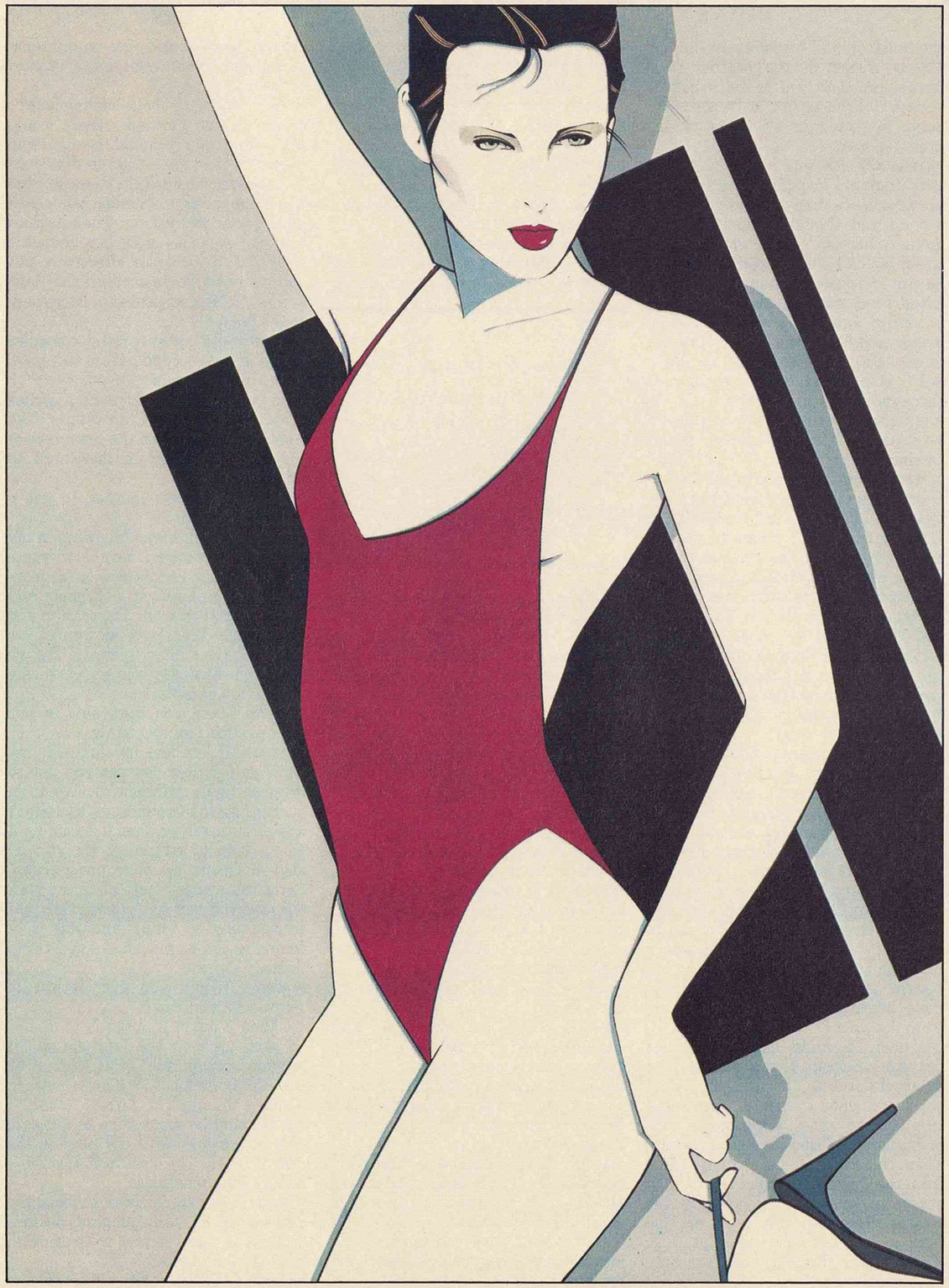
PLAYBOY: Would you ever return to practising medicine?

CHAPMAN: I doubt it, although I do like to keep up with the journals and if anyone around me is ill then I do something about it. While we were in Tunisia filming *The Life Of Brian,* I spent about as much time conducting evening surgery as I did playing the role of Brian. The local food ensured a steady flow of patients.

PLAYBOY: *The Life Of Brian* touched the raw nerves of many religious bodies. What was your reaction to their much publicised protests?

CHAPMAN: They barely affected me because right through the writing of

L O V E R S



"Festival of Light? Isn't that the local sun-worshippers' club?"

Illustration by Pat Nagel

the movie we were very conscious of the fact that we had no quarrel at all with anything that Jesus Christ had actually said as far as we could gather from the gospels. His ideas were all wonderful and good, but we did feel that the churches over the years — in fact, pretty quickly afterwards with St Paul — did begin to get things wrong and distort Christ's teachings. These so-called Christians put their own ideas down rather than just concentrating on the original and delightful thoughts like loving and helping your neighbor. Oh, all right, they would spout about it but they wouldn't practise it and they seemed to us to be more concerned with silly dogma of their own invention that had very little to do with the good of humanity. So, we thought the various churches deserved a bit of stick and that is really what the film was all about. Oh, and political groups . . . we were firing a salvo at the terrorist and rebel groups around the world that claim to be fighting for the general good and are all in reality causing such destruction.

PLAYBOY: How did the *Monty Python Flying Circus* group come together?

CHAPMAN: Well, I met John Cleese when we were both at Cambridge and David Frost had us doing some work for *That Was The Week That Was.* Then after that, both of us did a lot of writing for *The Frost Report* and each program ended with an enormous slogan stating "written by David Frost" — our names only came on a fast-moving roller afterwards which contained a vast list of writers. Out of this list, John and I picked Michael Palin, Terry Jones and Eric Idle as the most productive and we decided to invite them to join us in putting a show together.

PLAYBOY: How did you make the transition from writing to performing?

CHAPMAN: While I was doing my clinical work at Bart's (hospital) in London, I joined the cast of a revue called the Cambridge Circus. I was granted six months' leave of absence from my studies to tour with the show to New Zealand and then New York.

PLAYBOY: What were the effects on you of this tour?

CHAPMAN: Absolutely enormous. I was 23 years old and Broadway was quite an experience. We got tremendous reviews from all the newspapers — much to the chagrin of the show's producer, Sol Hurok.

PLAYBOY: He had a success and he wasn't pleased?

CHAPMAN: Far from it, he'd brought us over believing that we'd make a large tax loss for him. Being very young and very wet, we'd all gone to Sardi's to wait for the reviews and when they arrived we were all dismayed to see his face fall. He'd wanted us to bomb and believed we had not a cat in hell's chance of succeeding — after all, who would imagine an English undergraduates' revue becoming a big hit on Broadway.

PLAYBOY: Shades of Zero Mostel in *The Producers?*

CHAPMAN: Exactly. Had that been out earlier we probably would have been wiser. Anyhow, he fired us after three weeks and we moved off-Broadway and played to packed houses. I remained with the show for another three months and then had to get back to London to complete my studies.

"(I drank) two 40 ounce bottles of gin a day. Then when you add to it what I used to drink down in the pub . . ."

PLAYBOY: With your course finished, what then?

CHAPMAN: Once again David Paradine Frost enters the scene. He offered me a film script to co-write with Marty Feldman and John Cleese, working on Ibiza. The prospect of writing for several weeks on a Mediterranean island held more appeal for me than gazing into ears, noses and throats for six months. Also, going to Ibiza really did change my life.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

CHAPMAN: It was there that I realised I was free to make a decision about my life, and I finally accepted my homosexuality. I fell in love with David Sherlock and my life seemed to open up from that point, and that was 14 years ago.

PLAYBOY: And you are still together?

CHAPMAN: Yes, and writing together. David worked with me on writing *A Liar's Autobiography.*

PLAYBOY: Had you always known that you were homosexual?

CHAPMAN: No, I'd had several heterosexual relationships but I gradually became aware that I really preferred other males.

PLAYBOY: You were a founder of *Gay News* in the UK?

CHAPMAN: Yes, that was during my militant period when I wanted to let other lonely homosexuals know that there were people like themselves all over England.

PLAYBOY: What were the reasons that prompted you to write this very revealing book about yourself?

CHAPMAN: I was at a time in my life when I was very heavily involved with alcohol; I was approaching 37 and suddenly I couldn't visualise my lifespan stretching much further than another two or three years. Then the day I stood in the hospital watching Keith Moon's agony, I thought: "This is going to happen to me soon."

PLAYBOY: And how much were you drinking then?

CHAPMAN: Two 40 ounce bottles of gin a day. I kept a cellar full of it. In order to keep some kind of a tab on what I was going through, I had a set of pub optics installed in my dining room and I had to replenish them each day and that added up to two quarts of gin. Then when you add to that what I used to drink down the pub . . .

PLAYBOY: There must have been some reason for this mortal assault on your liver?

CHAPMAN: No, I actually enjoyed it. It was great fun and I got into some amazing situations with my drinking companions Keith, Harry Nilsson and Ringo Starr. I think it was because I was a bit of an introvert with a helluva extrovert inside me trying to get out and alcohol provided the release. In the early stages it made it easier for me to perform and took the edge off any worry I had about going before an audience.

PLAYBOY: How do you cope with your audiences now that you are a total abstainer from drink?

CHAPMAN: No trouble. Of course I now realise that I could have done exactly the same things without grog and so much easier.

PLAYBOY: Were you still in the grip of the bottle when you started writing your autobiography?

CHAPMAN: Yes, but I was at a point when I thought there may not be much of a future left for G. Chapman and because so much had happened to me, I thought that getting it down might help me straighten out. After I'd written a couple of chapters, I managed to stop drinking and after recovering from that I worked on the book off and on for another couple of years.

PLAYBOY: And why did you entitle it *Autobiography Of A Liar?* Why did you choose the word 'liar'?

CHAPMAN: Because primarily I wanted to tell the truth and that is how it all started. The reader is easily able to separate the nonsense from the truth.

HEIDI

as charming an ingénue as the girl in the children's book she is named after, july playmate heidi sorenson is one danish pastry that will make your mouth water

Photography by Ken Marcus

THOSE CLEVER DANES have an uncanny sense of design. By combining fine craftsmanship with deceptively simple lines, they blend modern and traditional as does no one else. Meet Heidi Sorenson, a dark-eyed, tawny-haired beauty of Danish extraction. Heidi's naturalness is thoroughly contemporary, yet you immediately sense something old-fashioned about her. Perhaps it comes from having lived in Denmark as a child.

When photographer Ken Honey first saw Heidi, she was working as a junior accountant for a radio station. "Ken started using me as a model for local magazines," she says. "It took me a while to pose for PLAYBOY, but I thought if I didn't do it, I'd kick myself later." Heidi's family supported her decision. "My family is Danish, and not as conservative as I guess most families would be."

During her spare time, she writes poetry and paints. "I've been writing

"My outlook on the future has changed a great deal. I have more expectations of myself. I find I prefer people who are easy-going and not so serious about life."

poetry since I was five years old, and I've collected the poems I've written over the years." Heidi's taste in art leans toward the traditional — Da Vinci and Renoir are two of her favorites — but her own watercolors depict the seascapes and landscapes of her childhood. Some of Heidi's talent could be hereditary: her great-grandfather's oil paintings are on exhibit in the Danish Museum. "Painting is very important to me. It is an art-form I can't be away from for long."

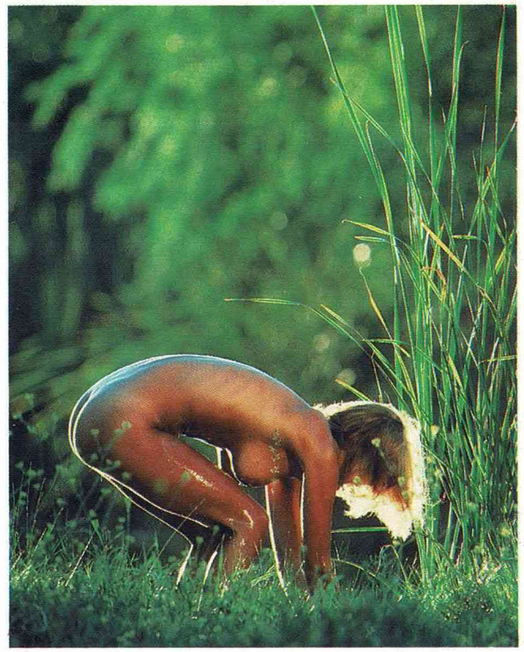
As with relationships. "I make the time and effort to be with people who are important to me, whether they're friends or lovers." And for Heidi, the two are closely intertwined. "I don't believe a man/woman relationship can grow unless you have that bond as friends." What's in store for Heidi's

"I like things that are sweet and natural. When I was little I used to eat strawberries and cream for breakfast. I still eat strawberries, but now I eat them with lots and lots of whipped cream."

"Waking up to the sunshine gets me out of bed quickly. But if it's one of those gloomy, rainy days, I just stay in bed and do a lot of day-dreaming about the man I'd like to be with."

future? It's hard to tell where she'll leave her mark. Perhaps we'll see Heidi's paintings hanging in a gallery, hear her singing on records, catch her performance in a play or a film, or read a published collection of her poetry. Maybe she'll simply leave her footprints on a deserted beach. As far as we're concerned, no matter where Heidi Sorenson settles down, she'll be the centre of attention.

"I feel that a woman can express her sensuality best by being subtle. When you leave more to the imagination, you become more intriguing and a lot more desirable."



MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Heidi Sorenson

BUST: 36 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'7½" WEIGHT: 120 SIGN: Leo

BIRTH DATE: Aug. 5/60 BIRTHPLACE: Vancouver, Canada.

IDEAL MAN: sensitive, intelligent, good sense of humor, secure about himself.

TURN-ONS: physically fit people, children, animals, the ocean and the sun, people who like to laugh

TURN-OFFS: lazy people, people who are late, crowds, wasting my time.

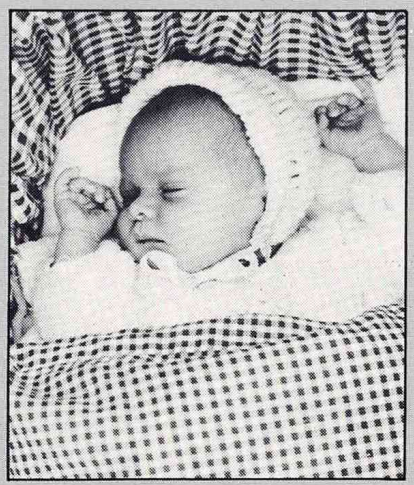
HOBBIES: sketching, oil and water-color painting writing poetry, collecting antique dolls.

FAVORITE MOVIES: My Fair Lady, Brian's Song, Zorba the Greek, The Wizard of Oz.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Barbra Streisand, Willie Nelson, Gordon Lightfoot, Abba, Kenny Rogers.

FAVORITE SPORTS: racquetball, swimming, skiing, bike riding.

BIGGEST JOY: My family and my dog.



taking a snooze
4 months

me and my best friend, Mom
11 years

trying to be glamorous
17 years

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The ham actor had a habit of embellishing everything he said with overblown phrases. One afternoon he returned to his Toorak mansion unexpectedly and was greeted by the maid. "Are you looking for your wife, sir?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered in Burgundian tones, "I seek my best friend and severest critic."

"Your severest critic is in the bedroom," said the maid. "And your best friend just went out through the back door."

A taxi-driver acquaintance tells of a harrowing experience he once had when he swerved to avoid a child and almost fell off the couch.

After the honeymooners had gone down to breakfast, the hotel maid found a $5 bill pinned over a stain on the sheet. With the money was a note that read "Sorry".

The maid changed the linen and pinned a note on the pillow saying "That's okay, come again".

A man whose wife had just given birth to triplets burst into the nursery where the newborn babies were kept. "Get out of here!" shouted the nurse. "You're not sterile!"

"Lady," replied the fellow, looking proudly at his offspring, "you're telling *me*!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *foreplay* as an organ prelude.

Say, Harry, your fly's partly open."

"I know it. The love that my girl and I had for each other died last night, so I'm wearing my zipper at half-mast."

One of our acquaintances, a youthful middle-aged man, is currently dating a voluptuous lass of 18. When queried about his new love, he commented, "I've found myself asking new questions of life. Like, 'What kind of wine goes well with vegemite?' "

A few moments after his daughter announced her engagement, the father questioned, "Does this fellow have any money?"

"Oh, you men are all alike," the girl replied. "That's just what he asked about you."

Leaving the poker party late, as usual, two friends compared notes. "I can never fool my wife," the first complained. "I turn off the car's engine and coast into the garage, take off my shoes, sneak upstairs and undress in the bathroom, but she always wakes up and yells like crazy about my being late."

"You just have the wrong technique," his friend advised. "I roar into the garage, honk the horn a couple of times, slam the front door, stomp up the stairs and into the bedroom, pat my wife on the bum and say, 'How about it, beautiful?' She always pretends she's asleep."

While travelling in England, the young Sydney photographer attended a palace ball and was introduced to the Queen. "This is a coincidence," she said graciously. "My former brother-in-law happens to be a photographer."

"Well, that certainly is a coincidence," the young man retorted brightly. "*My* former brother-in-law happens to be a queen."

A young airline hostess called Faye,
Has achieved liberation today.
She screwed without quittin'
From Melbourne to Britain —
It's clear she has come a long way.

Good gracious," said the sweet young thing to the aging roué, "70 isn't old for a *millionaire*!"

Conceivably, you've heard about the inventive girl who somehow wired her personal vibrator to her bedside FM set and came up with the world's first radio alarm cock.

The young couple were making passionate love on their just-purchased water bed when the mattress suddenly sprang a leak, and flooded the bedroom. Lying on her back, thoroughly soaked, the girl sighed "Colin, when are you going to do something about your lousy aim?"

A handsome bachelor of our acquaintance claims that there is nothing more expensive than a girl who is free for dinner.

Heard a funny one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *Box 4088, GPO Sydney, 2001. We'll pay $25 for jokes used.*

"My wife has run away with my best fiend."

IT'S A DRAW

the american eagle versus the russian bear in the ultimate shoot-out. when the dust clears, which will survive? by asa baber

EARLY ON THE morning of July 27, 1960, I was participating in a classroom exercise at the First Marine Division's ABC (Atomic, Biological and Chemical Warfare) School at Camp Pendleton in California. My job on that morning was to devise the theoretical destruction of a city by a nuclear warhead. In this case, the city chosen for the exercise was Chicago. There was some irony in that: Chicago was where I had been born and where my parents still lived.

Instruction in nuclear warfare is designed to give the clear impression that nuclear weapons are sensible and controllable devices — just arrows in the quiver, each one marked for a logical target.

For the exercise, I had been handed maps, special grids, charts, meteorological data and other classified information. In determining how to nuke Chicago, we were to calculate such variables as the wind direction, temperature, cloud cover, potential military targets, kill ratios, and so on. We had plastic overlays with red

Illustration by Duane Orlemann

concentric circles upon them that showed how far blast damage would occur and how much radiation would spread depending on local conditions and the size of the warhead.

I calculated that, for a single one-megaton bomb exploding upon the ground, the area of burnout (total destruction) would extend for about six kilometres from ground zero in all directions, and that radiation damage could occur within hundreds of square kilometres. But an air burst would increase the area of burnout to about 150 square kilometres.

On that July morning, just as I stuck a pin into the map and decided on an air burst at 3000 metres above Chicago, I was ordered to report to the commanding officer's headquarters. There was an emergency telephone call for me.

I took the call and learned that my father had died a few minutes before from a heart attack while seated at his desk at the Chicago Title and Trust Company. My father was 56 years old, a staunch Republican who would've voted for Richard Nixon that following November — despite the missile gap that Senator John F. Kennedy was declaring.

I carried the news of my father's death with me like the marine that I was trying to be, but the peculiar conjunction of that morning's forces — death and nuclear weapons — has been vigorously linked in my imagination ever since.

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There's a 30-minute film called *The SALT Syndrome* that's been shown on TV stations all across the US the past couple of years. It has also been made available for private showings. Financed to the tune of $4,300,000 by a group called the American Security Council, *The SALT Syndrome* can't exactly be called a documentary — it interrupts itself several times to ask for contributions, for example. But whatever else it may be, it is a very effective movie, well written and well produced, and the film's attack on the strategic-arms-limitation treaties probably has had quite a lot to do with the negative public opinion of those treaties in recent months.

The SALT Syndrome argues for a strategic doctrine that it calls "peace through strength." That concept is based on the argument that the US is in terrible shape militarily, that it needs a massive arms build-up, and that it must regain superiority over the Russians.

The pictures and words in the film will scare the hell out of you. The Russians, it is reported, spend three times more than what the US spends on its strategic arms. Not since Hitler's Germany, we learn, has there been such a rapid build-up of arms by a foreign power. At the same time, there are pictures of various proposed weapons systems being X'd out of our lives. We're informed that this process of "unilateral disarmament" has been going on since the early '60s.

The SALT Syndrome alleges that the Soviets now have a six-to-one advantage over the US in missile firepower, a three-to-one advantage in its attack submarines, a 93-to-41 superiority in all types of ballistic-missile submarines. Their Delta-class submarine has a ballistic missile with a range of 5500 nautical miles, a range, we are told, that is 3000 miles greater than that of any US sub-launched ballistic missiles. We see a Russian missile launch, tensing up during the countdown while the film's narrator speaks of America's "clear military inferiority."

General Alexander Haig comes before the camera, and he describes how previous policies were "immoral, self-defeating and devastating".

"Just how close are all of those Russian missiles — and how soon will they all rain down on an undefended America?"

Dr Henry Kissinger testifies that "rarely in history has one nation so passively accepted such a radical change in the military balance."

Also, Admiral Thomas H. Moorer, former Chief of Naval Operations and now on the Texaco board of directors, says: "We're already behind," and then goes on to suggest that the US "must accept either disaster through weakness and disarmament or peace through strength."

William Clements, a former deputy Secretary of Defence, calculates that the USSR spent 104 billion dollars more on strategic weapons in the previous decade than did the US. Senator Henry Jackson calls SALT II "appeasement in its purest form".

The film concludes with a plea that contributions be made to the American Security Council Foundation to aid it in distributing the film. Admiral Moorer reports that more than 1600 flag and general officers, now retired, have signed a statement asking the Senate to reject SALT II. And as the final images fade, we're left with some nagging questions: Just how close *are* all of those Russian missiles — and how soon will they all rain down on an undefended, unsuspecting America?

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But wait a minute. If you haven't taken your rifle out of Cosmoline and retreated inside your basement, you should know that there is some expert opinion in the US that runs contrary to the pessimistic message of *The SALT Syndrome*. The film had a lot of money behind it and it played to huge crowds (it was, for example, shown an average of 16 times a day in South Dakota during last year's campaign to knock off George McGovern). But that does not mean it presents an accurate picture of the US's defence readiness. The American Security Council contributed to the shaping of Ronald Reagan's 1980 campaign; eight of its officers were also on his Defence Advisory Board, and among the ASC sponsors you will find such well-known American names as Clare Booth Luce and James Angleton, formerly with the CIA. But not even that makes the film invulnerable.

Admiral Moorer, it is comforting to remember, is not the only admiral in this ocean of information about US defence capabilities. There is another one, Admiral Gene La Rocque. He does not agree that America is behind the Soviet Union. He thinks that *The SALT Syndrome* is a misleading and inaccurate film and that arms control is necessary for survival. For reasons similar to those, La Rocque retired from the US Navy in 1972 and started a watchdog agency called the Centre for Defence Information (CDI).

"I think the centre is unique in a number of ways," he says, "and it has been from the year I started it. For one thing, we do not take any government money. For another, we have no active duty military people on our staff."

CDI was born, in a sense, when the admiral's military career came to a standstill. "You could use a polite term for it and say that I was simply being laterally transferred," Gene La Rocque says. "But it was clear to me by the early '70s that I was out of the Navy's flight plan."

And how did that happen to the man who in 1965 was selected as first admiral among those in his grade — ahead of the favored sons?

"Well," La Rocque says, laughing — he reminds you a little of Jason Robards Jnr in both his features and his voice — "it wasn't easy. Actually, I started out with the best job a young admiral could ever have, as assistant director with the Strategic Plans division in the Commander of Naval Operations' office. Paul Nitze, then the Secretary of the Navy, was a man ahead of his time, and in 1966 he put me in charge of this team that was to examine the Vietnam War. Their question: 'What should the US do?'

"There were 10 admirals and one brigadier general on the team, and it was astonishing how little we knew. No one had read the French on *their* Vietnam experience, for example. We looked through all of the options for completing that war. And it became so obvious that we were wasting kids without really knowing why. There was no real goal. And that was what I told General (William) Westmoreland. 'You're spending $90,000,000 a day,' I said to him, 'and you don't really know why.'

"And that was the essence of the verbal report we carried back to the Secretary of the Navy. 'We can't tell you what to do, because we don't know what you want,' we said," La Rocque chuckles out loud. "Nobody wanted that report. There was never any name attached to it and it was never published. That was when the 'lateral transfers' started. I stayed with the same Plans Division, and so technically you could call it a promotion when I was made director of Pan-American Affairs. But it was simply movement on one level.

"By the time they made me a director of the Inter-American Defence College, I knew I would soon be leaving the Navy. There was just no future in it for me. So I started a file for something I thought I'd call the Eisenhower Institute. I was very affected by Eisenhower and his early warnings about the military-industrial complex. I thought Ike was right, and I wanted to start an organisation that believed in a strong national defence but that was a watchdog over the excesses.

"The people in the Fund for Peace, the umbrella organisation that the centre works under, began talking to me before I retired from active duty. Morris Abram and I had dinner at Averill Harriman's house, but I don't think those people really trusted me at first. You know — I was still in uniform, on duty.

"I went and talked with Admiral (Elmo) Zumwalt about my leaving the service. He made it clear there'd be a good job for me if I stayed in but that he couldn't promise me what my life would be like if I left the Navy. I went ahead and decided to get out."

La Rocque had been trained in that hard-nosed American can-do attitude that had led him up the ladder in the Navy, and once he made up his mind to start CDI, that was it.

The admiral's credentials as a practical military analyst are impeccable. For he is a watchdog of the Pentagon who just happens to have spent seven years *in* the Pentagon. While he was there, he was awarded a Legion of Merit for his performance as a strategic planner. La Rocque served well with both the Chief of Naval Operations and with the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

During his 31 years in the Navy, La Rocque served about 16 years at sea. He commanded his first destroyer escort at the ripe age of 27. His other sea commands have also included two cruiser-destroyer flotillas in the Atlantic. His last ship command was on the guided-missile cruiser *Providence*, which carried nuclear weapons.

When the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, Gene La Rocque was an ensign on board the *USS Macdonough*. He spent the next four years participating in 13 major naval engagements in the Pacific. He was awarded the Bronze Star and the Commendation Medal for action against the enemy. His professional experience also includes three years of service on the faculty of the Naval War College, three years of work with Admiral Arleigh Burke, temporary command of the *Saratoga* and of Task Group 60-2 in the Sixth Fleet.

"We've got some 50,000 nuclear warheads ready to go between the USA and the USSR. There will be no winners in a nuclear war."

"When I went into the Navy, there were no nuclear weapons," La Rocque says. "Then we made this quantum jump, and by 1960, just when I was helping put the big Polaris program together, I realised we had them all and also that the Russians were developing a nuclear capacity, too. It was a whole new ball game now. Clausewitz' dictum — 'War is a continuation of policy by other means' — was out. Nuclear war simply was not a sensible option.

"I am for a strong US military position in this world. I have not changed. I'm for discipline in the Services. Listen, in 1965, I threw a young Annapolis guy off my cruiser when he questioned the need for the nuclear missiles we were carrying. There's no place inside the military for these kinds of questions to be debated in any active way. The changes have to come from outside.

"We have now institutionalised the military in this country. A lot of people feel comfortable with military solutions to problems. But we've got some 50,000 nuclear warheads ready to go between the USA and the USSR alone. And I suggest that war is not and cannot be the solution. There will be no winners in a nuclear war."

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As *The SALT Syndrome* movie was touring the country, the Centre for Defence Information released a detailed rebuttal to it, quoting from the findings of a government inter-agency task force that included representatives of the CIA, the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the Defence Department. Here are some of the major points:

- The B-52 bomber is not obsolete, as *The SALT Syndrome* so claims. "While the aircraft design is relatively old, the weapons and avionics of the B-52 are quite modern and are being still further improved . . . the bombers will continue to be effective launch platforms for missiles into the '90s."
- *The SALT Syndrome* claims that the number of US strategic missiles was frozen at the 1967 level. But the introduction of the MIRV (the multiple independently targeted re-entry vehicles) "accounts for the fact that since 1967 the total numbers of warheads in the US inventory have more than doubled."
- The film asserts that the Soviets enjoy a three-to-one advantage over the US in attack submarines: "True in terms of number of ships, but our attack submarine force is vastly more capable than the Soviet force, which relies heavily on diesel subs. The overall US anti-submarine warfare (ASW) is far ahead of Soviet ASW."
- The charge made in *The SALT Syndrome* that the Soviets enjoy an almost five-to-one advantage when all types of active combat ships are counted is quite "absurd". The claim conceals major force differences. For example, the US has 13 heavy-aircraft carriers; the Soviets have two light-aircraft carriers which are equipped with less capable aircraft.
- The film claims that the USSR has a six-to-one advantage over the US in missile firepower because of the larger size of its missiles. But "the US has nearly twice as many nuclear weapons on its total force . . . than does the USSR."

The list goes on, but let's take a look at that last point: missile size. This one example shows how easy it is to make the situation sound gloomy, when in fact it is not. "A six-to-one advantage in missile size?" you ask. "Their missiles are bigger than the American missiles?"

But missiles, like snakes, aren't necessarily poisonous in proportion to

their size. The cruise missile America is developing and deploying isn't very big, perhaps seven metres long, yet it carries a powerful hydrogen warhead, can fly below Russian radar and read the terrain and deliver the warhead, with what is called house-address accuracy, ie, it can be programmed to land at a specific spot on any given city block.

"Comparing the sizes of US and Soviet missiles is like comparing the sizes of our calculators," says La Rocque. "Bigger doesn't mean better. We build our missiles smaller because our technology is more advanced. Our ICBMs have miniaturised, computerised guidance packages, more efficient rocket engines, thinner but more effective heat shields. They also have greater accuracy and more compact, efficient hydrogen weapons."

The SALT Syndrome undoubtedly has convinced a lot of people that America is in terrible shape — and that it needs to spend billions in order to improve its position against the Soviets. But neutral observers who know the arms-control field will tell you that the inter-agency task force was accurate in labelling the film misleading and rhetorical. Sometimes it seems that the Americans want to believe the worst, that they cling to dark interpretations of national defence readiness. They'll listen to anyone who says they're in trouble, long before they'll believe the person who says things aren't all that bad.

CDI is one group that insists the US shouldn't panic.

For La Rocque and his colleagues think it's time to hear — and believe — the other side of the defence situation. To that end, CDI has also made a film on the subject. It's called *War Without Winners* and, in it, La Rocque offers some new information that translates into some cosmic good news/bad news joke:

"Each of our strategic submarines can destroy 160 Soviet cities. And each of our new Trident submarines will be able to destroy more than 240 Soviet cities. No one can say we are not very powerful militarily.

"Now, it's very difficult and somewhat embarrassing for military men to accept the fact that we have no defence against Soviet missiles and the Soviets have no defence against our missiles. We can destroy the USSR even though they destroy us first. There are no winners in a nuclear war.

"The fact of the matter is that we in the United States Navy can keep firing nuclear weapons at the Soviet Union from our submarines for about three months. So even if the Soviets were able to move their people out of their cities, and I don't think they can . . . we would lob nuclear shells at the Soviet Union, thousands of them, for at least three months.

"We keep more than 3000 nuclear weapons right off their coast at all times. The Soviets keep about 150 nuclear weapons off our coast. Our submarines, which are constantly on station all around the Soviet Union . . . are ready at an instant's notice to initiate this three-month attack on them.

War Without Winners is a good film, directed by Haskell Wexler. It's influential when seen. But whereas *The SALT Syndrome* played on more than 1100 TV stations, *War Without Winners* has been aired on about 160. The centre didn't have the political-action committees and the expensive organisational talent that the ASC had. It couldn't saturate the market or play an average of 16 times a day in South Dakota.

Now a widespread distribution — whether of bread, wine or propaganda — takes money, and money is most plentiful in the pockets of the military-industrial complex that Eisenhower cautioned about. Their dollars — a trillion and a half over the next five years — go to those who support and *profit* from defence, not to those who want to control it. As a people, Americans have yet to understand how much clout, air time, advertising, column space, top lobbying, opinion research and influence the defence-industry money can buy.

Former US Ambassador to Russia George F. Kennan wrote recently of "a dreadful militarisation of the entire East-West relationship", and he then suggested that "governments in this modern world have not yet learned how to create and to cultivate great military establishments, particularly those that include weapons of mass destruction, without becoming the servants rather than the masters of what they have created."

Kennan concludes that this rather perverted master-servant relationship must be set right, and says of the US and the USSR: "Both sides must learn to accept the fact that only in the reduction, and never in the multiplication of existing monstrous arsenals, can the true security of any nation on earth be found."

Viewing the increasing momentum in the arms race, Kennan appraises the current status of the world: "Not for 30 years . . . has there been so high a degree of misunderstanding, of suspicion, of bewilderment and of sheer military fear."

Part of what makes people like La Rocque and Kennan so valuable is their willingness to think long, hard and openly about some things most Americans would rather put out of their minds — such as the modest estimate that the US, the USSR and other powers have enough destructive nuclear firepower to destroy every city in the world several times over, some 15,000,000 kilotons in all their arsenals. The atomic bomb that hit Hiroshima had a destructive force equivalent to 15 kilotons.

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It would be hard to label General Bertram Gorwitz as anything but a patriot. Tough, loyal, smart, he served as CDI's deputy director for six years, until his retirement just as this issue was going to press. But in his time there, Gorwitz put his stamp on the centre, his sensibility and his concerns are reflected in the place itself.

Gorwitz served on active duty in the American Army from 1941 to 1974, rising from a private to a brigadier general. Twenty-two of those years were on active parachute duty. He has participated in more than 600 parachute jumps, from World War two and the 82nd Airborne Division through to Korea, to Lebanon (he parachuted into Beirut during the 1958 crisis) and in Vietnam he was commander of an infantry division for a number of years.

"The US has never renounced the first use of nuclear weapons. Do you realise that? We retain the right to launch a first strike."

"The conservatives in this country are *not* the enemy," he says. "They are good people. Sincere. Patriotic. At the present moment, they are better organised than we are and they have more money."

Gorwitz focuses on one tactical point: "The US has never renounced the first use of nuclear weapons. Do you realise that? We still retain the right to launch a first strike. So when we announce programs like the MX missile, it creates paranoia in certain parts of the world."

Since 1972, the Centre for Defence Information has published a brief newsletter, *The Defence Monitor.* Most of what CDI has to say to the world is included in the *Monitor* and runs contrary to claims that the Russians are ahead, that the US must spend trillions to catch up with them, that arms-limitation agreements are not adequate or verifiable and that nuclear war is a valid option, bearable and winnable.

The *Monitor* does state boldly: "The US and its allies are superior to the Soviet Union in all of the elements of national power, including most of the important military factors. Even utilising the CIA's own questionable methodology for comparing military budgets (which assumes that the Soviets pay as much as the US does for soldiers and weapons), combined NATO military spending has been exceeding that of the Warsaw Pact for many years."

Wait a minute — *that* does bear repeating: according to CDI, NATO has been outspending the Warsaw Pact for many years. That fact is so unknown that you could win drinks by betting on it in a bar. Any bar.

Other measures of the race? As reported by CDI, the US is ahead of the Soviets in total strategic nuclear weapons, in numbers of long-range bombers and in nuclear weapons in its submarines. As of 1978, America had about 5000 nuclear weapons on board submarines, while the Soviets had only about 1000. They are trailing the Soviets in land-based ICBMs, but, according to CDI, "fixed, land-based systems are becoming more vulnerable and obsolete."

The staff at the centre has consistently produced material in the *Monitor* that refutes simplistic and aggressive thinking. A senior editor of *The Washington Post* put it this way: "The admiral's outfit is pretty damned solid. I haven't seen any of their basic research attacked."

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For Americans out to make sense of weapons, the Centre for Defence Information is not a bad place to hang their hats for a while, if only to get another side of the story. After all, they've been through missile gaps and bomber gaps and Red scares, they've been warned, taxed, cajoled, taxed again. For the past three decades, they have lived with the threat of nuclear war, sometimes very vague, sometimes specific.

CDI is not a perfect place. Spend several days there and you will run across the normal pressures, conflicts, jealousies. And it is not the only organisation in Washington working for arms control, either. But it does have some unique and experienced individuals on its staff, not all of them military, and it does have a track record that speaks for itself. Most important of all, it does issue us some facts and figures and thoughts to counterbalance films such as *The SALT Syndrome.*

RUSSIA'S VODKA-BOMBED ARMY

FORMER CDI staff member William M. Arkin is another ex-military man who has done a great deal of research on arms control and the balance of power between the United States and the Soviet Union.

"What has made CDI important is its research," says Arkin. "People are being told all the time that we're falling behind the Russians, but CDI has been able to say: the facts prove otherwise. CDI has the raw data to make that judgement."

If he chose, Arkin could write a good spy novel about his experiences in Army Intelligence. A short, quiet man with a professional demeanor, Arkin spent three and a half years in Berlin in the mid-'70s. He was engaged in covert intelligence collection, which included a lot of activities that he cannot talk about. Put simply, he collected data and reported on Soviet and East German military movements.

Russians in training: Poles hate them.

"I'm still an intelligence collector at heart," he says. "The essence of good intelligence work is putting the pieces together. It's like a mosaic. You have to see the forest *and* the trees. But the US seems to collect a lot of crap and not know what to do with it. I'm after net assessment, the bottom line. I don't want to become boring to myself. There are a lot of 'pieces people' in this business. They know only a few things, like the history of the left widget on the Mig-25 or something quite absurd like that. The Defence Intelligence Agency might have 3500 pieces people, but there are only about 20 mosaic people."

Arkin talks at some length about the weaknesses of the USSR: "In the conventional military world, the idea of a juggernaut is very romantic. It's also very wrong. There's that old myth that the Russian soldiers are all 188cm supermen. But it's not true. The US and USSR have equivalent hassles.

"Yes, there are drug problems for the GIs in Europe. But do you have any idea of the Soviet alcoholism rate in the military? It's tremendous. The isolation of Russian soldiers in Eastern Europe is almost total. The rate of homosexuality is high. Only a few outsiders realise how much people like the Poles and the Czechs hate the Russians. The Soviets cannot depend on their satellite countries to fight with them in all situations and that affects their calculations of their own power position in the world.

"The Soviet officer corps has some terrible problems. For example, maps in the Soviet Army are classified. Officers don't work with them a lot and the common soldier may never see one. The company-grade officers are not brought into the planning process. And in East Germany, for example, the officers spend a great deal of their time training 160,000 conscripts who are right off the Russian farm.

"Driver training is a major project in the Soviet military. Seventy to 80 percent of the enlisted men do not know how to drive. So they spend a lot of time in truck parks wheeling around and around, under officer supervision, just learning.

"The Russians are aware of these weaknesses. They know they're not strong enough yet to attack NATO. They're very careful about that. But on the US net-assessment side, it seems that we don't have much of a feel for those problems."

Arkin goes on to talk about other advantages of the US over the USSR that are rarely mentioned as America's fearful public perception is fed and formed: that it is 10 to 20 years ahead of the USSR in microelectronics and increasing its lead; three or even four generations ahead in precision-guided weapons systems; 10 to 20 years ahead in surveillance techniques. America is five years ahead in computerisation in general and increasing its lead in war gaming, in anti-sub warfare, signal processing and early-warning systems. And it is about a generation ahead in anti-tank and anti-air missiles.

"To make any intelligent decisions about the arms race, you have to be willing to get the facts," Arkin says, "and often that can mean that you have to do some digging. But I really do believe that the data is there in public sources and that important things can be learned by doing solid research. And with that research you can then make some very accurate assessments of the relative strengths of the USA and the USSR."

— ASA BABER

THE BIG MACS: A DEUCE TO PLAY AGAINST

bouncing the ball off each other in a profile by richard mackenzie

THE VAN EASED through the London traffic, crowded and cramped with women, men, a baby and bags of tennis racquets. The mood was tense, broken only occasionally by a bit of self-conscious, risque banter between a writer and a photographer. Millionaire Texan sports entrepreneur and oil man Lamar Hunt was crunched into a corner in the back seat, en route to his own tournament, the $200,000 World Championship Tennis-Braniff Airways Doubles final.

The hulking American star Hank Pfister, who would partner the even huger Victor Amaya, in the final, was arguing with his wife. He wanted a ham sandwich as soon as he arrived at the stadium. Neither of them had enough money to buy one.

Only two of the van passengers appeared truly calm — the Pfisters' winsome baby daughter who continually smiled at everyone around her and the tall, detached figure who lounged back in the front seat, comfortable and controlled. Nothing appeared capable of bothering Peter McNamara, the quiet athlete who was about to join with his partner, Paul McNamee, as the other contending finals team.

Within the hour, the two teams would be battling each other across the net before a record, standing-room-only crowd. A winning purse of $68,000 would be at stake, but McNamara could as well have been on his way to a family picnic.

As the van, plastered with WCT signs, was waved on toward the stadium by a young police constable, McNamara had turned around in his seat and was talking to his rival about the weather. But Pfister's mind was still on the sandwich.

"Have you got a pound?" Pfister asked him.

"Sure, mate," McNamara said, digging into his track suit, searching for a quid. McNamara, 25, is married and an expectant father. Paul McNamee, 26, is an incorrigible bachelor. In little more than a year the pair have emerged from obscurity into the international limelight. Two young men who are quickly becoming new super stars of tennis as well as impeccable ambassadors overseas for their country.

Both were born in Melbourne — McNamara to a store manager father and McNamee to a fireman — they have between them earned close to half a million dollars in the past year on the world's courts. They have been dubbed "The Super Macs" and "The Clown Princes of Tennis". Neither description is accurate. A week in their life in London and numerous long interviews in the United States proved, in fact, that such headline descriptions are far too superficial. They are artists who are filling a void in the world of tennis — as the most successful Aussies since the giants of the "golden years", the days of the Harry Hopman teams.

Even more than all the trophies, money and computer rankings, the two Macs are winning hearts and fans around the globe. From staid, tennis-sophisticated Britain to hardened, cynical New York, they are turning the total strangers into home-town crowds with their carefree, fun-loving approach. The pair's zany antics and spontaneous wisecracks are proving a welcome relief from the obscenities, bitching and moaning that have become much too established and commonplace among players at the top.

Which is not to discount the fact they are now close to the best men's doubles team in the world — if perhaps not yet the best. They have racked up an impressive string of achievements, starting appropriately in their home town where they won the Australian Open last year. Then, in singles, McNamee defeated world number two ranked John McEnroe in the French Open. As a team, the Australians took Wimbledon, along with others such as the $50,000 WCT Doubles Championship in Dallas, Texas. They added the New South Wales Open and the WCT-Houston Championship to their belts. They were semi-finalists at the US Open, runners-up at the WCT Tournament in New York and runners-up at the last Australian Open.

Yet throughout it all, they were not without their problems. Tensions between them came close to ending the partnership just as it was beginning to blossom. McNamee planned to play Wimbledon with a different partner, American Bruce Manson. The two Macs' personalities, as diverse as a searing overhead smash and a deft passing shot, were bound to conflict. What helped make them was also in danger of breaking them.

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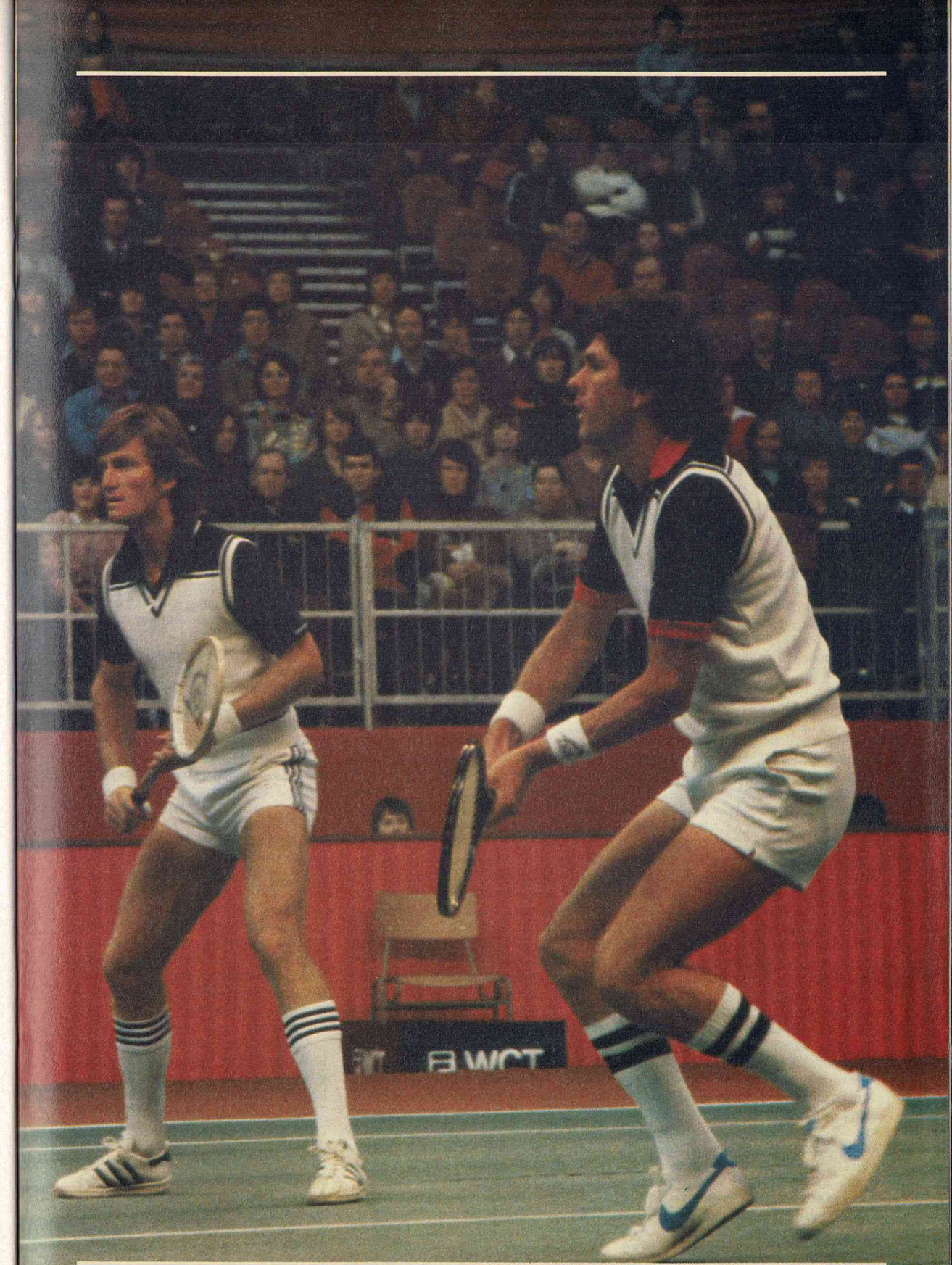
Disoriented, exhausted and "shaky in the legs" after a 25-hour flight from Melbourne, the two Macs arrived in London with no time to adjust for the week-long tournament — yet they immediately began to show their unique style both on and off the court. Above all, they were determined to avenge their loss at Kooyong and reinforce their image "back home".

Wandering onto the court before the normally reserved British crowd, the Macs quickly won affection and



applause — even before play had begun. Wearing Australian Rules football jerseys as warm-up jackets, the men whom the London *Times* called "the strong, silent hero and the fast-talking comedian" borrowed cowboy hats from two pretty Braniff Airways stewardesses whose role it was to carry the players' racquets. Smiles rippled through the crowd. The Macs were rolling.

But in fact their "act" goes further and is a little more subtle. As each day passed in London, more and more pictures and stories were splashed across the sports pages featuring the two Australians. "When it comes to the press," McNamara said, "they are the people who keep your name in lights. If you don't also entertain them, and if you don't put over a good image to them, no one's gonna write about you. Macca and I have a good sideshow like that. Macca will talk the whole time and I'll just sit there. The reporters are all astounded at the difference in personalities which is great because we are like chalk and cheese. Macca's extroverted and I'm a little introverted."

The results were obvious at the stadium, both in the crowd's applause and in journalists' comments and chuckles as the Macs left a news conference. "It's a bit of a show," said McNamara. "Press conferences are very important if you put over the right image, so therefore we get good press." The crowd was clapping them for their good tennis, "but the crowd was on our side. There's no reason for them to be on our side. None at all. I think they've just taken to us."

The grins and chuckles on the court are "real", McNamara says, but he admits there are days when they don't come. "Obviously we have days when there's a little bit of conflict because our personalities are quite different. There's friction some days because you're having a bad day. Generally that happens when we're tired or there's some outside force. We know each other so well. He knows that if he says anything to me, I'll get up in arms, so he just doesn't say anything. All we talk about is what he's going to do on the next point."

Indeed, Paul McNamee is the acknowledged "captain of the team", often pumping Peter McNamara along, always diving hard across the court. McNamara is philosophical about their system.

"You do get the best out of two opposites — two people who complement each other. Two people who are the same are very boring. They're also trying to compete with each other. Like in a press conference, I hate to upstage him. It goes against my personality. The way he plays on court, he's the leader and I'm the back-up. That's the way it's gotta be. If we exchanged roles, we wouldn't be half as good. If I put Macca in his shell and he tried to get me to jump around and do stupid things, we'd be hopeless. Or if he just went totally bananas and I was in my shell too much, that wouldn't work. There's a happy medium."

While McNamara maintains a posh, four-bedroom home in Glen Waverly, Melbourne, McNamee is beginning to spend more time in London. Both have large condominiums in Florida, each overlooking the Gulf of Mexico. McNamara's — worth $100,000 — is furnished in a "trendy" style with chrome and glass furniture and a conversation pit where he likes to watch television or just to doze. McNamee's is what his partner calls "your typical bachelor pad".

Another day has passed. Another match is won. More applause. WCT

"I believe my mind's impregnable. I've always believed that. Great inner strength. . . . Some people say that I'm obnoxious."

Director Lamar Hunt likes what he sees in the two Australians. The soft-spoken American who revolutionised tennis back in 1968 describes their "outstanding talent on the court" and calls them "a pleasant development for tennis".

It is the night before the final. The Macs have eliminated all opposition so far to earn a crack at the title. They are sitting at a table in the same hotel lobby bar. The hotel, the stadium and the streets in between are all they have seen the entire week in one of the world's most historic and fascinating cities. They know the hotel menu by heart. It's getting old.

The conversation drifts and they unwind from that day's match. The second semi-final is still underway.

McNamara talks of their Wimbledon win and how it changed their lives. "It was the biggest thing that has ever happened to two relative unknowns. But now they expect us to win and that's made it difficult."

Unlike the 1976 Australian Open singles winner, Mark Edmondson, the Macs have not been a flash in the pan. Unlike occasional Australian Davis Cup hero, John Alexander, there were no great pressures or expectations — until now.

McNamara is reading *The Times*' account of an earlier match. The writer asks their plans after the London final. McNamara glances up from the paper. "Home, James, and don't spare the horses."

McNamee feigns a look of total superiority. "What? Did you read that in a book?"

Peter McNamara is laughing. "It couldn't be original. It can't come from me. I've got to read a book to get an idea. Right?" He bends over and looks down at the floor. "It's like: 'Excuse me, how is it down there'."

McNamee: "Maybe you are funny. I never realised it."

McNamee does not even look for a reaction to his crack but the laughter still comes. He is ever-confident, sure of himself — an aspect of his character that is, by his own admission, part of both his strength and his weakness as a human being. "I believe my mind's impregnable. I've always believed that. Great inner strength."

Asked for his greatest weakness, he chuckled. "My two-handed backhand." More laughter.

"You are getting away from the issue there, Macca," his partner says to him.

"It would be tied up with the ego. Some people say that I'm obnoxious. I don't know what it is. It's in that area — a bit of selfishness."

But isn't a strong ego essential for a successful personality?

Now McNamee himself laughs out loud. "I've got more than my share. I think I'm intelligent enough to see people's points of view and understand them, to discuss them rationally and logically. But maybe sometimes I won't even bother to look. I can be offensive to people because I just come out with it."

This is the detached McNamee at work analysing himself, the man who holds a Bachelor of Science degree from Monash University, is halfway through law school and says he would have been just as happy as a lawyer had his tennis career failed in the early stages.

Can McNamee take the bluntness in return? "Oh, sure, because I'm so strong. Let it rip. I'll handle it. I won't flinch. It just brushes me."

The contrast between these two partners has never been more obvious.

McNamara: "I used to be a lot worse, more sensitive than I am now. I still won't argue that much with Macca because . . ."

McNamee interjects. "We should not be involved in arguments for a number of reasons. Verbalisation is not really Peter's best way of, ah, communicating what he really feels, in my opinion. It's like he doesn't want to make a scene or he doesn't want the argument to go too far, so he'll say the opposite of what he really feels. I want to get to the crux of it right away even though it might offend somebody."

Fresh coffee arrives, but now McNamara is more interested in the debate. "I'm like the clean-up man after Macca's been around. It's like a bomb blast. People are sitting there like this (grabbing his chair and looking stunned). They are totally shattered and the whole day has gone — I mean their whole month has gone. You can see me with a shovel. I should be at the races and Macca should be the horse because that is what is really happening."

It is then that McNamee again looks deep into himself. "I've never been able to understand — to come to grips with the fact that people are different . . ."

Then, as if to defend against any hint of vulnerability, Paul McNamee switches his mood when asked what question should have been thrown at him and hasn't been. "Why I'm not at the top already (in singles)?" His answer is quite succinct. "Just give me time."

•

The players are introduced for the London final. BBC commentator and the former pro Dan Maskell tells his viewers that he cannot remember a doubles match so anxiously awaited. The applause for the Australians is blatant. Former Cambridge scholar and British tennis pro Mark Cox would later explain his view of the warm reception.

"There is an old attitude that permeates the British thinking that we would rather be good losers than win at all costs. That may be quite misguided but it is personified in McNamara and McNamee. Plus they are entertaining and that transcends the sport itself. People like to see the human emotions; that is something they can relate to."

And yet, for McNamee, the most difficult aspect of professional tennis is "dealing with losing". He recalled his win over McEnroe, the fun he had and the "incredible" feedback from the crowd. "You've got to learn from that (and) just bite your tongue sometimes and maybe smile when you don't really feel like it. But then you couldn't fake it all the time."

This is the same man who doesn't "give a damn" about the future. "I want to be a great tennis player now. I don't care what's down the road because I'm going to be able to deal with it anyway — even if I'm broke. So what? I know I've got a head and I know I can use it . . . so I am not planning for anything."

Eventually, he says, he will combine his tennis and law, while McNamara is hoping he can establish permanent financial security upon his retirement from the circuit. Having tasted success in tennis, McNamara said he "could not be happy in a job".

The writer is standing a few metres from the baseline, watching the balls sizzling back and forth across the net. The Macs take the first set with relative ease. Pfister's ham sandwich has not helped his mood. He shouts abuse at himself for an unforced error. The writer recalls a conversation with Paul McNamee.

"I think we're in an era where most sportsmen don't particularly seem to enjoy themselves out there, they seem to be overly serious and edgy. If you've got an act that is humorous, it's accentuated by the fact that other players are irritable and temperamental. But every match counts for rankings, and money, so you really do have to stick up for yourself, therefore the arguments are more frequent and heated. That's a natural function, a natural extension of the game getting bigger and bigger."

"I can't understand guys like that. (McEnroe) is going to make a million anyway. Why doesn't he enjoy it instead of squealing?"

The Macs lose the second set badly, then drop the third as well. From their end, the match could hardly seem worse. As they walk into position, "Macca" is smiling. He is recalling that they have never played five sets in any of their championship finals. He turns to his partner. "We've never gone five sets before, Peter. I think it's about time we did."

McNamara laughs. They scramble into the fourth set, then start firing winning shots like trick shooters. McNamara takes a brilliant point, grins, licks his finger and marks an imaginary wall in the air. McNamee outplays the Americans with his mind and his body. He is grinning as he walks back, tapping his temple with his forefinger. Both raise clenched fists to each other. They are on a roll again and the crowd is with them.

The fourth set is theirs.

Finally, McNamara serves for the match. Game, set and championship to the Australians. They run toward each other and hug, jumping in the air at the same time. Purest joy.

This, the writer thinks, is what sport should be. He thinks back to other players and other matches. He remembers a pouting, peeved John McEnroe snapping back at a news conference. He remembers something McNamara said. "If McEnroe was like Macca, he'd be the biggest thing since after-shave or sliced bread or whatever. I just can't understand guys who're like that. He's going to make an absolute million anyway. Why doesn't he enjoy it instead of squealing? A lot of people won't take their kids to see Ilie Nastase or McEnroe. Who wants their kids to learn how to swear?"

As the thoughts ramble, they are interrupted by the tumultuous applause that is reverberating throughout the stadium. As one, the capacity crowd is on its feet with a standing ovation that doesn't seem to stop.

Lamar Hunt's immaculate wife, Norma, is all set to present the winners' trophies. "Macca" strides across the court toward her. His face and clothes bathed with sweat, his curls matted, he leans forward and kisses the millionaire's wife on her rouge. It seemed like a good idea at the time. Quietly waiting his turn, McNamara raises one eyebrow, grins and follows suit.

In less than a week, they are due in New York as one of the top four doubles teams in the Grand Prix Masters tournament. McNamara will fall sick with influenza and spend the week in bed. Still, they will come back from 0-6 in the first set of the semi-final to overcome the duo of Stan Smith and Bob Lutz.

They will be beaten in the Masters final by McEnroe and Peter Fleming but tonight in London is a time for champagne and celebration. And one more news conference.

As usual, "Macca" answers virtually every single question until one is directed exclusively at McNamara. Several dozen journalists from around the world scribble notes as a British reporter asks if the London crowd was as good as he had seen at another doubles match.

McNamara first asked for tape to seal his partner's mouth shut before answering the question as follows:

"We've come out of this and shown that we are one of the top doubles teams in the world. I think that could have been a question at the beginning of this week."

McNamee mutters across to his partner, unheard by most of the reporters: "In whose mind, mate?"

I SAY, I SAY, I SAY,

REMARKS, said Gertrude Stein, are not literature. PLAYBOY's not too sure that's true. There are some, Patrick Henry's "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death", or Eddie Ward's "I'll Remember" (to a rural MP who had just tediously reminded Parliament for the umpteenth time that "I'm a country member") that tend to create that special resonance in the mind familiar to readers of Leo Tolstoy or Lennie Lower.

And whether or not they qualify as literature, there are some throwaway lines that simply cry out loud to be preserved. Either they encapsulate some facet of our shared experience; "I'm all right, Jack", the catchcry of the fretful '50s, or the aspirations of a generation, like the "Make Love, Not War" of the '60s, or else they are just something you wish to hell you'd said, like Groucho Marx's "Time wounds all heels".

Herewith is a random selection of such pearls from the recent past. Some will prove as ephemeral as mood rings and will soon be gone, while others will be part of our mental furniture for years to come.

In any event, they provide a fascinating informal psychic history of the times that have moulded us, plus a few laughs along the road.

MARILYN MONROE

(on having matzo balls for dinner for the third time at Arthur Miller's parents): Isn't there any other part of the matzo you can eat?

SPIKE MILLIGAN

Contraceptives should be used on every conceivable occasion.

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

The Americans, who are the most efficient people on earth . . . have invented so wide a range of pithy and hackneyed phrases that they can

Illustration by Bill Burrows

carry on an amusing conversation without giving a moment's reflection to what they are saying and so leave their minds free to consider the more important matters of big business and fornication.

The aesthetic sense . . . is akin to the sexual instinct, and shares its barbarity.

HENRY MILLER

Sex is one of the nine reasons for reincarnation . . . The other eight are unimportant.

ARTHUR MILLER

The world is an oyster, but you don't crack it open on a mattress.

GEORGE MIKES

Continental people have sex life; the English have hot water bottles.

FLETCHER KNEBEL

It is now proven beyond doubt that smoking is one of the leading causes of statistics.

GROUCHO MARX

A man is as young as the women he feels.

Remember men, we are fighting for this woman's honor — which is probably more than she ever did.

CHICO MARX

(When caught by his wife, kissing a chorus girl): I wasn't kissing her. I was whispering in her mouth.

DAVID LODGE

Literature is mostly about having sex and not much about having children; life is the other way around.

D. H. LAWRENCE

Pornography is the attempt to insult sex, to do dirt on it.

It (Mexico) is a country where men despise sex, and live for it, which is suicide.

ALDOUS HUXLEY

Bed, as the Italian proverb puts it, is the poor man's opera.

The instinct of acquisitiveness has more perverts, I believe, than the instinct of sex. At any rate, people seem to me odder about money than about even their amours.

Mr Merceptan went on to preach a brilliant sermon on that extremely melancholy sexual perversion known as continence.

There are few who would not rather be taken in adultery than provincialism.

BOB HOPE

They are doing things on the screen these days that the French don't even put on postcards.

MICHAEL FRAYN

'Wouldn't it be terrible to be bad?' he says to her right hip. 'You'd never know what a relief it was to stop being good.'

W. C. FIELDS

(When asked why he never drank water): Fish screw in it.

ANON

The best contraceptive is a glass of cold water: not before or after, but instead.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

Holmes: Now, Watson, the fair sex is your department.

QUENTIN CRISP

For flavor, instant sex will never supersede the stuff you had to peel and cook.

PETER COOK

You know, I go to the theatre to be entertained . . . I don't want to see plays about rape, sodomy and drug addiction. I can get all that at home.

BILLY CONNOLLY

Marriage is a wonderful invention; but then again, so is a bicycle repair kit.

MALCOLM BRADBURY

I like the English. They possess the most rigid code of immorality in the whole world.

We stay together but we distrust one another. Ah yes . . . but isn't that a definition of marriage?

AL CAPONE

This (suburban Chicago) is virgin territory for whorehouses.

KINGSLEY AMIS

In the old days a lot of people, men as well as women, didn't know quite what to expect of sex so they didn't worry when it didn't work too well. Now everybody knows exactly what's required of them and exactly how much they've fallen short down to the last millimetre and second and drop, which is frightfully relaxing for them.

EDWARD ALBEE

Musical beds is the faculty sport around here? *(Who's Afraid Of Virginia Woolf?)*

Until you start ploughing pertinent wives you really aren't working. The way to a man's heart is through his wife's belly and don't you forget it.

WOODY ALLEN

Is sex dirty? Only if it's done right.

(On Sex):
It was the most fun I ever had without laughing. *(Annie Hall)*

My brain: it's my second favorite organ. *(Sleeper)*

(Of Masturbation):
Don't knock it, it's sex with someone you love.

I want to tell you a terrific story about oral contraception. I asked this girl to sleep with me and she said "no".

I asked the girl if she could bring a sister for me. She did, Sister Maria Teresa. It was a very slow evening. We discussed the New Testament. We agreed that He was very well adjusted for an only child.

LARRY ADLER

Vasectomy means not ever having to say you're sorry.

JAMES AGEE

If music be the breakfast food of love, kindly do not disturb until lunch time.

LAURENCE DURRELL

No more about sex, it's too boring. Everyone's got one. Nastiness is a real stimulant though — but poor honest sex, like dying, should be a private matter.

ANON

(On Double Beds versus Single Beds): It isn't the wild ecstatic leap across I deplore. It's the weary trudge home.

JOSEPH HELLER

She was a crazy mathematics major from The Wharton School of Business who could not count to 28 each month without getting into trouble.

I've got these rubber models in my office, with all the reproductive organs

W. Somerset Maugham
D H Lawrence
Dorothy Parker
The Goldwyns: Samuel and Frances
"It serves me right for putting all my eggs in one bastard."
— Dorothy Parker (On going to hospital to have an abortion)
"Anyone who goes to see a psychiatrist ought to have his head examined."
— Samuel Goldwyn

of both sexes, that I keep locked up in separate cabinets to avoid a scandal.

GRAFFITI

One orgasm in the bush is worth two in the hand.

GRAFFITI

My mother made me a lesbian. Get her to knit one for me, too.

JEAN GIRAUDOUX

You know women as well as I do. They are only willing when you compel them but after that they are as enthusiastic as you are.

MAE WEST

She's one of the finest women who ever walked the streets.

Is that a pistol in your pocket or are you just pleased to see me?

(On being told that 10 men were waiting to meet her): I'm tired, send one of them home.

I'm glad you like my Catherine. I like her too. She ruled 30 million people and had three thousand lovers. I do the best I can in two hours.

RAQUEL WELCH

The mind can also be considered an erogenous zone.

RICHARD USBORNE

There are no old men, anymore. *Playboy* and *Penthouse* have, between them, made an ideal of eternal adolescence, sunburnt and saunaed, with the gray dorianed out of it.

DOROTHY PARKER

If all the young ladies who attended the Yale promenade dance were laid end to end, no one would be the least bit surprised.

(In a speech to the American Horticultural Society): You can lead a whore to culture but you can't make her think.

SAM GOLDWYN

A verbal contract is not worth the paper it's written on.

Too caustic? To hell with cost; we'll make the picture anyway.

OSCAR LEVANT

Strip the phoney tinsel off Hollywood and you'll discover the real tinsel underneath.

THE BIKIE'S LIFE:
HELL ON TWO WHEELS

one of the most deadly things a cop can do is to join hell's angels as an undercover agent. one did. this is his story

IT WAS five o'clock in the morning, January 3, 1978, and Dan Black was out of booze and almost out of crank. Nearly $600 worth of Methedrine had disappeared into his nostrils since noon, and now all he had left was a thin, two-inch line that sat on a small mirror on the motel night stand. When he had checked in the morning before, the desk clerk had given him a bottle of Californian champagne as a belated New Year's courtesy. He had drunk it while it was still cold, and by midnight Black had also downed two six-packs of beer and a quart of tequila. He had tried very hard to put himself into a mindless stupor, and he'd succeeded.

But it was a defensive, miserable high. Black needed to blot out the knowledge that he'd ruined his life and that it was finally over with the girl. He was weary and wanted to sleep, but just one bag of the shit he'd been sniffing would keep an elephant awake for two days. He was about to finish his eighth bag in the past 36 hours, so he wouldn't be nodding off just yet.

Leaning over the night stand, he inserted a small straw into his right nostril, pinched his left nostril shut and took his last hit. God, he was stoned. Black pictured the winged death's head on the gas tank of his Harley and vaguely wondered what his own skull would look like after he was dead. The jolt inside his head made his eyes water, and for a moment he studied them in the small mirror. They seemed to be shining, the pupils so dilated they reminded him of the bull's-eyes on pistol targets.

Black got up from the bed and staggered into the bathroom for a better look. He barely recognised the man staring at him from the medicine-cabinet mirror. In place of the heavily muscled athlete he had once been, he now saw a 77 kilo speed freak in jeans and a dirty T-shirt. How scungy he had become. Black had always prided himself on being well groomed, but the burnt-out case in the mirror wore a scraggly, peppery beard and a greasy long ponytail.

He studied his reflection more closely in the hope of seeing the man he'd been before becoming a narc whose cover name was Sid Davis. For more than a year and a half, drug dealers all over Northern California had done business with him and none had ever discovered that he was an undercover cop. How could they, when he had the perfect cover? Davis rode with the Hell's Angels, which no narc had ever done.

When the truth about his real identity surfaced, the Angels put out a $15,000 contract on Dan Black's life. He wasn't a threat to their operations, but his infiltration had been an insult. At that moment, however, if an Angel hit man had walked into the motel room determined to put a bullet in his brain, Black probably wouldn't have defended himself. One way or another, it was all coming to an end, and he didn't really care how. Several months before, just after he had quit his undercover career, he'd been called the state's most effective narc. He could have been called some other things as well — such as a doper, an alcoholic, a biker and now a bank robber. How it all happened was a little fuzzy, because Black couldn't really think straight just then. If he could stay wired on speed for the rest of his life, maybe he'd never have to remember any of it again.

DAN BLACK became a narc at the age of 27. By then, he'd served on the Healdsburg, California, police force for five years, during which time he'd made more than twice as many arrests as any other officer. Black was a persevering young cop who didn't take weekends off because he didn't want to miss the action that took place on Friday and Saturday nights. Healdsburg, an hour's drive north of San Francisco, is a tough country town of about 7800 residents, nearly a third of whom are chicanos. On the weekends, the town's dozen or so bars are often the settings for fierce brawls that have only one redeeming feature: usually all the participants manage to survive.

Although he was less than two metres tall, Black was exceptionally strong. Perhaps to compensate for his size, he began lifting weights when he was 13 and within a few years had developed 43 centimetre biceps, a 110 centimetre chest and massively well muscled thighs. At Healdsburg High School, he was heavyweight wrestler, left fielder on the baseball team and an outstanding line backer on the football team. After he graduated in June, 1967, he enrolled at nearby Santa Rosa Junior College. He hoped to become a football coach; secretly he dreamed of a career in the National Football League.

Both fantasies ended quickly. At football practices that August, Black chipped a bone in his elbow, severely sprained his left knee and, except for his left thumb, broke every one of his fingers. Nevertheless, he played in the season opener against Contra Costa Junior College. After the game, his fingers were so swollen he could barely grasp the cane he needed in order to walk. He quit the team the following week and forgot about football. In the spring, he switched his major from physical education to administration of justice and got a part-time job as a campus cop. A year later, in June of

article by lawrence linderman

Illustration by Bob Post

1969, Black had graduated with an associate arts degree in police science.

A few weeks later, he had married Claudia Penry, whom he'd been dating since high school graduation. The couple moved into a small apartment in Santa Rosa and waited for Black to get a police job. In the meantime, he pumped gas at a Standard Oil station and Claudia worked as a nurse's aide.

They lived like that for more than a year. Black easily passed the oral and written tests he took when applying for police jobs in Berkeley, Richmond, Oakland and Los Angeles, but he failed all the physical exams. The main problem was his weight, for a police recruit of his height wasn't supposed to weigh more than 70 kilos; Dan weighed 104. In Los Angeles, the police department's examining physician gave him two months to drop 33 kilos. Black starved himself, took steam baths, exercised every day. When he went back for yet another physical, his waistline measured 80 centimetres; but he weighed 90 kilos and was again rejected.

Black was crushed. How could he have been so foolish as to school himself for a profession he couldn't possibly enter? Still, he was determined to make a go of it, and his luck turned round that September, when he heard about an opening on the Cloverdale police force. Cloverdale, a nearby town of 2000 people, didn't require police candidates to pass a physical. Black interviewed for the job and got it. His starting salary was only $462 a month.

After some nine months of handing out traffic tickets, Black learned that Healdsburg was about to hire another patrolman. Even though he was still in excess of the weight limit for his height, he no longer had to worry about the physical: he was now a working cop who obviously kept himself in excellent shape. He joined Healdsburg's 20-man force in May, 1970. His salary jumped to $568 a month and he and Claudia made plans to start a family. The following year, she had the first of their two sons.

Black quickly became a seasoned, efficient policeman. He learned the ropes the way any local lawman did — by arresting thieves and muggers and by battling bikers, dopers and drunks.

In most ways, Dan Black seemed to be a model cop. He was assiduously honest, didn't drink or smoke and didn't hesitate to kick someone whenever the situation called for it. He loved his work so much that he bought a home less than two blocks from the station, so that he could be instantly available in an emergency.

His single-minded energy and his dedication paid off. Three years after joining the Healdsburg force, Black became the youngest police sergeant in the city's history. Before promoting him, Healdsburg police chief Lou Bertolli sent Black through a six-week police leadership training program at San Jose State College. Then, after Black had been a sergeant for two years, Chief Bertolli decided to send him to the FBI Academy at Quantico, Virginia — after which he would be promoted to lieutenant.

Those plans changed in late 1975. That September, Black's police judo instructor told him that the sheriff of Lake County was about to hire his department's first undercover narcotics agent. And, since narcs were notorious for quick flame-outs, the sheriff was looking for a uniformed officer who would learn the job before going to Lake County.

Black wanted it. He had visions of busting up bigger dope rings than in *The French Connection*, of zapping major California drug dealers, of personally putting a stop to several million dollars a year in narcotics traffic. Narcs dealt in danger, action and adventure, and Dan Black was all for that.

His next-door neighbor, Joe Ross, was a narc, so Black knew what to expect: he'd have to dress like a slob, grow a beard and long hair, be away from home for two or three weeks at a time and associate with the dregs of society. He'd also have to take a pay cut from $15,000 to $11,000, but none of it mattered. The opportunity was simply too good to pass up; for when his undercover duty was done, Black would be in line to run Lake County's narcotics bureau, then in the planning stages. The work *would* be dangerous, but from what he could discover, the real dangers were internal: most narcs became alcoholics and their marriages often broke up. But that, of course, wouldn't happen to him.

On December 1, 1975, Black was interviewed for the position by the Lake County sheriff, Alvie Rochester. Rochester liked what he saw. Black had the innocuous good looks of a preacher's son and the body of a veteran stevedore. The sheriff knew that Black was an ambitious proven cop with a streak of daring a yard wide, but there was also something innocent and old-fashioned about him. One thing was clear: Black's record indicated he never gave anything a halfway effort. Rochester hired him without hesitation.

Black spent January through to May of 1976 learning how to be a narc. He was attached to Sonoma County's narcotics unit, and when he reported for work, he knew nothing about the drug culture. He didn't understand, at first, that the dealers' beautiful women were there because the only way they could get their heroin was to screw for it. He didn't know that junkie mothers shot up their kids to keep them quiet. He'd never seen people unable to slip needles into their arms because all their veins had collapsed. He was unaware that most of the junkies paid $25 for a quarter teaspoon of heroin that was sold in toy-store balloons rolled up tighter than condoms. He learned to simulate snorting dope by using a straw blocked with cotton. There was a *lot* to be learnt, but Black was a very good student.

He was teamed with another trainee, Ed Clarke, a burly hard-nosed cop who has since become a Sonoma County deputy sheriff.

Together, they busted dealers and users by following traditional narc procedures and inventing several of their own. One of the pair's standard scams was to cruise along local highways picking up the scruffiest hitchhikers they could find. Black and Clarke told hitchhikers they were construction workers off for the day, or else they claimed to be bank robbers with money to burn. Hitchhikers often knew where to buy narcotics and unknowingly helped them set up dozens of drug busts.

Black courted dealers the way a patient man courts his women. He'd frequently meet them at bars, pay for their drinks and arrange another meeting, usually for a dinner. He bought meals for dealers at some of the Bay Area's fanciest restaurants. If a connection seemed overly suspicious, Black wouldn't mention narcotics until he had known the guy for several weeks. At that point he'd admit to being a dealer himself. The rest usually fell in place without a great deal of effort.

In five months, Black picked up the fine points of being a narc. His former partner, Ed Clarke now says: "Dan's biggest assets were his honesty, his nerve and his dedication. The other guys we trained with sometimes called him Serpico, but not because he was a threat to them. Hell, they *admired* Serpico, although they all felt he probably was a little too zealous for his own good."

Black was like that, too: he lived for the job. As a result, he and Clarke racked up more than 90 drug arrests during their training period. Black was now ready to go out on his own.

That June, he drove 80 kilometres north to Lake County. Clear Lake, from which the county derives its name, is shaped like a large dog-leg and is about 32 kilometres long. Several rustic towns surround Clear

"Of course we have to do it this way. How else can I see if you're bringing the right muscles into play?"

Lake, but they've never really caught on with travellers. A couple of well-financed resorts were built along the lake at the beginning of the '70s, however, and after that the county's tourism picked up a bit. So did its drug traffic.

Black arrived there in a 1961 Plymouth Valiant issued to him by the county sheriff's special investigations division. He also received a phony driver's licence made out to "Samuel Ike Davis", but he couldn't abide being called Sam. So, he simply nicknamed himself Sid. His blond hair now hung below his shirt collar, he'd grown long sideburns and a Fu Manchu moustache, and he sported turquoise-and-silver rings on several of his fingers.

He rented a furnished room for $100 a month in the lakefront town of Clearlake Highlands and started looking for dealers in local bars. It took him two weeks before he made his first buy — five bags of crank for $100. That got him plugged into the area's dope action, if that was the word for it: Lake County's narcotics traffic was disappointingly small. In his first six weeks there, Black only gathered evidence on 16 dealers, all of them nickel-and-dimers. Once a week, he delivered the narcotics he had bought, along with written reports, to a deputy sheriff he met at night along a dirt road eight kilometres from the town. The deputy, in turn, gave him more money for dope. Although the police felt he was doing a fine job, Black's inability to make a big score was getting him down.

One afternoon, however, he was told about a major drug supplier in Marin County, and he arranged a $1000 heroin buy for the next night. His spirits soared as he contemplated busting a heavy-duty dealer; as it turned out, the man could barely manage two bags of low-grade heroin for $50. There was no point in making an arrest, for Marin County's police would not appreciate a scab narc turning up with such a penny-ante drug bust. Black stormed out of the dealer's house and headed straight for the nearest redneck bar. He intended to get royally potted.

Five brandies took the edge off his anger, as did the conversation he struck up with a biker sitting next to him at the bar. Charlie Harris was a little guy who looked as if he'd made a career of getting stomped on. There were scars all over his face, his nose was smashed in, and his sightless left eye was covered with an opaque white film. He wore a denim vest that proclaimed his membership in the Misfits, a biker club with chapters in Sacramento and in Santa Rosa. He seemed like a friendly enough soul, though, so Black bought him a few rounds of beer.

When the tab for the drinks came, Black fished out a thick wad of notes, maybe $1200 worth. Charlie did a double take. Then he asked where the money had come from. Dan must have been very drunk at that point, because he did an unpardonably stupid thing.

"They give it to me to buy dope," he said.

"You deal?" Harris asked.

"Hell, no," he said, "I'm a narc."

As soon as he said it, Black realised that in one swift, idiotic stroke, he'd put his life in jeopardy. Harris was silent for maybe a minute, and then asked a few questions to see whether or not the guy was putting him on. The guy wasn't.

"You're a real *crazy* sonofabitch," Harris finally said. "Hey, if I wanted, I could get you dusted, you know?"

"You won't," Black quickly said, immediately sober again. "Nothing's happenin' anyway. If people got dope to sell, they sure aren't sellin' to me."

"Black had his right ear pierced and Harris almost fell over laughing. 'It's left ear for bikers and right ear for faggots.'"

"That's because you ain't doin' it right," Harris said. He looked Black over carefully and then shook his head from side to side. "What in hell are you supposed to be, a walking turquoise machine? It ain't that easy."

Harris told him that dealers were hip to narcs always trying to pass themselves off as newly-arrived freelancers, unemployed bartenders, or streetrockers moonlighting their way to fame and fortune. Narcs needed cover identities that could stand up to serious scrutiny, because dealers suspected *everyone* of being a narc. About the only people they didn't suspect were hard-core bikers.

If a narc was smart, he'd pass himself off as a biker.

"I don't know a damn thing about being a biker," Black said, an edge of irritation in his voice.

"Don't worry about it — it'll come to you like stink on shit. Want me to teach ya?"

"What are you looking for?"

"A job. I want to be a cop."

They met again two weeks later at a park in Santa Rosa. In the interim, Black had done some research on his new friend. Charlie Harris, 34, had been a very bad guy for a very long time. His record showed convictions for narcotics possession and armed robbery, and arrests for everything from jaywalking to suspicion of murder. He would not be joining the police force.

"But I can pay you for your information," Black told him. "You can be my snitch."

"Don't you *ever* call me a snitch," Harris snapped. "I'll be a informant, but I ain't no snitch. A snitch rats on everyone; an informant only turns in dudes he don't like."

That seemed reasonable. In addition to becoming an informant, Harris would also teach Black biker etiquette. His fee for all this was an agreed-upon $800 a month, a small apartment on Clear Lake, a beat-up Dodge Polaris and Black's Healdsburg police badge. A few days later, Harris moved into the apartment with his girlfriend. Once or twice a week thereafter, he drove down from Clear Lake to Santa Rosa to spend the night with his wife and six childen.

Black's education as a biker began immediately. To start with, he needed leathers. He visited a boutique and paid $195 for a beautiful pair of buttery leather slacks; Harris soaked them in 50 weight motor oil. He made sure Black got a pair of used boots; new boots and a new face always made dealers nervous. The Lake County sheriff's department issued Black a blue Harley Davidson, and Harris showed him how to handle it.

The lessons were thorough. Harris told Black that bikers wear a gold earring, so Black had his right ear pierced, and Harris almost fell down laughing. "It's *left* ear for bikers, right ear for *faggots!*" Harris said bikers never mince words, and are always ready to tell people to piss off and then fight about it. So they went to bars, where Black told people to piss off and then fought about it. He won most of his bouts, but not nearly all of them. And at one place, Harris pointed out a solitary drinker and told Black: "Hey, this dude just called you a punk." Black knew it wasn't true, but that was part of the game. He went up to the man, grabbed his arm (it felt like a piece of oak), and moments later was knocked cold by a crushing right to the jaw.

Harris wasn't a mere observer to these proceedings. On one night, he had approached a well-dressed young couple, argued with the guy, and then began pummelling him unmercifully. When the girl jumped on Harris' back, Black rushed over and separated the two men — at which point Harris threw the girl down and kicked her in the face, breaking her nose and leaving her unconscious. "A woman can hurt you as bad as a man," he explained on their way out.

After three weeks of picking fights and hanging around in bikers' bars, Harris presented Black with his "graduation" present: a .410-gauge sawed-off shotgun. "This is what every undercover agent really needs — an alleysweeper," he said.

Then he showed Black how, in a pinch, he could shoot blind from around a corner and manage to blast away everything within a three to five metre range. The shotgun was 43 centimetres long and had a small leather loop nailed to its butt. The weapon was designed to be worn around the neck like a pendant and could easily be concealed beneath a short jacket.

Black was finally ready to take the most hazardous step of the entire masquerade. If he was ever going to establish a strong cover identity as a well-connected Bay Area biker and dealer, he'd have to pass muster with the Hell's Angels. There was really no other way.

BY ALL accounts, the gang called the Hell's Angels — with anywhere from 400 to 800 members — are the most lethal group of motorcycle riders in the United States and probably the world. Founded in Southern California at the start of the '50s, the Angels soon attracted intensive police pressure, and by the '60s, most members had moved north to the San Francisco Bay Area. They have a well-documented record for being maximum outlaws, and they usually demonstrate a reckless disregard for their own welfare — and everyone else's as well. Their reputation is such that, even in a bikers' bar, the appearance of two Hell's Angels will usually cause all conversations to cease.

Before introducing Black to his Hell's Angels friends, Harris warned that under no circumstances — *none* — could Black get into a fight with an Angel patchholder. If that happened, every Angel in attendance would put the boots to him in the same manner Harris had done with the girl in the bar. Black also had to understand that as a friend of the Angels, Harris would have to jump in on their side.

With that proviso, Harris and Black who was now going by the name of Sid Davis — travelled around to Hell's Angels chapters in Oakland, Richmond and Vallejo. At a party in Vallejo, they witnessed the kind of violence that often flared up among the Angels themselves. It had started when one drunkenly abusive member was ordered to quieten down by the chapter's vice president, a hard-looking man named Rooster.

The drunk, quite unwisely, punched Rooster in the face, and in a pure fury, Rooster beat him senseless and might have killed him if two other Angels had not interceded. Unfortunately, Rooster was out of control, so he also decked the two peacemakers. Several other Angels attempted to restrain him, but they were also laid out by this human buzz-saw who seemed all flying fists, karate kicks, head butts and elbows. The onslaught continued until Rooster finally calmed down.

Black was to meet other Angels given to similar rhapsodies of rage.

After a week of visits, Sid Davis was welcome to ride with them. But first, Harris wanted him to attend an Angel wedding. He promised it would be nothing like any his narc friend had ever attended.

Late on a sunny Friday afternoon, the two men drove their bikes to a secluded home about 48 kilometres east of Clear Lake. The house was set deep in a forest glade, and when they arrived, the celebration was well underway. Nearly 150 Angels and 75 of their girl friends were partying in splendid fashion: open cases of liquor were strewn about the clearing, bowls of speed, grass and cocaine sat unattended upon a long table, and everyone seemed to be either drunk, stoned, or both. There was a lot of laughing and shouting.

"Sid took part in a few short conversations concerning motorcycles, drugs and pussy, the bikers' three main interests in life."

After introducing Sid to several Angels, Harris quickly got lost in the crowd. Sid took part in a few short conversations concerning motorcycles, drugs and pussy, the bikers' three main interests in life. On the back of his denim vest, he flew the colors of the Hangmen, a Midwestern bikers' gang that none of the Hell's Angels had ever heard of. He felt less like an alien by the time it got dark, but it was best to hang back until he knew absolutely his act was together. Off by himself, he picked up a bottle of brandy and proceeded to drink the whole thing.

Twice, he stumbled over couples who were screwing on the ground, and that shocked him, for at home Black and his wife usually turned out the lights before making love. Several girls approached him for sex, but he was sure they'd give him VD, and he refused. Sometime after midnight, a minister (or someone dressed like one) married the bride and groom, who disappeared back inside the house to the accompaniment of good-natured cackling and putdowns. When he got drunk enough and tired enough, Black sat under a tree and passed out.

The party was still going strong when he woke at around 11 in the morning. The majority of guests were tripped out on speed and hadn't been to sleep yet. The Angels were cut-ups; whenever one of them passed out, his buddies would gather around and piss him awake. Most of the men had wandered into the house, so Black did too. He wedged his way back into the packed front room to see Harris screwing the bride. The rest of the bikers were waiting their turn to do the same, for an Angel's bride was turned out the morning after her wedding night.

Black was shaken, and hurried into the kitchen for some coffee. Harris joined him there a couple of minutes later, bragging, "I was first in line."

"Congratulations," Black replied. Harris just shrugged his shoulders and walked away.

The Angels' use of their women repulsed Black, but it also perversely fascinated him. He walked back to the living room and saw the bride doing things with two bikers that Claudia wouldn't have dreamt of. But if an Angel's mamma didn't acquiesce to all this, her old man would beat her up badly — which still wasn't enough to save him from looking really rank in front of his friends.

BLACK LEFT the party shortly afterwards and didn't see Charlie again until three days later, when the wedding party finally ended. In the interim, he visited Claudia and the kids, but it was an unhappy reunion. Claudia seemed like a tense stranger, and Black found that he was constantly putting her down. The boys, Adam and Andrew, were flat-out scared of their father. After one night, he returned to his scungy room in the Clear Lake highlands.

He began riding with the Angels the following week. Harris said the key to winning their trust was to pick up every dare they laid down, and Sid Davis went at it with a vengeance.

Cruising past a Mexican bar near Napa one evening, several Angels challenged Sid to ride his bike inside — a dangerous move, for that area's Chicanos intensely disliked the Hell's

Angels. Sid rode right in, and the result was a vicious brawl that earned him a cut lip, a black eye and the respect of his similarly banged-up Angel colleagues.

Another day, riding along the highway with a group of Richmond Hell's Angels, Sid was challenged by one of them to a high-speed tug of war. Moments later, he and the Angel were grabbing at each other while running down the road, doing about 120 km/h. Sid soon got a firm grip on the Angel's upper arm. In danger of being yanked out of his seat and smeared all over the highway, the terrified Angel began screaming: "You crazy son of a bitch, let me go, *let me go! !*"

But Sid was into the game, and several more seconds passed before he finally released his hold. When they pulled off the road, the Angel vaulted off his motorcycle and shouted at Sid, "Don't you ever do that again!"

"Then don't ever dare me to do it again," Sid replied. "You wanted to play? We played."

Within only a matter of weeks, Sid Davis became known as a standup guy who'd be there when the action started and who'd be there when it ended. And even for a well-heeled drug dealer, Sid was generous when it came to his buddies. He could be counted on to pick up $100 bar tabs whenever he went drinking, and since he went drinking almost every night, his reputation as a big spender — and his circle of friends — kept growing.

So did the intelligence he gathered. But Dan Black had no intention of busting Hell's Angels, for that would quickly put an end to a cover identity no narc had ever before successfully fabricated. Instead, Black preferred to let his Angel buddies turn him on to suppliers, which they did. He was soon buying dope all over northern California and making busts in partnership with police departments from San Jose to the Oregon border.

To protect his cover, Black changed costumes on drug raids. In place of dressing like a flashy biker, he tucked his hair up under a baseball cap and wore dark glasses, a new windbreaker, a sport shirt and clean Levis. It was the damnedest thing: dealers he'd been drinking with only the night before never recognised Sid as one of the four or five cops taking him into custody.

By autumn, he had initiated more than 200 drug arrests, but the four months he'd spent as a narc were beginning to get to him. Black was drinking heavily every night of the week. When he began throwing up even when he wasn't drinking, Black visited a doctor and was told he had an ulcer. He promised to lighten up on the booze and the stress, knowing he'd do neither.

To be sure, bikers' bars aren't your ordinary cocktail lounges. In a normal bar, if a drink isn't to the customer's liking, the bartender will mix another one. In a bikers' hangout, if a drink isn't to the customer's taste, said customer may very well beat up the bartender, or simply kick him out of the joint and tend bar himself for the rest of the night.

Sid was in a bar one night and got into serious conversation about dope and an Angels' laboratory that was then producing 100,000 hits of LSD a week. Toward the end of the evening, when the talk turned to sex, Sid said, "I'll screw anything that walks."

"Right there," said a young Angel named Joey, pointing to a girl. "I dare you to screw her here and now."

Dan Black wanted to run and hide, but Sid Davis did not back down from a challenge. He went over to the girl, told her what had been said, and she agreed to take him on. The only available space in the bar was next to the juke box, which was next to the pool table, but when Sid and the girl got on to the floor, the pool players politely stepped over them.

Just after Sid entered the girl's body, the juke box began blasting out *Undercover Angel.* That caused something to snap inside his head, and he faded away completely at that moment. What was he doing? Black saw himself rutting like an animal in front of a bunch of wild men who'd kill him in a second if they ever discovered his true identity.

A few days later, he was called in for one of his infrequent meetings with Sheriff Rochester. "You're doing some fine work, son," Rochester said. "Everything going all right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, we have a little assignment in mind for you," Rochester continued. "Mendocino County has one undercover agent and I'm afraid some people have discovered that he's a policeman. Sheriff Jondahl down there called me and wants to switch undercover agents, and I think that might be a good idea. How would you feel about being on loan for six months?"

"That would be okay with me, sir. Is there anything special he wants?"

"Yes," said Alvie Rochester. "He really would like you to make a dent in the county's drug traffic, starting in the town of Ukiah. Can you do it?"

"I'll do my best, sir."

Dan Black would later say that going to Ukiah was the worst decision he'd ever made.

ON A COOL, overcast day in late December of 1976, Sid Davis rode into Ukiah. Starting at noon at the north end of the town, he systematically checked out every bar in Ukiah, and by 10pm he'd seen nothing to indicate blatant narcotics activity. The last bar he came to was called the Peacock, and as soon as he walked in he knew he'd found the local dope supermarket. The Peacock was packed with laborers, bikers, a few obvious fags and a lot of good-looking ladies, many of whom were on hand for the women's pool tournament that had taken place earlier that night.

When he walked in, Sid laid a $100 note on the bar and bought a round for the house. It cost him $90, but it was the kind of gesture that always got a stranger noticed very, very quickly. Sid had amost finished his brandy when a sleek, darkly attractive brunette tapped him on the shoulder and kissed him on the cheek. "Thanks for the drink," she said.

Sid checked the girl out as she walked back to the pool table. She was well-built and sensual, wearing a tight pink knit sweater that ended several inches below her ample breasts, and her jeans fitted so snugly that Sid could tell she wasn't wearing any underwear. Very nice.

He turned back to the bar and bought another round for the house. The girl came by again a couple of minutes later. "Thanks one more time," she said. She had a nice smile. "My name's Mary Jo. Why don't you come over to the table and watch me play pool?"

Mary Jo finished a quick rack of eight-ball and then she and Sid sat down and drank and talked until closing time. Mary Jo Pederson was 24, the mother of a two-year-old daughter named Elisha and the estranged wife of a man then serving time in a Colorado Federal prison. Mary Jo was also an ex-junkie and an ex-bikers' mama. She had piercing brown eyes and seemed to be the most honest, outspoken woman Sid had ever met. When the waiter came to pick up their glasses, she asked where he was staying that night.

"In a motel," Sid said.

"No, you're not," she laughed. "You're staying with me."

Sid took her home and was about to sack out on the couch when he noticed Mary Jo staring at him as if he were a Martian. "What do you think you're doing?" she asked. "Come on into the bedroom with me."

She was as passionate as she was attractive. After they made love, Mary Jo fell asleep but Black couldn't close his eyes. Aside from his bizarre bar exhibitions in Vallejo, this was the first time he'd ever been unfaithful to Claudia. He felt guilty and he

"I'm going to an orgy. Do you want me to bring you back something?"

suddenly missed his wife and children very much. While Mary Jo was asleep, Black slipped out of the house and drove straight through back to Claudia and his home.

He got there shortly before dawn and slept on the sofa. Black was certain — for 24 hours, anyway — that Mary Jo had given him the clap, and he spent a difficult few days with Claudia and the kids. During that time he realised that he'd changed drastically. He had no patience with Adam and Andrew, and regardless of how loving Claudia tried to be, she only irritated him. When he went back to Ukiah, he and Claudia both knew their marriage was over.

Mary Jo happened to be walking down the street when he pulled into town four days later. "Where *you* been?" she asked.

"I didn't know you were my boss," Sid shot back. Mary Jo was angry, but she backed off. "Let's go for a ride," she said.

"Sorry, I'm busy right now." He roared off down the street, but 15 minutes later he was at her front door. They went riding that afternoon and although Sid kept a motel room, he moved in with her that night. At the Peacock that evening, Mary Jo introduced Sid to a number of dopers, one of whom sold him a couple of lids of marijuana. The fact that he was with Mary Jo immediately eliminated any suspicions people might have had about Sid for no one who knew her would ever suspect her of sleeping with a narc.

One of the first connections she turned Sid on to was a black man named Cedric Weir, the Peacock's bouncer. Mary Jo had once lived with him, but as soon as the two men got to know each other, they became good friends anyway.

They became soul mates the night five Mexicans began beating up two girls just outside the Peacock. Sid and Cedric tried to break it up and they suddenly found themselves as overmatched as the women. They were definitely getting the worst of it, so Cedric ran inside for help — and Sid was set upon by all five attackers. Four of them spread-eagled Sid on the ground and the fifth was about to plant the jagged end of a broken cue stick in his face when Cedric reappeared and smashed the guy's head in with the fat end of a pool cue. The Mexican's skull sounded like a watermelon being splattered against the sidewalk.

Cedric introduced Sid to a number of Peacock regulars who were dealers. One of them, a cocky young kid named Tom, could come up with 10 kilos of grass or a portion of coke in 15 minutes. Black never did uncover Tom's supplier, but nailing the kid himself was no problem. A couple of months after they met, Tom offered him seven kilos of grass to kill two dealers who had murdered Tom's old partner by shooting him up with rabies vaccine. Tom is still doing time on drug charges; the solicitation of murder charge was dropped.

Dan Black's situation in Ukiah was a narc's vision of Valhalla. He didn't have to look for drugs, he merely had to take his pick of what was offered to him. The Peacock became his headquarters, and after a while they wouldn't let him pay for drinks.

He and Mary Jo fell totally in love. She could surprise him with her humor and romanticism, but she was also one of the toughest women he'd ever met. One night at the Peacock an Indian challenged her to a game of eight-ball, and when his two buddies put up $100 on the side-rail, Sid did likewise. After a couple of minutes, Sid noticed that the Indian moved the cue ball or threw one of his balls down a pocket every time Mary Jo turned her back to the table. Sid walked up to the side-rail, picked up his $100 and said: "The game's over."

"No, it's not," the Indian replied. He grabbed Sid's arm and got punched in the neck for his trouble. His two friends jumped Sid at that point, and soon all four men were rolling on the floor, swinging and shouting wildly. Sid was in the process of getting his ass knocked when he heard Mary Jo yell: "C'mon baby, you can do it, beat 'em all up!"

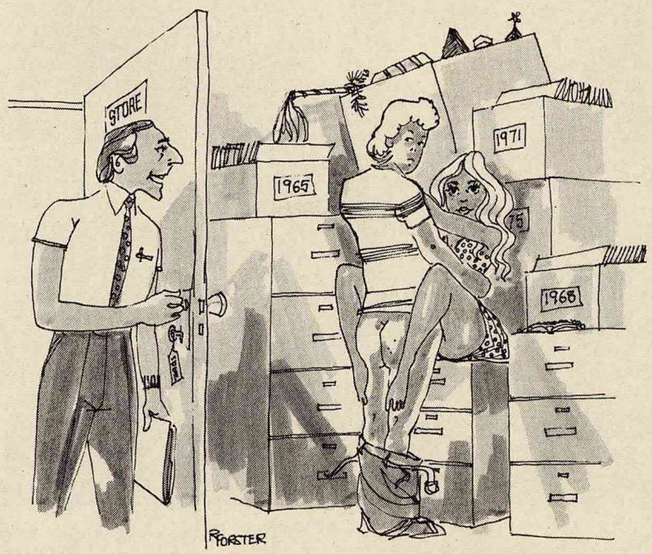
That clearly wasn't going to happen, especially when one of the Indians started kicking him in the chest. Sid looked up and saw Mary Jo rushing over with a pool cue; so did one of the Indians, who jumped up and grabbed it away from her. The Indian threw the stick down and advanced on Mary Jo — and ran into a hard right hand that split his nose open and put him on his knees. One of his buddies got so angry that he stopped kicking Sid and went to belt out Mary Jo; she caught him with a clean right to the chin that knocked him over the pool table.

Sid was almost unconscious; he and the remaining Indian nevertheless exchanged looks of amazement. The Indian backed off, and Mary Jo picked Sid up by the collar and marched him out of there.

During that April, Dan Black fell completely off his white horse. One afternoon Mary Jo turned him on to speed, and they stayed up for three straight days making love, playing cards, drinking and snorting crank. Like cocaine, speed isn't addictive, but you sure can get hooked on the stuff. Dan Black *loved* being all cranked up. Speed gave him energy and power he'd never felt before.

And he didn't even have to pay for it. Sid was so well-liked and such a volume buyer that suppliers gave him as much crank as he ever wanted for his personal use. Speed doesn't necessarily kill; it does, however, play hell with your system. In his first three weeks of doing crank, Sid lost more than 12 kilos. To see how far he could push himself, he went through 18 bags while going without sleep for an entire week. There seemed to be no limit to his strength.

His drinking was also out of all control. He was getting drunk every



"You're fired; er, Cartwright that is."

night now, downing round after round of tequila or brandy or show-off drinks like flaming hookers — Southern Comfort set on fire and swallowed while still aflame. His ulcer grew worse; he began vomiting blood.

And yet Dan Black, ace narc, continued to function. Every couple of weeks he disappeared for several days to visit his Angel friends in the Bay Area, and they continued to introduce him to drug dealers. A couple of days after meeting Sid Davis, the dealers would be arrested in drug raids conducted by several narcs, one of whom usually wore a Healdsburg High baseball cap. A Ukiah plan, meanwhile, had finally been agreed upon: Dan Black would testify before the Grand Jury, after which he'd lead a mass round-up of local dopers.

At the end of April, the Mendocino sheriff's office acted upon a request from Humboldt County officials and asked Black to check out a bikers' bar in Eureka, 160 kilometres north up the coast. He and Mary Jo rode up there on his Harley, but the bar turned out to be clean. For some reason, Mary Jo was anxious to return to Ukiah the next day, so he took her back. When they walked into the Peacock that night, the bar's pool table was covered with a white table cloth and on it sat a huge cake topped by the figure of a rider astride a Harley. It was Sid's birthday, and every dealer in Ukiah had shown up for the big event. Sid began crying. He didn't know who the hell he was anymore — only that he was about to hurt a lot of people he really liked.

And so Sid abruptly went out of business. Black quit buying dope and refused to meet new dealers. In mid-May, he made a decision: he had to get out. He wanted no further part of being a narc or being a biker; he wanted a new life. One night at Mary Jo's house, he turned to her and said, "Hey, let's leave, let's cut out of here right now."

"You mean take a trip?" she asked.

"No," he said. "I mean let's *leave*, let's live somewhere else."

"Where?"

"Anywhere," he answered. "We could go to Arizona, maybe."

"I ain't movin' to Arizona," Mary Jo answered. "I like it here. What's bugging you?"

"Nothing," he said. "Nothing at all." At that moment he realised that of course he wasn't going any place. His investigation would end as he planned, and his friends would all be sent to prison. Who ever thought that when the Lone Ranger took off his mask he'd turn out to be Judas?

A few days later, Lake County police were officially notified that Dan Black would testify before a Grand Jury in Ukiah in early June. That information apparently landed in the wrong hands.

Less than a week before Black's courtroom date, three hippie types walked into the Peacock and saw Cedric talking to Sid. One of them called Cedric over and told him Sid was a narc. Cedric punched him in the mouth. The man's two friends were too terrified to do anything else but carry him out of the bar.

"*Weird* bastards," Cedric said, as he and Sid watched the three bearded men get into their car and take off. "They said that you were a *narc*. Can you beat that?"

Black had never seen any of them before. On the following night, an easygoing biker named Buddy walked into the Peacock with a worried look on his face. He came over to Sid's table and said: "You better watch your ass, cousin. There's a Lake County narc named Dan Black who's been workin' around town."

"Where'd you hear that?"

"From some of my friends in Lake County," Buddy said. "The guy is supposed to be, oh, about your size, and he drives a black Harley."

Dan was grateful that his Harley was blue. "I'll keep an eye out for him," he said.

Black stopped using speed just two days before he made his Grand Jury appearance. He testified from eight in the morning until 10 o'clock that night, and afterwards he agreed to show up at the sheriff's office at 4.30pm. The round-up of suspects he'd named would begin at 5pm.

Dan got to Mary Jo's house a half hour after he finished testifying. He knew that he finally had to tell Mary Jo who he was, yet he just couldn't bring himself to do it. He copped out. "Listen, baby," he said, "you better get out of town. Some things are gonna happen tomorrow, and it's not going to be healthy for either of us to be around."

"Sid, I don't know what the hell you're talking about," Mary Jo said.

Black began packing up all his clothing. He couldn't look at her.

"You son of a bitch, what are you doing? Where are you *going?*" she shouted. Dan heard the pain in her voice and hated himself for it.

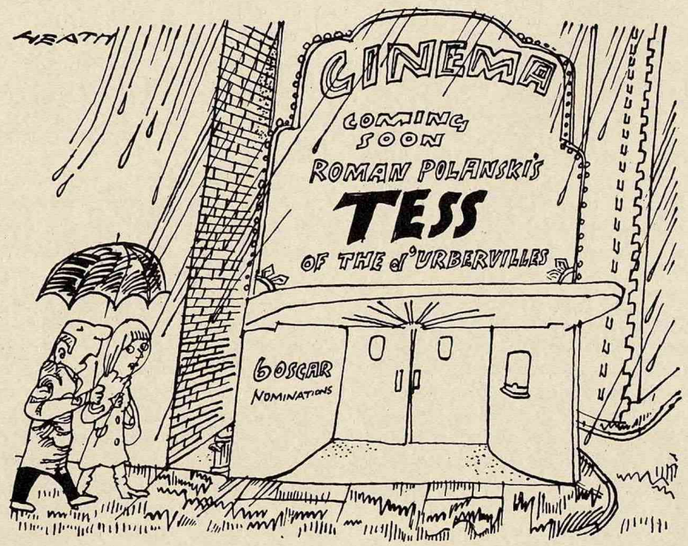
"It's *over* with us!" he yelled. "If you know what's good for you, then take off!"

Mary Jo was crying when he slammed the door and walked out into the night.

The next day Dan Black arrived at the sheriff's office exactly at 4.30pm. Sheriff Jondahl led him into the squad room, where more than 50 police and deputy sheriffs were gathered. They'd been told nothing more than that they'd be introduced to the narc whose Grand Jury testimony had implicated every suspected doper in town. Only Sheriff Jondahl and two men on his staff knew Black's secret, and they hadn't broken faith with him. The rest of the officers knew him only as Sid Davis, the swaggering biker and reputed dope dealer that they all hated.

"Gentlemen," said Sheriff Jondahl, "I want you to meet Dan Black, the undercover agent who's been on loan to us from Lake County."

For a moment, the room was stunned into silence. And then Black's fellow officers stood up and actually



"I understand he wants to direct *Little Women.*"

cheered. They gathered around him, congratulating him, shaking his hand, clapping him on the back. They bathed him in respect and admiration, but he was strangely unmoved.

For the next four hours, Dan Black led cars filled with law officers to various houses in and around Ukiah, and by nine o'clock, 28 people — including Cedric — had been arrested. During his seven months in Ukiah, Dan had spent about $40,000 of law enforcement money on drugs that he delivered and on suspects that he bagged. He had done a magnificent job for the force.

And yet he still didn't know how to tell Mary Jo he was a narc. The next morning she and a girlfriend came down to police headquarters to bail out Cedric. A colleague of Black's led her into another room, where Sid was waiting for her.

"Mary Jo, my name is Dan Black," he said. "I've been a cop for the past seven years."

Mary Jo was in a state of shock for two days. Black asked her not to leave him, but the idea that she'd lived with a narc was almost impossible for her to deal with. "I would never have associated with him if I knew he was a cop," she told a reporter for the San Francisco *Chronicle.*

Finally, she chose to stay with Dan. "He completely abandoned his wife and kids for me," she said. "I thought for two days and then I told him it took me five months to fall in love with him, so I'd stay with him no matter what."

The state of California got 25 convictions out of 28 arrests. Black decided not to testify against Cedric Weir, though the Peacock bar lost its liquor licence and closed down.

When the Ukiah investigation was over, Dan Black was transferred to detective work, but he couldn't hack being a cop anymore. His superiors sensed his changed outlook and tried to shape him up by reassigning him to uniform duty that October. He tried it for two days and then quit the force.

By then, he'd moved back to Mary Jo's house in Ukiah. Although several police sources informed him that the Hell's Angels had issued a contract on his life, Black made no plans to leave northern California. He felt that if the Angels were truly out for his blood, the only way he'd escape would be by leaving the country, and he just wasn't ready for that. He was sure the Angels would eventually realise he hadn't tried to take them down. In time, if they didn't exactly forgive him, he was reasonably certain they'd at least forget about him.

Soon after he moved back to Ukiah, Black heard that Cedric wanted to see him. The two men met for a drink. "I have no hard feelings," Cedric told him. "You were only doing a job."

"You know something, Cedric? I think I better get my ass into a different line of work."

They resumed their friendship.

In November, Black took a job as a construction worker and began using speed again. Heavy rains throughout northern California virtually shut down the construction industry that autumn, and Dan soon sank into a state of deep depression. He was an unhappy, confused man, and Mary Jo found him difficult to live with. In early December, she announced that her husband was about to be released from prison, and that she and little Elisha would return to Colorado in mid-January. Black realised that if she went to Colorado, there'd be nothing left in his life.

On December 20, Mary Jo and her daughter left Ukiah for a week-long visit with her parents, who lived in a San Francisco suburb.

The next day, behind a headful of crank, Dan Black walked into the Geyserville branch of the Bank of America. Beneath a zippered jacket, he carried the alleysweeper Charlie Harris had given him as a graduation present. He rolled a ski mask down to cover his face, whipped out the concealed, sawed-off shotgun and handed a startled teller a paper bag with instructions to fill it up with cash. He escaped with $282.

Afterwards, Dan drove around for two hours in an old Ford Falcon and then returned to Mary Jo's house. He sat there all night long snorting speed and thinking: *What have I done? I could have been shot. I must be crazy.*

Dan spent a lonely Christmas Eve by himself, and the next night picked up Elisha and Mary Jo at her mother's house. When they got back to Ukiah he told her about the stupid attempt at bank robbery.

"Why?" she kept asking. "Why did you do it?"

When he tried to tell her, he found that he didn't *know* why. He started crying, and so did Mary Jo. The only thing he knew was that he needed her; but he also knew that Mary Jo was right when she said it wasn't working out between them. When she recovered her composure, Mary Jo told him he'd have to move out after New Year's Eve. She didn't want him around any longer than that.

On the worst New Year's Eve of Dan Black's life, he and Mary Jo went to sleep at 9pm. The next morning he packed up the green Ford Falcon and drove aimlessly around for 12 hours. He slept in the car that night and in the morning he bought a bottle of tequila, two six-packs of beer and checked into a motel. He still had lots of crank left, and he meant to get totally wasted.

FIVE in the morning had come and gone hours ago, and Black considered checking out of the motel, but decided against it. Shortly before 10am he got into the car and drove to Mary Jo's house to see her for the last time. Mary Jo had said he could take her and Elisha to the bank and perhaps for a little shopping trip afterwards, but then that would be it. Black desperately hoped to charm her into getting back with him, but as soon as Mary Jo opened the door he could tell that wasn't going to happen. Mary Jo was cool and distant and remained that way the rest of the morning. At noon, he dropped her and Elisha off at home. He'd never see them again.

A half hour later, Black held up the Savings Bank of Mendocino County in Ukiah and got away with $6805. He didn't get a chance to count it. He drove from the bank to a bar only four kilometres away, where he ordered a drink and played one rack of eight-ball. Then he made a telephone call to Mary Jo. While he was dialling, Black heard the whine of police sirens.

Mary Jo was crying when she answered the phone.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Oh Dan, I've got the goddamn CB scanner on, and they just reported the bank robbery. You did it, I just know you *did* it."

"Yeah, I did," he said calmly.

"They're gonna arrest you this time. They're gonna send you to *jail,*" she sobbed.

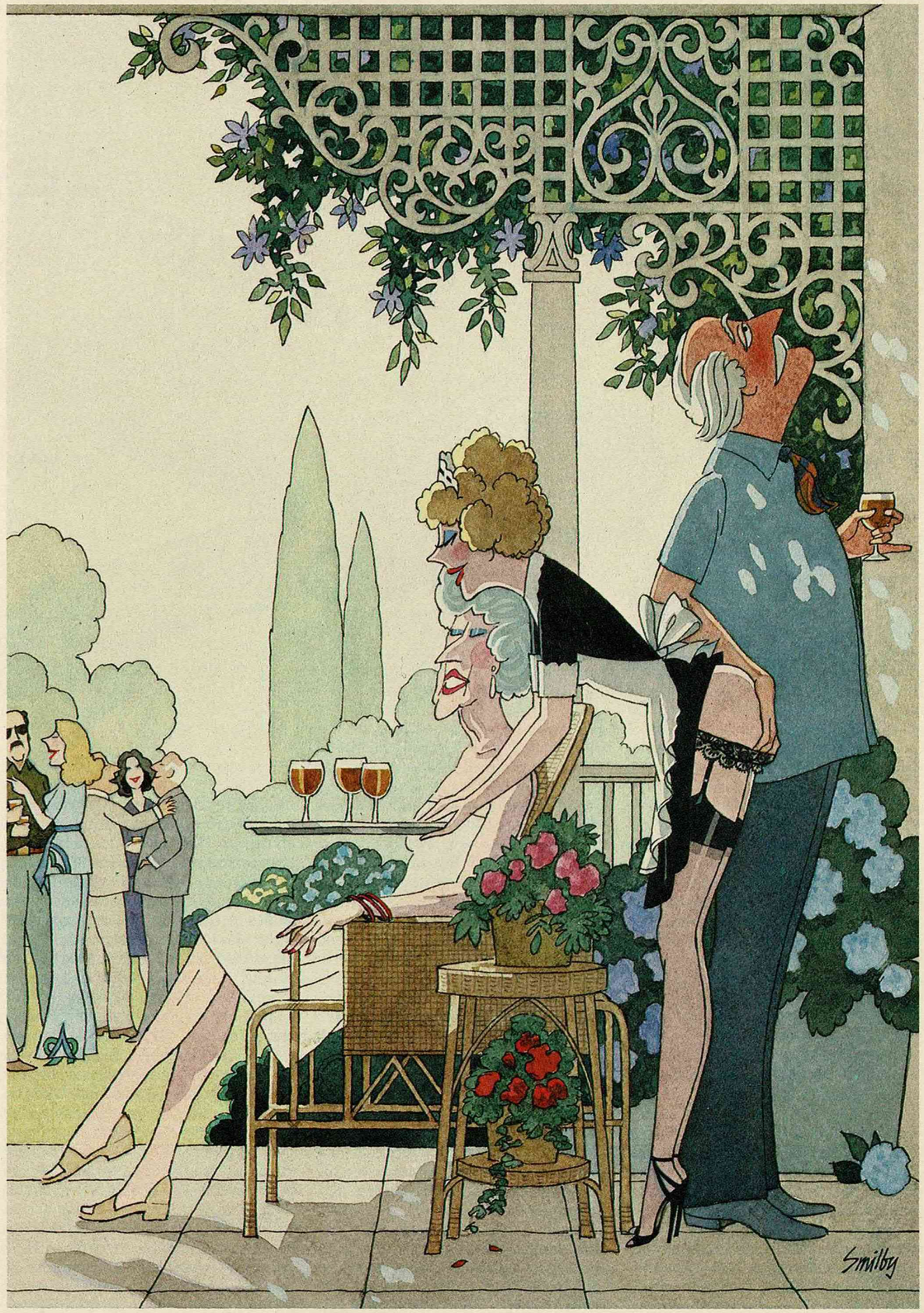
Just then Lt Rick Iverson, a cop Black liked, walked into the bar and tapped him on the shoulder. Black looked at him and nodded.

"They're here now," he told Mary Jo. "Goodbye, baby."

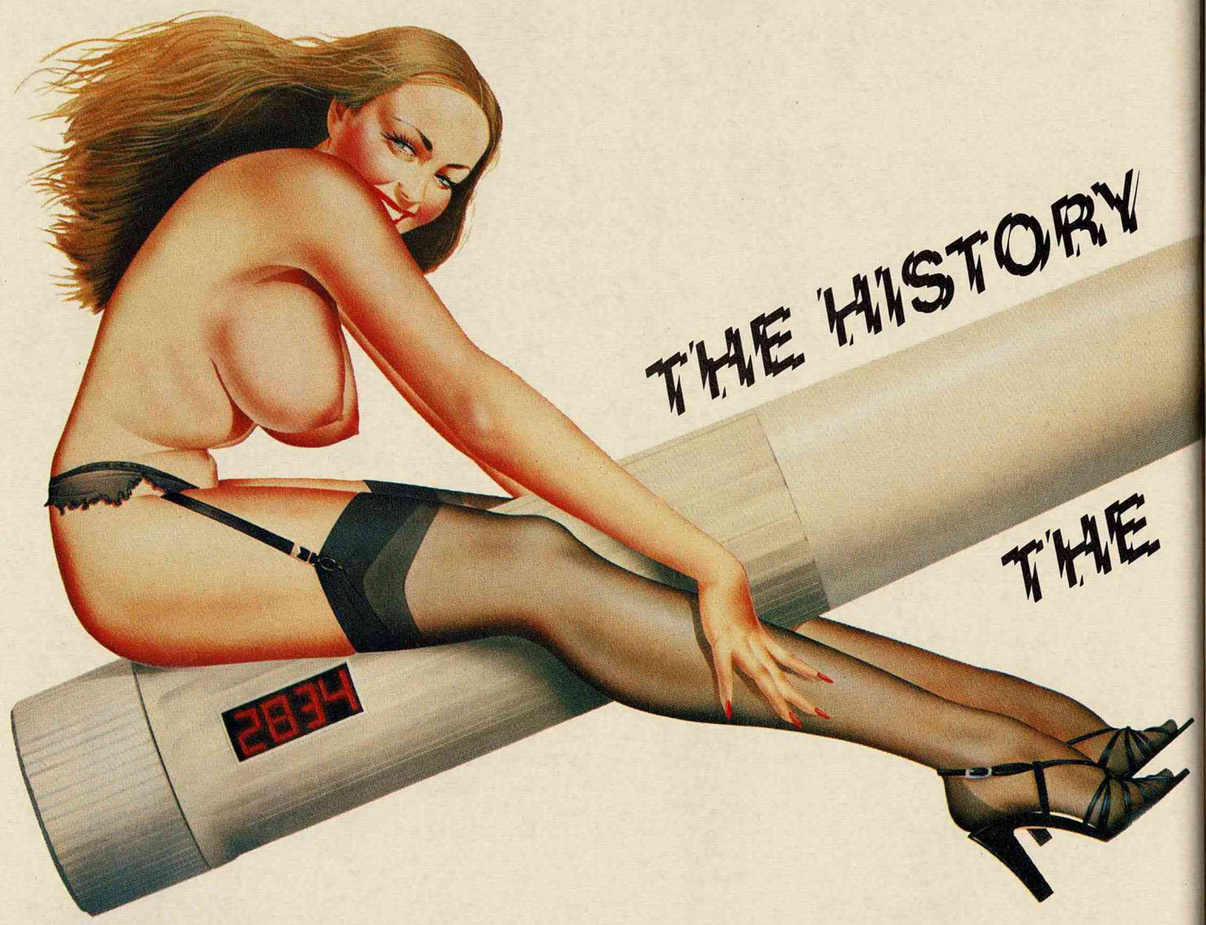
After the trial, Dan Black's public defender said he'd never seen a man so intent on being punished. Convicted of two counts of armed robbery, he was sentenced to four years in Soledad Prison. In 1978, while he was still serving his sentence, he and Claudia were divorced. In 1979, Mary Jo Pederson died of a drug overdose.

With time off for good behavior, Black was released, on December 11 of last year.

In recent months, he has been looking for a ranch to manage. There is also a chance that he will be offered a job teaching a course at the FBI Academy in Quantico, Virginia. Proposed subject: the dangers of being an undercover narcotics agent.



"And remember, Suzette, watch out for my brother-in-law — you know what he's like."



THE HISTORY OF THE VIBRATOR

and all the time you thought this small appliance was just the widow's mite

humor by randy cohen

AS WE NEARED the shop where she wanted to buy her first vibrator, her scepticism returned.

"Why do you need a machine to do something you can do perfectly well by hand?" she demanded.

"With that attitude, we wouldn't have the food processor," I replied.

"You know I *don't* have a food processor," she said. "I've got a good, sharp knife."

"And it takes you 45 minutes to make a salad."

"But what a great salad!"

"Would you rather we went to a grocery store?" I asked.

"No, no," she insisted, "I want to do this."

We wandered around inside our neighborhood sex shop and examined objects whose functions were totally obscure to us. It was unclear which — if any — parts of the body would welcome the attentions of these various devices. When my friend Tomoko moved from Tokyo, she spoke very little English. She remembers going to her first Western supermarket, picking up a box of Weet-Bix, and wondering: "How long do you boil these things?" I felt a lot like that as we wandered around this shop. Just the vibrator counter itself presented us with a bewildering assortment of appliances, each of which would, presumably, quiver on demand, sending waves of bliss through the body.

It was hard to believe. It looked like the display rack at an auto parts supply house.

Sensing our confusion, a sales person came to volunteer counsel. When we confessed to total ignorance of all matters vibrational, he kindly offered to relate *The History Of The Vibrator,* from its inception to the present — a saga of inspiration, innovation and erotica. We were delighted. It's much easier to be a smart shopper if you can place each purchase in an historical context. At least it is with cheese.

DURING THE Pleistocene Epoch, a proto-human female was crouched upon a massive boulder when an earthquake struck. The trembling of the Earth was transmitted through her rocky perch, along her legs, and into her innards, resulting in the first orgasm, or at least the first to leave fossil remains. Naturally, she was delighted. Rather than wait round for another earthquake, this resourceful creature hit upon the idea of having a friend club the rock while she sat upon it. The rhythmic clubbing sent shock waves through the boulder and hence right through our prehistoric sexual experimenter, achieving the desired results. The club and the rock are regarded as the first vibrator. It was, as you might imagine, a big, crude, clumsy device, but so were the people of that age. Refinements came later.

As civilisation developed in the fertile crescent — the land between the Tigris and Euphrates rivers — the vibrator developed with it. Trade between tribes of the region spread vibrator lore to the Babylonians, to the Assyrians, and to the Phoenicians. Archaeologists now believe that the Sumerians employed a mobile vibrator powered by the wheels of their speedy chariots. This is considered to be the first form of transportation entertainment, the progenitor of today's car radio.

A few hundred miles to the west and a few hundred years later, usage of vibrators thrived in ancient Egypt. The women belonging to the court of the pharaohs possessed vibrators powered by the labor of thousands of Hebrew slaves. For that reason, they were reluctant to heed the plea of Moses to "Let my people go." It was shortly after the time of Moses that the Egyptians made great advances in the domestication of animals. Before then, they weren't motivated.

During the 9th century, the Chinese developed *ben wa* balls, a pair of metal spheres the size of large marbles that a woman would slip into her vagina. As she walked, these balls rattled against each other, sending tremors throughout her pelvic cavity. "This advance came during the Wang Dynasty," the shop assistant advised. That was a sex shop joke designed to lighten up the mood. It didn't. The contemporary counterpart of *ben wa* balls is the vibrating egg, a soft plastic device, and it too is worn internally. A thin flexible wire runs to the battery pack and on/off switch the user clips to her belt. "At this very moment in office buildings all over the city," our friendly guide reported, "thousands of happy secretaries are switching on and having surreptitious orgasms at their desks. Some don't even stop typing." This is what they mean by an office romance.

It was in Renaissance Europe that the Dutch, those skilled designers of windmills, dikes, sailing ships and tulips, perfected the wind-powered vibrator. It had it all over the previous system, which had required two donkeys and a treadmill. However, the world was waiting for a method that wasn't dependent on the vagaries of the weather.

With the Industrial Revolution, the waiting ended. In 1771, in Glasgow, Scotland, James Watt produced the first steam powered vibrator, the forerunner of all modern sexual devices except the leather ones. Watt's tiny machine offered reliable, dependable service. Even if a town was becalmed for days, Watt's device continued to function. Of course, it required plenty of coal, and you had to stoke those fires to get up a good head of steam, but in those days, stoking was considered foreplay.

Meanwhile in America, the pioneers were moving west. As the settlements of the new nation advanced toward the setting Sun, Janey Vibraseed went with them, bringing multiple orgasms to the frontier. Unlike James Watt's sophisticated European device with its need for fuel and fine-tuning, Janey's tool was a simple and honest American machine that delivered a simple and honest American climax. Resembling a small butter churn, it was ideal for the rugged conditions under which it was used. Today, this Shaker Vibrator is prized by collectors of Americana who looked upon it as the vibrator that won the West. Incidentally, there is no truth in the legend that Martha Washington had a wooden one.

By the 1880s, Thomas Edison had established his laboratory in Menlo Park, New Jersey, where he produced the world's first electric vibrator as an anniversary present for Mrs Edison. As the 20th century began, the pace of innovation picked up. Alexander Graham Bell quickly produced his long distance vibrator and his pay vibrator; the Wright brothers created one that was so effective, you felt as though you were flying. Henry Ford then introduced the idea of mass production. He built vibrators for the millions, among them the popular Model-O with its moody hand-crank starter. "You can have any color you want," Ford used to say, "as long as it's black."

Suddenly — war! While the men went off to fight World War Two, America's women contributed on the home front. After a long day at the farm or assembly line, they'd entertain themselves with vibrators rather like the ones we know today, with only the Andrews Sisters on the radio, and no TV — not even a talk show.

Even before the war had ended, the cold war was beginning. As the fighting wound down, teams of American agents were dispatched to occupied Europe to bring out the best of the German vibrator scientists to keep them from falling into Soviet hands. Mission accomplished, the ever intrepid agents returned with documents, experimental equipment, and the cream of the German researchers, including the noted Dr Werner von Pelt, head of the entire Vibrational Study Group. Although the Russians were to become the first nation to have sex in orbit, it was to be America, with the help of her ex-Germans, that would be the first to achieve a soft landing on the moon.

In the late 1940s, as a part of the Atoms for Peace program, a major effort was begun to create a nuclear vibrator. However, what with the increasing availability of cheap and plentiful supplies of petroleum, the project was abandoned. Today, there is little enthusiasm for atomic sex. We are all aware of the risk of pelvic meltdown, the fatal after-glow, and the addicting tendency to want more sex only an hour later — the China Syndrome. Today, the major research effort is being concentrated upon the solar vibrator, the geothermal vibrator and sin-fuels.

The past 30 years have brought us peace, prosperity and progress. Who can forget the 1952 Olympic Games in Helsinki where Dorothy Palmer, the British star, became the first woman to shatter the four minute orgasm barrier? And who would have guessed that a scant four years later at the Melbourne Games that little 18 year old Lisa Parker, the American beauty, would achieve orgasm in less than two minutes? Now that the 60 second orgasm is an easy routine for millions of vibrator users, these may seem trivial accomplishments, but at the time they thrilled the world.

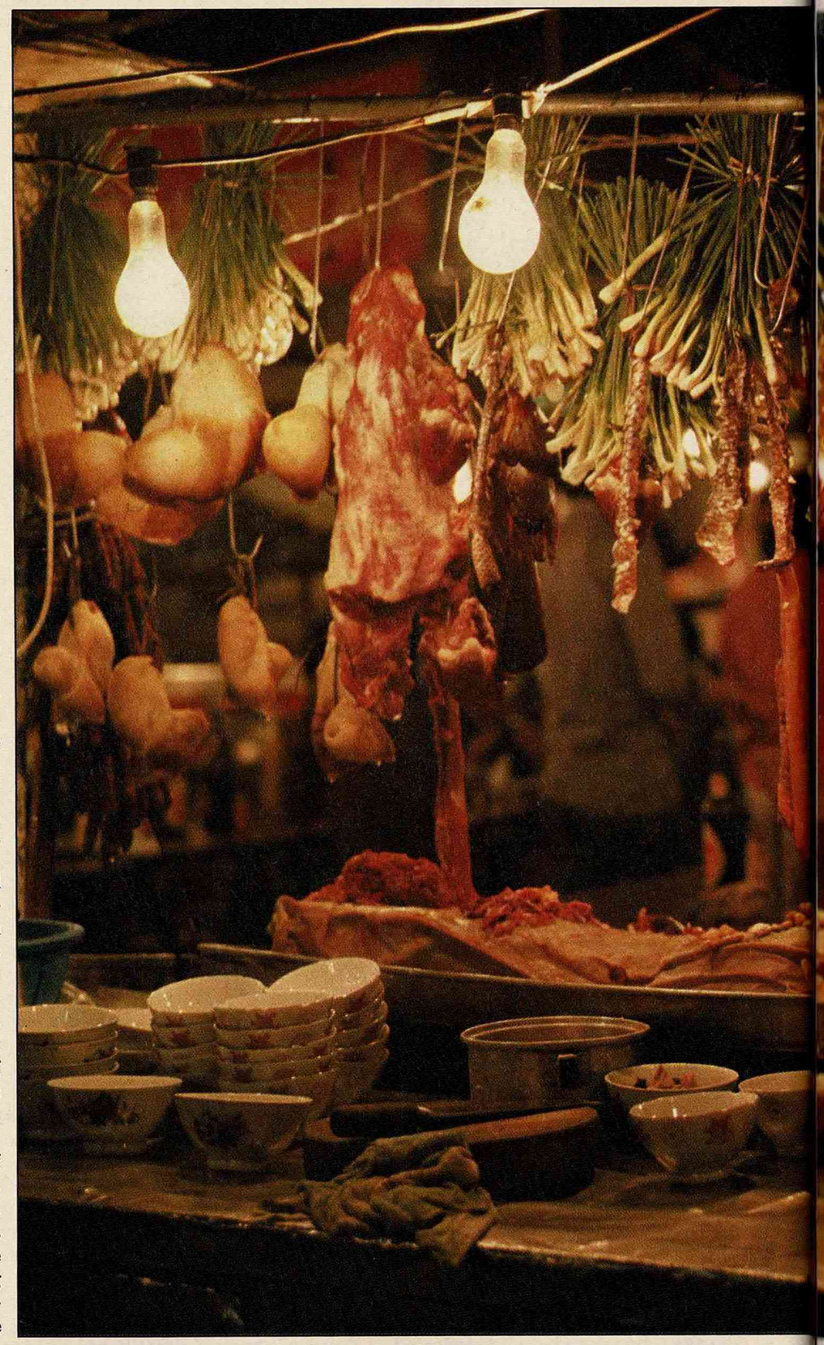
HIS TALE COMPLETED, our historian threw in the clincher. "All of our vibrators come with a 30-day orgasm guarantee," he said. "If for any reason you are unsatisfied, return it for a full refund."

Who could resist? My friend and I consulted, and she narrowed it down to two models: the Osteriser and the Orgasmatron. Finally, she bought the Osteriser; it was on sale.

Illustration by Dennis Magdich

A SINFUL (AND FATTENING) GUIDE TO ASIA

travel by Geoff Pike



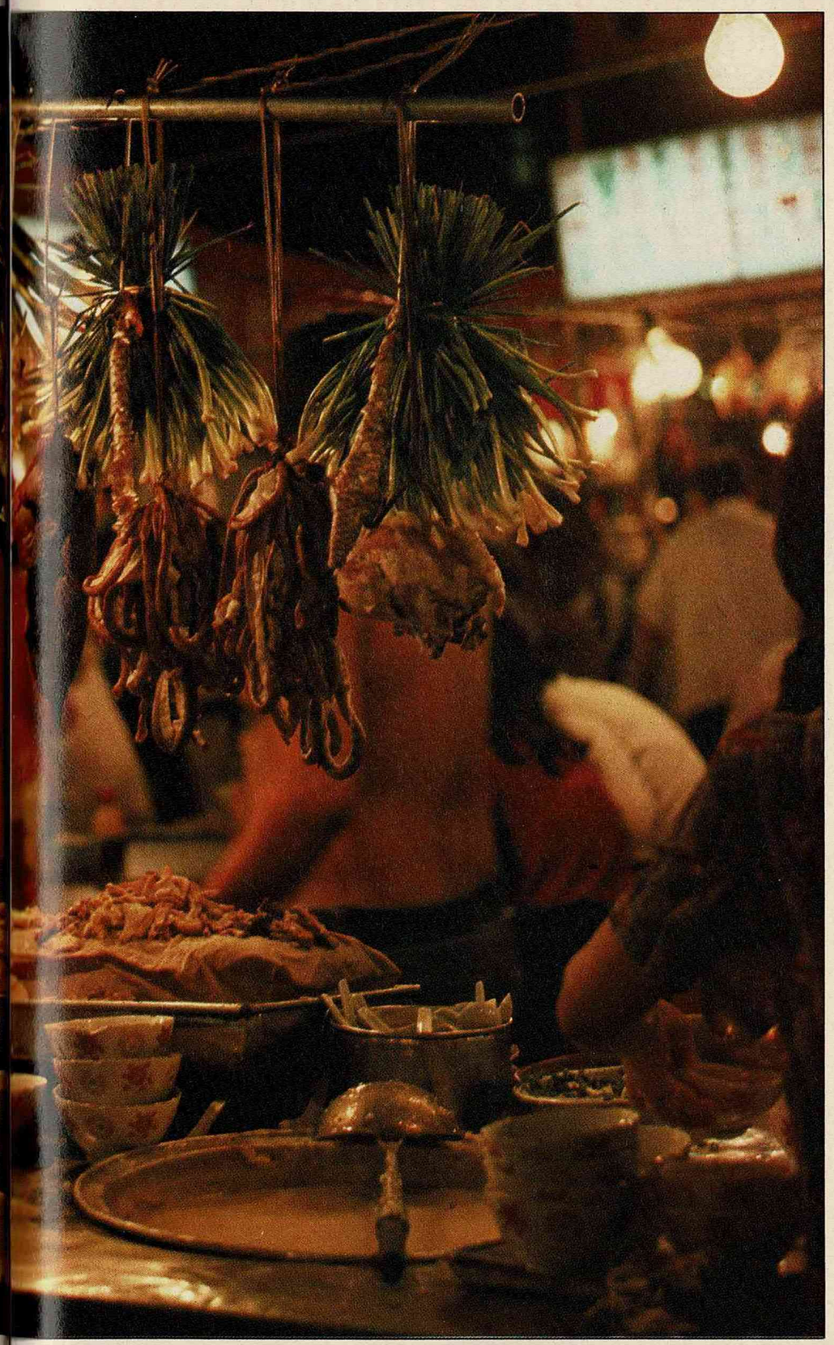
HONG KONG has long been an island of concrete. There was never much room to spread out and the only way to go was up. But the past decade has seen more development on the Fragrant Harbor than any in its history.

Yes, the name Hong Kong means "Hueng" — fragrant or sweet smelling, and "Gong" — harbor. The foreign devil wasn't able to pronounce Hueng Gong properly, so he settled for Hong Kong. It was so called because the breezes that once combed its flowering slopes were heavy with the scent of wild mimosa and jonquil.

Hong Kong today is undoubtedly one of the most stimulating cities on the face of the earth. That it even exists at all is fantastic. It has been called the zillion dollar pimple on Mother China's arse. It is the most concentrated stronghold of capitalism on earth, "churning out goods for the consumers of the world on a 24-hour assembly line within a cooee of the commos" was the way one Aussie toymaker put it. And, always visible from that seat of colonial comfort, the Peak, across the frantic harbor and the jungle of Kowloon side, are the mountain ramparts of Red China — from where, the old China hands say knowingly over their Pearl River beer, the communists will one day swarm like lemmings.

Until they do, Hong Kong will always be the most vibrant, controversial and scintillating stopover on the Asia run, with 2,054,739 tourists tramping through it last year and nearly 15,000 hotel beds to fill each night. Finding what's left of its past isn't as hard as it might appear when first confronted by this confusion of cement and steel, where hydrofoils skate and helicopters hover, giving it the look of some science fiction city.

First you must get off the island. If you can't, an interesting way to start the day is at dawn in Victoria Park. Sit on a bench and watch the locals going through their ancient exercise routines or walking their caged song birds. Take tea with them in the traditional yum cha shops down by the



Central Markets. Take your choice of a hundred different herbal teas, all of them fragrant and refreshing.

If you do have a whole day to yourself, there are three directions you can take. Cross the harbor and battle your way through the tangle of Kowloon and the ordered streets of Kowloon Tong, out past the rural districts of Shatin, Taipo and Fanling toward the border. There among the duck farms and walled Hakka villages you will get a whiff of the willow plate china you may have read about.

Another even more spectacular way to recapture the past is to take the early morning ferry from Central (6.30am or earlier) to the outlying districts of Peng Chau, Cheung Chau, Lantao and Lamma. These are the offshore islands of Hong Kong which are for the most part as picturesque as they were when first settled. You will probably share the ferry with Hakka farm women and Tanka fishermen, all returning from the markets with pigs, chickens, ducks and an abundance of salt fish. There'll be an old woman doling out hot sweet tea on the lower deck with egg sandwich or sugar filled buns, all for a few cents. The various smells that mingle on that lower deck, always with the pungent scent of joss, are better than that rarefied air in the Hilton Coffee shop.

Stay aboard ship until Lantao, the largest of the islands and the highest peak in the whole Colony. Disembark at Silvermine Bay and catch what's left of the daily village fish market. Take breakfast of rice conjee, fresh boiled shrimp and green tea at any of the bayside eating places.

When you've eaten well, you can amble on up to the old Trappist Monastery and buy a hand-painted plate, homemade butter or cheese, and drink a pint of rich milk. On the summit of Lantao there is the famous and very ancient Buddhist temple of Po Lin . . . the Temple of the Precious Lotus. Buddhist monks come from all over Asia to worship at the towering golden Gods under its dragon guarded roof. You can walk there in half a day and arrive for a vegetarian lunch, or if you don't need the exercise, there's a

small bus from the ferry terminal. One other good alternative to a day in the islands is the boat to Macau. Or if you find yourself bound by limited time, and can't go that far, take a tram though the heart of things down to Shaukiwan. There you can board the working man's ferry to get to Lye-mun, a tiny island in the middle of the busiest part of the harbor. It offers seafood at local prices. You can buy it fresh and alive from the vendors, and then take it to the restaurant of your choice, to have it cooked the way you want it.

Hong Kong, one of the most stimulating cities on the face of the earth, is pictured here and on the previous pages in all of its colorful (and somewhat bizarre) glory.

OFF-BEAT HONG KONG

Best old hotels: The Peninsula and **The Repulse Bay.** Both are very well known and *very* expensive, but too important to ignore. If you can't stay at either one of them, at least have drinks in the Peninsula lobby and make it out to Repulse Bay for lunch on the terrace.

Good small hotels: Sunning House, 10-14 Hysan Avenue, Hong Kong. (Opposite the Lee Gardens Hotel) A comfortable, old style place with service the way it used to be and home cooking. The small bar is still a hideaway for some old China hands. If you want a little peace and quiet, you won't find it in any hotel on Hong Kong Island. But if you don't mind a ferry trip to do your hi-fi and camera shopping, there's always **Cheung Shea** on Lantao, offering bungalow-style accommodation, where the nights are quiet, the morning air fit to eat and the seafood is sensational.

Good small restaurants: The 369 in Wellington Road (the street running behind the King's Theatre). Marvellous Shanghai style food and no tourists. A great place to eat if you can stand the racket of mahjong tiles. Or, if you feel like you want the more bland Cantonese cuisine, the restaurant right next door is hard to beat.

Lee Gardens Hotel for excellent Dim Sim (take your choice of every known Chinese "small chow", edible titbits) served by young girls who rapidly move among the customers with trays around their necks. They also bawl out the name of their wares constantly, so don't go if you want to talk.

Mayson Garden is another great Dim Sim eatery, on the corner of Wing Hing Street, Causeway Bay. The Chinese can take anything, even a sea slug, and make something sensational out of it. They didn't stop when it came to snakes. Snake eating is very much a case of "Don't knock it till you've tried it". In order to do so, get yourself over to eat at the **Fung Lum Restaurant**, Leighton Road, Happy Valley. Another thing they're exceptionally clever with in Hong Kong is pigeon. There's a little place called the **Lung Wah**, opposite the new race track at Shatin, where you eat outside under a vine-covered pagoda.

The Siam Birdsnest, nestled in the clutter of Causeway Bay, serves the very best in spicy Szechuan food with tiny bowls of bitter Swatow tea to take the edge off it.

Good small bars: A trip down Hennessy or Lockhart Roads, Wanchai, will show you one of the most congested bar areas in the world. No doubt many are now closed or turned into noodle shops and rice stores until another war opens them up again. But there'll still be such institutions as the **Seven Seas**, the **Mikado**, the **Crazy Horse** and the **Happy Butterfly**, all flying their neon kites at night. If you decide upon a Wanchai evening, try to go with an expatriate local, or be certain to say you're waiting for a friend if asked to buy a "lucky drink" by some smiling hostess. If you don't, it could cost you around 50 Hong Kong dollars for a coke or a glass of cold tea and she may not tell you she's had another and another . . . until you leave. To get away from all that, there's always the **Bull and Bear** in Hutchinson House, **The Jockey** in **Swire House** or the **Dicken's Bar** at the **Excelsior Hotel**, all faithful replicas of famous London pubs. Talk about bastion of the Empire!

Best value: There probably isn't anywhere on earth with more to choose from when it comes to shopping than Hong Kong. But just for the sheer enjoyment of the search with the real chance of some remarkable bargain, a souvenir you'll keep for the rest of your life, the stalls and shops of Hollywood Road and Cat Street have few equals. It's not so much shopping; it's a complete experience, as is the Canton Road Jade Market.

Best fleshpots: There is no red light district in Hong Kong. At least that is what the government wallahs would have us believe. The fact that there

are some 5000 bars in Wanchai and Kowloon, all of which sport wall-to-wall bar girls, ready and willing to earn a little extra mahjong money, seems to have escaped official notice through the decades. Where do the lonely, the adventurous, the inquisitive or the just plain randy go? It's difficult and unwise to speculate. Like all British protectorates, both past and present, there is a liberal dollop of hypocrisy dished out with the daily do's and don'ts. But it is not this that makes Hong Kong the least desirable of stopovers for most unaccompanied males. It's actually the ladies themselves. Sure, they're willing enough to be friendly at a price, but only because it beats working 15 hours a day in some sweat shop for a mere fraction of the reward. When it comes right down to it, nine times out of 10 the Chinese female isn't keen on the pasty-faced, round-eyed foreign devils. So, you pays your money and takes your pick with the best of British luck.

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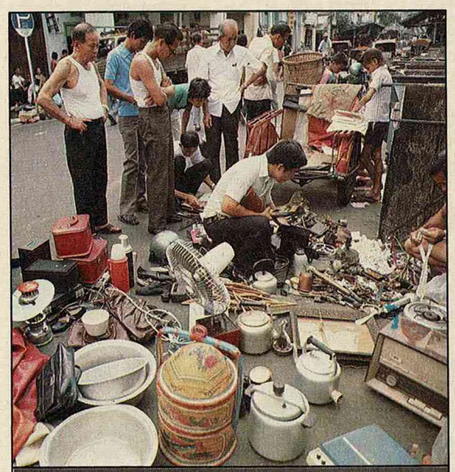
When it comes to Singapore, things aren't quite so simple. The Lion Island has been affected by change probably more than any other place. The iron hand of Lee Kwan Yew can be seen and felt under every bridge and in every back alley. The city streets are spotless (there's an on-the-spot fine for littering) and those old buildings still standing are kept spruced up and painted, or else. It works. A society that has always been violently divided among Chinese, Indian and Malay, with all their different creeds and customs, lives and works under one name — *Singaporean.* It may not be as colorful as the Pongo of old, but it has a hard-nosed "let's get on with it" character all its own. A little behind Hong Kong in the tourist stakes, with an estimated annual two million visitors and about 13,000 beds, it is a monument to change.

Food in Singapore is marvellous no matter where you go, but the tourist boom has tended to commercialise even traditional eating places like the Car Park, that well-known, well-worn area which was a car park by day and a blaze of pressure lamps by night. Popular foods of all the Orient were served up from the many makan carts and makeshift kitchens . . . the ghee, the noodles and the rice; saté, curry and steamboat. Now it's no longer a place for locals, and the stuff dished up for the visiting foreigners with pockets to empty isn't quite the same.

A taxi along East Coast Road to Palm Beach will give you the best chilli crab in Singapore, eaten at an outdoor table complete with moon, a glittering sea and rustling palms. For a great variety of really fresh caught seafood, any one of the little roadside joints on the way . . . or if you don't want to travel that far, tell the driver to go to Seaview, almost as good as Palm Beach, but easier to get to.



The Thieves Market in Singapore is a labyrinth of bargains — and one could be your own watch.

OFF-BEAT SINGAPORE:

Best old hotels: There is no other hotel quite like the **Raffles.** Thank God they've left it alone. In spite of spasmodic face-lifts, the grandma of all Asian hotels still sits, her ruffles in place, cameo bright and button boots intact, among the great welcoming fronds of her traveller's palms. Sir Thomas Stamford Bingley Raffles, Lieutenant Governor of Java, Chief Administrator of the old East India Company, can rest in peace for yet awhile, because a suite at the Raffles is the best of all hotel value for the adventurer. There's a distinct trace of the old retainer in the service and the ghosts of British planters, Japanese generals and the vagabond Mr S. Maugham stand around in her high, wide corridors. At least have a drink in the bar and dinner in the garden. Most of Singapore's old hotels have gone under. But the **Goodwood Park** is there, as stately and serene as ever. And there's always the old **East Asia** in Bencoolan Road, off Bas Basah.

Best small restaurants: Food is one of Singapore's living attractions that will never fade away. The multi-cultured society that this melting pot has brought about still cling to the traditional dishes. It is possible to eat the best of Chinese, Malay and Indian food from restaurants, street carts and roadside cafes.

Perhaps not grand, but with a style all its own, is **Fatties** in Albert Street, or the little **Tangle Inn**, hidden back a step or two on Tanglin Road, off Orchard Road. For good English fare, there's always **Foster's**, or if the evening cries out for balmy candle-lit tables in the open air and sensational saté, find your way under Kipling's gateway to the popular but pleasant **Batik Inn.** A few kilometres out of town on Clementi, off Bhukit Timah, you'll find the **Union Farm Eating House,** where you eat the best paper chicken and fried noodles in the world.

Best value: As with most shopping Meccas in Asia, many of the unique and unusual products of Singapore can probably be bought as cheaply and more easily back in your own home town.

It is this possibility that makes the local "thieves" market your best bet when souvenir hunting. Every Asian city has one, and any taxi driver will be happy to take you to the one in Singapore. Partly because his meter goes berserk among the crowded back alleys where carts and Arab con-men

get in the way, and partly because he's on a commission, he'll offer to be your guide. Don't accept his kind offer, you'll do better on your own.

Singapore's Thieves Market is a labyrinth of ramshackle stalls under some hastily spread canvas, flogging everything from recently removed car engines and matching hubcaps to exquisite gemstones and antique gold jewellery. I use the word "flogging" intentionally because the other 50 thousand items between the stripped cars and odd-earrings are offered to the public with an enthusiasm that would bring a blush of shame to many a Cockney cheek down Portobello Road or Petticoat Lane.

It is advisable to remove watch, wallet and other valuables before someone does it for you and offers them back at a price on your way out. But for a half a day's shopping you won't forget in a hurry, don't go past Thieves Market, for you might even come away with something no one else ever sees.

Best fleshpots: For a place that once rivalled the Algerian Casbah and Shanghai's Street of a Thousand Names, Singapore is somewhat of a letdown when it comes down to finding palaces of pleasure and dens of iniquity and other sinful treasure troves.

If you are hoping to meet some sensuous, sloe-eyed siren, so that you can take her away from all that, you'd probably do better at your local disco. There are no more rejects from the white slave caravans, no more sultry runaways from sultanate harems. In fact, illicit sex of any variety is encouraged with approximately the same degree of tolerance as long hair and rock 'n' roll.

Perhaps the best thing to do is to drop in for a drink at the Equatorial, the Century Park Sheraton, the Hyatt or the Mandarin, and listen to the music. You never know, do you!

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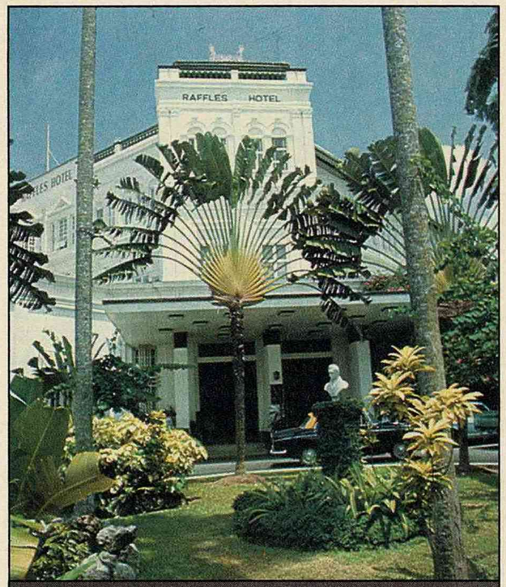
Manila — that busy chunk of Latin America set in the China Sea — was, less than 10 years ago, a place to be avoided. Travellers spoke bravely of having spent an anxious hour in the airport transit lounge on their way to somewhere civilised. Yes, it was a violent city in a troubled country, although perhaps passionate is a better word.



The ghosts of the British raj and the famous Somerset Maugham lurk around the hallways and gardens of the most famous of Asian hotels, the Raffles in Singapore.

Today, it is one of the most popular and enjoyable stops on the Asian circuit — 843,005 tourists visited Manila last year. A masterpiece of instant Asia. Roxas Boulevarde, once known as a notorious strip where nightly shoot-outs in the casinos were part of the evening's entertainment, is now the home of sumptuous hotels and restaurants.

Try taking a calesa ride across Jones Bridge into China Town. A calesa is a horse-drawn Spanish buggy and the old walled city is filled with them. It'll take you along the Escolta and the riotous waterfront of the Pasig River, through the muddle of Ongpin Road that is Manila at its most colorful.

If you have a couple of days to spare, take a cabin on the *MV Cebu City,* and cruise down to old Cebu to spend a night in the Magellan. Or maybe try a weekend at Davau, a delightful and exotic spot with several good hotels, an abundance of tropical charm and beauty. Pearls can be bought on Aguinaldo's Pearl Farm on Samal Island, a mere 25 minutes by motorised barca from the hotel.

Or if you're in the mood to rough it a little, there's a Fokker Friendship which leaves from Manila's Domestic Airport every morning for the island of Marindugie. In half an hour, it'll have you in the back of an old army jeep, scattering pigs and chickens on the way to the old town of Boac right on the bay that was once a port for galleons.

You can walk among cathedral ruins that few strangers ever see, or drink beer, eat salted eggs and pickled pig's ear with the mayor in some cool little bar off the hot dusty street. At night, when the scent of sambagita fills the air and Spanish guitars can be heard through the open front doors, you can push off in an outrigger to spear squid in the shallows by the light of a pressure lamp.

OFF-BEAT MANILA

Best old hotel: The **Manila Hotel,** the city's oldest and best-built, is on the edge of the bay and has been recently renovated in the style of Hong Kong's Peninsula. The architects had the good sense to leave the old facade intact. The interior is a marvel of marble work, Filipino hardwood and a treasury of antiques. If you don't end up staying there, at least have breakfast on the patio, early, before the sun gets up, and watch the outrigger fishing barcas headed out to land their night's catch.

Good small hotels: Try the **Luneta.** Ask for a room facing the park. It's a great view to wake up to and walking

distance from the Magellan Massage and Sauna. The **Admiral** is an early original, a little updated in recent years but still loaded with character. Once the favorite haunt of latter-day pirates because of its central position on the bay, where ships sit like ducks, misty in the heat haze. In pre-martial law days, one of them, carrying a deck cargo of heavy earth-moving equipment, disappeared overnight. The planning for this theft was probably done from the Admiral's bar.

Good small restaurants: Manila is full of them but here are some the Tourist Advice Centre may not mention.

The Bahay Vigan (House of Vigan). Famous for its seafood chowder (a sort of Filipino bouillabaisse) and its caldareta (spiced goatmeat). 30-50 P. Borgas St at Mercedes in Makati.

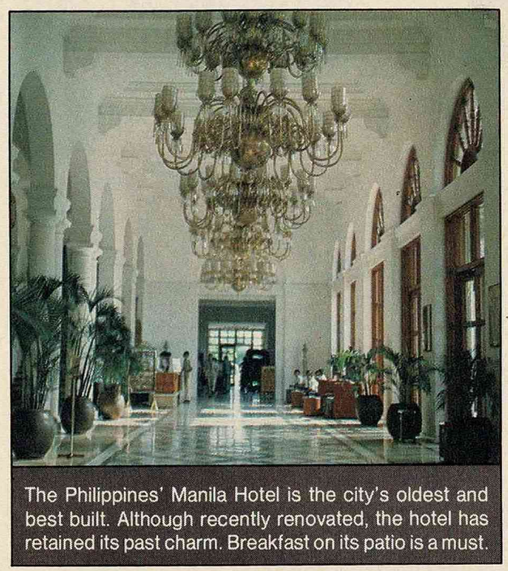
The Mariposa De Vida, 470 PM Kalaw Street, Rizal Park, specialises in aphrodisiacal recipes and hangover cures such as turtle, monkey, iguana and shark. If you care to ignore the menu and don't ask too many dumb questions, you're in for a taste trip never to be repeated. (Incidentally, bile of sea-snake makes the morning after a thing of the past in around eight seconds flat.) There's also the **Zamboanga,** down in Ermita. Try the Turo Turo (a Filipino smorgasbord).

If the evening calls for something a little grander, dinner at **La Table Du Baron** (Holiday Inn, Roxas Boulevard), with its very famous string orchestra, is highly recommended. Especially if you are fond of excellent beef and superb souffles. If Joe Tan is still the Maitre d', mention PLAYBOY and he's likely to turn on a flaming sword special that'll light up your life.

For that touch of old Spain, and elegant cuisine that's worth every centavo of its not inconsiderable cost, there's always the **Madrid,** located on Highway Fifty-Four. It's like eating with Spanish royalty.

Good small bars: There are hundreds of bars in the Ermita district, all of them air-conditioned, many with live music and offering varying doses of Filipina hospitality.

Guernica's on A. Mabini has long held the reputation of the place to go when everything else is closed. It comes alive around midnight, and you can sing yourself hoarse to the best Spanish trio in town until curfew. The piano player is Manila's answer to Hoagie Carmichael — this guy's been tinkling the same ivories for about 20 years, and there's a round of San Miguel on the house if he can't play the song of your choice. On the same street, there's **El Bodegon,** where the bar-room jazz sessions are legendary. Another is **Ambos Mundos,** 1158 Harrison Boulevard. If you feel homesick, there's always the **Kangaroo Club** for a cold Fosters, or a game of darts at **Andy Capp's.** Any cab driver knows them.



The Philippines' Manila Hotel is the city's oldest and best built. Although recently renovated, the hotel has retained its past charm. Breakfast on its patio is a must.

Local delicacies: We travel for difference, for change, a break from the ordinary, the routine, and food exemplifies all of this. Is there any greater acceptance of a place, any deeper involvement, than to put its essence in your mouth and swallow? Filipino food doesn't compare to any other Oriental cuisine. It's basically Spanish, with innumerable provincial variations tossed in. Pork or chicken (and if you're lucky, beef) adobos are always safe and savory ground; so are the excellent paellas. For the questing palate, here are some local devils to sneak away with: *Bangus* — milkfish stuffed with rice and raisins; *Lechon* — roast honey-cured suckling pig; *Lapu Lapu* — a great local fish (named after the Cebuano chieftain who cut down Magellan). To go with your cold San Miguel, there's *crispy Dillis* — tiny minnows deep fried in light batter and dipped in chilli vinegar. And for the really game, there is, on every street corner, a *Balute* vendor — that exclusive *pièce de résistance* of Filipino folk food, the embroyo duck egg.

Best fleshpots: The beauty, charm and grace of the Filipina is well-known. So is their passion and fiery loyalty toward their menfolk. How true it is then that Manila ranks with Bangkok as one of Asia's most exotic and enthusiastic sex centres. Like anywhere else, there are three distinct feminine camps: those that do, those that don't, and those that might. Finding out is every man's private territory but a couple of places to jump the fence could be the **Fisher Club** and **The Flame** on Roxas Boulevard, or if you're ready for the big time, **Marharlika** out in Quezon City.

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Because so many tourists visit these three cities each year, without the computer pre-planning every holiday hour, there would be chaos unheard of since the hordes of Genghis Khan. But for you who still like your explorations dished up without too many of the trimmings, who like to leave the crowds and nip down some back alley that isn't charted on the glossy brochure, who want to take an unscheduled hour or two to taste the food and sniff the air and find out where you really are and what it's really all about — the offbeat Orient is still there for discovering.

HULLABALULU

rock has no role when lulu cuts loose

PHOTOGRAPHY BY COLIN STEAD

Having your very own theme song can be quite a blast, says the beautiful Lulu, who hails from Sydney, but it can also sometimes be quite hard to live up to. "My friends play the old Gene Vincent hit, Be-Bop-A-Lula when I come around."

"And," says Lulu, "people do expect me to be some kind of rocking and rolling sex bomb." In reality, says luscious Lulu, she is the shy, retiring type. "Besides," she adds, "I'm particular who I retire with. But then I cut loose!"

GOOD ROCKIN' TONIGHT

brother bubba really did sound like elvis. and now that the king was dead, bubba had a chance at the crown

by William Hauptman

THE year Elvis died was a strange year, and I remember it not only because of what happened to my brother, Bubba, but because that was the year we had our first transsexual here in north Texas. Bobby Joe Pitts, who worked for Builders' Supply, told the wife and kids he still loved them, but he couldn't stand it any longer: he'd always felt like a woman in a man's body and wanted to go to Houston for a sex-change operation.

He'd been saving money for years in a secret account and was all ready to go through with it. But the doctor in Houston was cautious. He told Bobby Joe he should try wearing women's clothes for six months before the operation, since there would be no going back. So Bobby Joe came to our church, First Methodist, looking something like Mary Tyler Moore. His family took it hard. The preacher suggested, after the services, that he go to the Unitarian Church instead, where they took homosexuals and drug addicts. Bobby Joe stormed out, saying we were all hypocrites and had no spirit of Christian love.

The first nice day rolled around, he was out at Skyline Country Club, just like every other year, for his 18 holes of Saturday-morning golf. Harley Otis told me when I walked into the locker room. Said Bobby Joe expected to play in the club tournament, but against the women. Harley was disgusted. "I guess it had to happen here," he said, snorting and throwing his shoes all the way across the room, where they hit the big picture of Arnold Palmer on the locker-room wall.

I felt sorry for Bobby Joe and went out to where he was teeing off alone. He said he was no different from that doctor who became a lady tennis pro. "They're just threatened," he said primly. About that time, Harley drove past in his electric cart and shouted out, asking Bobby Joe if he was for

Illustration by Don Vanderbeek

the Equal Rights Amendment. Bobby Joe shot him the finger.

That night, I sat on my patio, drinking Jack Daniel's and looking up at the stars. Through the sliding glass doors, I could see my wife watching her favorite program. Hell, I could see Bobby Joe's point of view. I might like being a woman myself if I looked like Mary Tyler Moore. Trouble was, I wouldn't; and neither would Bobby Joe. I doubted any amount of plastic surgery could do the trick. My wife, alone there in the den, laughed at something on television, and I felt like a ghost. I decided the world was changing so fast nobody could keep up with it.

I am a doctor myself, obstetrics and gynaecology, and I've got a little office across the street from the hospital. Who should come see me the next day but my old high school sweetheart, Nadine MacAfee, whom I'd seen no more than two or three times in all the years since graduation. But my heart still stopped when I saw her there in the reception room.

In my office, she told me she'd like to get off the pill and try some other form of contraception. She dropped hints about her loneliness and talked nostalgically about the days when we'd gone steady; and I soon realised she was looking for romance. I was so nervous I thought I was going to stammer for the first time in years, and resorted to a trick the speech therapist had taught me: flipping my pencil up and catching it, not thinking too much about what I was saying.

"Look, Nadine," I said finally, "if it's all the same, I'd rather not examine you. But I can recommend another doctor."

"That's all right, Ross," she said. "I understand."

She had once been so shy, and this was a pretty bold thing for her to do. But I had never gone all the way with Nadine in high school and I wasn't about to now. I wanted to keep her the way she was in my memory — full of innocence and mystery. So I took out the bottle I keep in my desk drawer, we had a drink and I got her talking about her kids, my pencil flipping just like old Johnny Carson's.

When I showed her out, my brother, Bubba, who was a big wheel with the Prudential Insurance Company, was sitting in the reception room with a long face on. When I asked him what was wrong, he told me Elvis had died and we had to celebrate his passing away. "The King is gone," he said," and nobody will ever replace him." I sent the rest of my patients home.

I hadn't known Elvis was so important to my brother, but then, I really did not know Bubba anymore. We played golf now and then, but our wives hated each other, which seems to be the rule, not the exception; so we never saw them socially, not at all.

We drove out to a bar in the new shopping mall, where neither of us had ever been. Thank God It's Friday's it was called, and I think it was supposed to look like Greenwich Village.

"What in the hell has happened here?" my brother said.

"How do you mean, Bubba?"

"What's happened to this town? Why is everyone pretending they're in New York City?"

"I don't know, Bubba; I guess it's television."

To me, the whole shopping mall was a depressing place. Nobody had been able to rest until we got one, just like every other town. There must have been a thousand editorials in the paper about it. On the way in, we'd passed droves of sad-looking teenagers hanging out around the fountain, and I'd thought how much happier we looked out at the Pioneer Drive-In, in our cars. But everyone was proud of the mall as they could be, and who was wrong, them or me?

Harley Otis was there, right in the thick of it, wearing polyester pants, white loafers with gold chains, a leather jacket and a Dacron shirt with the collar spread out on his shoulders. There was also a little gold chain around his neck.

"Who you tryin' to look like, Harley?" my brother asked. "The Six Million Dollar Man?"

Harley took it as a compliment and started telling us how he'd just gotten back from a Successful Life course in Dallas where he'd learned the importance of a Positive Mental Attitude. "You've got to set goals for yourself," he said.

"What's your goal, Harley?"

"Right now, I'm buckin' for president of Rotary. But my other goal is to get into Tina Eubank's pants."

I looked over and there was Tina, twice divorced, standing by the jukebox. It didn't look like he'd have too much trouble. "Y'all have a nice day," Harley said, and slid toward her.

Then we drove out the Fort Worth Highway, my brother talking about everything he hated, from women's lib to *People* magazine. I hadn't seen him like this for years. There had been a time, when I was in med school and my brother driving a truck, when he developed all sorts of theories about why this country was going to pieces. He also claimed to have seen UFOs and talked to them on his CB. I finally diagnosed the problem when I discovered he was taking "LA turnarounds" — those biphetamine capsules truckers use on long hauls. Once he started working for the Prudential, he settled down and that side of him disappeared.

But now he was driving too fast and talking crazy, like he used to; looking around at everything and not liking what he saw. Just then, I heard a siren and saw flashing blue lights and a highway-patrol car pulled us over.

It was Paul Lager, whom I hadn't seen in maybe 15 years. "Could I see your operator's licence?" he asked, all business, holding his metal clip board.

"It's Bubba Moody, Paul."

"You were exceeding a posted speed limit of 55 miles per hour, and it looks to me like you got alcoholic beverages in the car."

"Paul, don't you remember? We took shop together?"

"Yeah, I remember. But shitfire, Bubba, you were driving like a bat."

"Paul, Elvis died today."

"I heard."

"My brother and I are drinking to his memory. Don't give me the cold shoulder, Paul. Have a drink with us and let's remember all the good and bad old days."

"Well, I do get off duty in half an hour," Paul said, looking across the car at me grinning. "That really you, Ross?"

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Then the three of us went out to the old colored man's place. It was my brother's idea, and you could have knocked me over with a stick when I saw it was still there, the little red-brick building with the sign that said, HOT PIT COOKED BAR-B-QUE.

The old colored man himself, who was coffee-colored and had a pencil moustache (Fats Domino, we had called him), opened the counter-weighted lid of the stove. Inside was at least a chine of beef. He cut off slabs and put them on bread. Then he added half a green onion and a wedge of longhorn cheese and wrapped it all in butcher paper.

We carried our sandwiches to a table and the other customers, all colored (black, I corrected myself), sort of looked at us without looking at us, for Paul still wore his highway-patrol uniform; then got up and left, dropping their trash in the garbage can on the way out.

"See, big brother?" Bubba said. "The past is still here, all around us."

I couldn't take my eyes off my sandwich. It sat there on the tabletop, which was bare except for a Louisiana Hot Sauce bottle full of toothpicks. Grease spotted the butcher paper. I took a bite and it ran down my chin. Lord, it was good.

Bubba returned from the cooler with three bottles of Royal Crown

"Please let me through . . . I'm a doctor and I want to go to the toilet."

Cola, the old-style bottles with the yellow pyramids on them. "Look at that," he said softly staring at his bottle. "Would you look at that?" Then he drank it.

"What are you getting up for, Paul?" he said.

"My wife's going to be wondering where I am," Paul said, and when Bubba gave him a sour look, added: "Shitfire, Bubba, there is a good program on tonight. All about Vince Lombardi."

I nodded. "My wife's not home. Tonight's her yoga class. Y'all could come over and watch it." What was I saying y'all for? I hadn't said y'all in years.

"What's so important about Vince Lombardi?" Bubba said. "You never knew him. A night like this comes once in a lifetime, and tonight the three of us are going to the Cotton Bowling Palace."

So we drove on down to the long, low building on Holiday Creek, full of the odor of paste wax and the thunder of balls; and the same people were there who had always been there, roughnecks and refinery workers and railroad brakemen. I was clumsy at first, dropping the ball on the lane with a thud; but Bubba was greasing them in right off. We didn't bother to keep score. None of us could remember how. We just bowled, and I relaxed, for by now the evening was lost, anyway, watching Bubba cut up, bowling like Don Carter, and so forth. He could always impersonate anyone he wanted. Mum said his version of me was deadly. When he came over and dropped down beside me in one of the green-plastic chairs, I felt a stab of brotherhood and socked him on the arm, the way I did in the old days.

"Hey, Bubba," I said. "You old son of a bitch."

"You're not sorry you're not home watching the life of Vince Lombardi?"

"No, Bubba. I enjoyed this night."

"Life is a road."

"Yes, Bubba. Life is a road." I waited for him to finish, so drunk the bowling balls sounded like they were rolling through my head.

"Once I thought I knew who I was and where I was going. I could see the road ahead. But I lost my way."

Paul was out on the lane, yelling. A pin had fallen outside the gate, and when nobody appeared to help he walked up the lane, slipping and falling down, and got it himself. People were laughing at him.

"There was only one person of our time who never stopped. Who became the person he dreamed of becoming."

"Who's that?"

"Elvis," my brother said.

Do you know what he did then? He stepped up to the booth where you got your shoes and where they called your number when your lane was ready. He grabbed the microphone away from the fat lady who was sitting there and sang *Love Me Tender* to her. It started as a joke, but this was the day Elvis had died, and when he finished, the place was dead quiet. Then everyone applauded and started shouting, "More, more," and I was shouting too. And he did sound exactly like Elvis, although I never thought he looked like him at all. I thought he looked more like Conway Twitty.

One year later to the day, I was riding down highway 281 in a white Cadillac Eldorado. The oil-well pumping jacks nodded in the fields, the blacktop shimmered in the heat, and in the front seat was my brother Bubba, wearing a white jump suit with silver studs, his hair dyed black. The sign on the side of the car read:

EL TEX AS
BUBBA MOODY

"There was to be a convention of Elvis Presley impersonators and Bubba wanted to prove he was the best in the world."

KING OF ROCK AND ROLL
NORTH TEXAS' OWN ELVIS

Paul Lager was driving, wearing Las Vegas shades and the Robert Hall suit Bubba had bought him at the Hub Clothing Store.

Bubba had done better than I would have believed, perfecting his act at the Apex and Rotary dances. He'd also done benefits for the crippled and retarded children, which people liked, and borrowed enough money to lease this Eldorado just like the one Elvis had. Now we were on our way to the first stop on Bubba's summer tour, which was to end at Six Flags Over Texas. There was to be a convention of Elvis Presley impersonators and Bubba intended to prove he was the best in the world.

"This is the life, isn't it?" he said, looking back at me and grinning. "Man, sometimes I feel so good I've got to go out and take a walk through K-mart to bring myself down."

We stopped at the Cow Lot in Nocona, where Bubba bought a pair of ostrich-hide boots and gave the owner an 8 x 10 autographed glossy photo, which he thumbtacked on the wall next to the photos of Willie Nelson, Arthur Godfrey, Howard Hughes and all the other celebrities who, down through the years, had bought Nocona boots.

When we got back into the car Bubba said, "Paul, I think I'm going to ask you to dye your hair red so I can call you Red West." That was Elvis' bodyguard. Bubba really wanted to make the act authentic.

We came to a billboard that said we were eight miles from Decatur, home of Dico Sausage, and showed a pair of rolling dice. "Pull over, Paul," Bubba said.

He struck a karate pose in front of the billboard and Paul took his picture with the Polaroid Swinger. I was getting back in the car when I heard a buzz just like an electric alarm clock going off.

"Christ, Bubba, what the hell you doing?" Paul said. Bubba had picked up a baby rattlesnake out of the ditch and was making like he was going to kiss it, holding it inches away from his lips.

"Get a picture, get a picture," he shouted, laughing like an idiot.

We drove on through more north Texas and finally into Decatur, where a banner across the street proclaimed Bubba's show. "The King is here," my brother said.

Paul parked and we walked into the high school, across the street from the red-granite courthouse. The band was already setting up. Down in the dressing room, Bubba put on his make-up and I sat on a box of textbooks in the corner and watched. Already you could hear people filling the auditorium upstairs. "Sounds like a good crowd." Bubba said gluing on his fake sideburns.

Then a local disc jockey appeared with a tape recorder and Miss Billie Tucker, president of Bubba's north Texas fan club. She'd brought along a list she'd compiled of characteristics Bubba and Elvis had in common. The disc jockey held up his microphone and she read it.

"Both Elvis and our Bubba are Capricorns," she said. "Both were truck drivers, both stationed with the Army in Germany, and both were devoted to their mothers. Both are overweight, both like Cadillac Eldorados and both like to stay up all night. Both have fantastic sex appeal . . ."

Good Lord, I thought. These people are serious.

Upstairs, I found myself in an ordinary high school auditorium. There were flags of the United States and Texas on either side of the stage. The ceiling was high, yellowish globes shedding down a dim light. Probably the Pledge of Allegiance had been said

here thousands of times. Tonight, it was full of more middle-aged women than I'd ever seen in one place, and the clicking of high heels and pocketbooks was a constant roar.

Then the house lights went down and it got dead silent. The curtain rose in the darkness and a spotlight stabbed down and my brother leapt into it. He tore into *Heartbreak Hotel* like a man possessed. My brother, who had been good, had gotten better. Maybe he really was the best. He had all the moves down, and from this distance, it made no difference at all that he wasn't a carbon copy of Elvis.

He sang *Blue Suede Shoes* and *Don't Be Cruel* and *Jailhouse Rock* and spoke of the series of miracles that had brought Elvis to the top in so short a time. He said Elvis had loved black music and made a plea for integration and sang *In the Ghetto.* All this time, he was throwing scarves into the audience and women were fighting for them. Then he said, "There's been a great loss of faith in this country. Maybe it was Nixon, maybe Vietnam. I voted for Nixon, but he betrayed us. He thought he could get away with fooling us rednecks." He looked around, his face incandescent in the spotlight. "That's right. I'm a redneck. So are you. And so was Elvis. We're the people who kept the faith."

There was more, but I don't really remember all he said; and he didn't write it down, he spoke right from the heart. He asked for a moment of silence for the boys who had died in Vietnam and sang *How Great Thou Art.* Then he ripped right into *Hound Dog* and disappeared without an encore. The lights came up and we were back in that shabby little auditorium with flags on either side of the stage.

The audience went wild, like they'd just woke up, and I ran downstairs to Bubba's dressing room, where you could hear them stomping overhead.

Then Paul said, "Here come the autograph hounds," and opened the door and they poured in. Bubba signed his own glossies as fast as they could shove them at him, and pretty soon a woman grabbed his gold chain and tore it right off his neck.

"We'd better get out of here, Bubba," Paul said, and we shoved through the crowd. But they had our way blocked and we had to detour into the girls' toilet. Bubba was still laughing, but to tell the truth, I was scared. We climbed out the window and ran across the parking lot, where someone from the band was waiting in the Eldorado. We all piled in and drove off, a crowd of women following us all the way to the corner. "They shoulda had cops there," Bubba said after a while. "I told them we'd need cops. Paul, you'd better start packing a rod. You're gonna need it if there are any more crowd scenes like this."

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At Six Flags, Bubba demolished the other Elvis impersonators. What surprised me was how many there were. They came in all shapes and sizes, and one had come from as far away as Nebraska. There was only one who was serious competition: Claude Thibodeaux, from New Iberia, Louisiana, who billed himself as the Cajun Elvis. He had flash, but nobody could beat Bubba for sheer impact.

Right after his performance, Bubba was approached by someone who wanted to manage him. Now Elvis Presley's manager, as everyone round knows, was Colonel Tom Parker. This was Bud Parker, late a colonel in the US Air Force. The coincidence tickled them both. He promised Bubba in one year he'd be playing Caesars Palace in Las Vegas.

"The airplane was the most boring place in the world. There was nothing to do but look out the window, and what did you see? Clouds."

I was packing my suitcase when Bubba came into my room and said, "Big brother, you and me are going to Houston."

"What for?"

"Looka here at this telegram."

The telegram was from Nancy Jo Miller who'd been Bubba's high school love. She was married now and lived in Houston. She said she'd read about his act, congratulated him and hoped they could get together some time.

Sometimes my brother dumbfounded me. But I couldn't say no, and anyway, he was paying for the tickets. So instead of going home, we flew to Houston on Trans Texas, got a rented car and a room at the Holiday Inn.

Nancy Jo lived in a $200,000 brick colonial on the edge of Houston, with pine trees growing in the front yard. Bubba had this idea he wanted to drop in and surprise her, so we didn't phone ahead. He slipped on his shades and I rang the doorbell. I felt sorry for Bubba: He was as nervous as a kid on his first date.

Just for a moment, I saw Nancy Jo as she really was, a little faded around the eyes and mouth. But the years had been good to her. I suppose you could say she resembled Angie Dickinson — which, in a way, was a hell of a lot better than she'd looked back in high school.

"Oh, my Lord," she said, when she saw Bubba in his white Elvis jump suit, and gave a short, embarrassed laugh that was cut off as if by a knife. Then she said, "I'll make y'all bloody marys," and then disappeared into the kitchen.

"This was a mistake," Bubba said. He was trembling so hard I had to hold him up.

Nancy Jo came back and we sat in the tiny front room with the big picture window, which I knew was almost never used except for guests. What with the baby grand piano and the big sofa and the glass-topped coffee table, there was hardly room for the three of us; but from the first, I don't even think they knew I was there. They were totally absorbed in each other. She poured out the story of all that had happened since they'd seen each other last, and I stared at the celery stalk in my bloody mary and tried not to listen.

Nancy Jo had intended to marry Bubba, but he had to do his Army service, and there seemed to be all the time in the world; so she went to Dallas and enrolled in stewardess school. She pictured herself wearing that cute uniform and doing favors for the passengers, bringing them pillows and playing with their kids.

She lived with some other stews on Gaston Avenue and there were some pretty wild parties; but Nancy Jo locked herself in her room and did crossword puzzles and wrote love letters to Bubba.

It was the airplane that did her in. The other stews hung out in the galley, where you could meet pro-football players and rich oilmen. Nancy Jo didn't want a rich oilman: She was going to have Bubba. So she fought it.

But the airplane was the most boring place in the world. The kids were snotty and their parents were cross and didn't appreciate the favors you did for them. There was nothing to do but look out the window, and what did you see? Clouds.

In the end, she went to the galley, which was like a nickel-plated singles bar, so tiny you couldn't turn around without bumping into some horny guy. There she met Calvin Sloate, a corporate lawyer for Texaco; and they drank Scotch out of tiny bottles while the galley roared like a sea shell, rocking slightly in the rough air 20,000 feet over Indianapolis.

"I'm sorry, Bubba," she said. "But

you were going to be in the Army for another year and that seemed like forever. I had to get off that airplane." So she had married Calvin, and now 17 years had flashed by like nothing at all.

"We've got a condominium down in Vero," she said, "and one in Aspen, and last year we went skiing at Sundance and Lisa had her picture taken with Robert Redford."

"Lisa?" Bubba asked in a flat voice.

"My daughter," she said, showing us another picture. "That's her with her own Arabian stallion. She just loves horses."

She showed us the rest of the house. We stood for a moment at the door of Calvin's study, like visitors at a museum looking into one of those rooms closed off with a velvet rope. Calvin had a collection of beer cans, one from every country in the world; a pair of expensive shotguns; and a lamp shade made of PLAYBOY centrefolds. I had already noticed his radar-equipped bass boat out in the driveway.

In the bedroom, she slid back the closet door and showed us her $500 Italian shoes. Bubba just looked at her and said, "You know you broke my heart, don't you?"

"Oh, Bubba, don't say that. It sounds so horrible. And, anyway, how could I know you cared that much? Look here."

She took from under her costly shoes the old high school yearbook; and there, on the same page, were their pictures. Their faces were soft and unformed but shining with a sort of light. Bubba had a flattop with "fenders" — long on the sides and short on the top. Over his face he had written, in blue ballpoint pen: "Had a lot of good times with you and hope to see more of you next year. Bubba."

"Couldn't you have said more than that?" she asked, tears in her eyes. "How was I to know I was so important to you?"

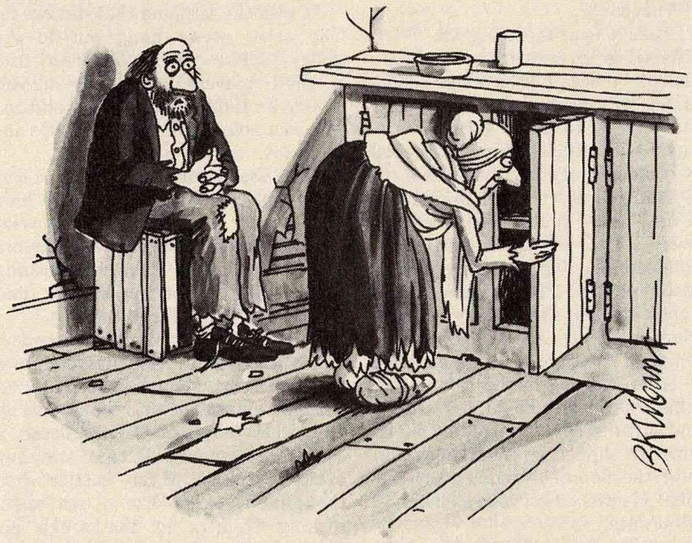
"In those days," Bubba said, "you won the game of love by pretending you didn't care. Yeah, that's all we thought love was, a game. But it turned out to be a more serious game than we thought."

At this point, I left the room, phoned a cab and went back to the Holiday Inn. I don't think they missed me. It rained, and there I spent the rest of the afternoon watching *Return to Earth,* a TV movie about the life of an astronaut, and drinking Jack Daniel's. Later, Bubba came back. "Well, big brother," he said, "it's all settled. She's leaving her husband and I'm leaving my wife, and everything's going to be like it was." He'd been walking around in the rain and his clothes were soaked.

But I was skeptical that Bubba could so easily turn back the clock. Now that he'd become a star, he thought anything was possible. To me, he was like that astronaut who'd achieved his boyhood dream and went to the moon; but sooner or later, he had to come back down to earth and be an ordinary person like the rest of us. On the plane home, Bubba turned to me and said, "Big brother I'm going to tell you something. You're the only one who'll understand."

"Yes, Bubba?"

"My whole life, I've felt like I was in the wrong body or something. But when I'm Elvis . . . I got it right. I'm the person I should have been, the person I've always known I could be."



"We were broke, so I had to sell the cockroaches."

Now it struck me that this was what Bobby Joe Pitts, the would-be transsexual, had said. Like Bubba, he only felt like himself when he was somebody else. "Do you know what I am saying?" Bubba whispered, holding my shoulder in an iron grip.

Yes, I knew. At the best moments of my life — when I hit a good golf shot or had a woman I adored — I felt like someone else. A version of me, maybe, but a version that was to Ross Moody what a Cadillac Eldorado was to a Ford Pinto. I doubted you could totally become that perfect version of yourself. Bubba felt that way now, but he could not be El Tex As for the rest of his life.

But that was the happiest I ever saw Bubba. On this flight, we had, instead of a stewardess, a male flight attendant. Ordinarily, Bubba would have made some sarcastic comment; but on that day, he seemed at peace with himself. I slept most of the way, but once I woke up. Bubba, in the hollow roar of the cabin, was looking through the porthole and smiling down at the dark world below.

•

When he broke the news to his wife, Jan, she knew just how to take it: like Jill Clayburgh in that movie about the New York woman. Nodding, her eyes closed, finishing his sentences for him.

"So," he said, "I am going to — "

"Move out. All right, buster, go ahead. Do yourself a big favor."

They were standing in the den, and she poked through the big glass bowl on top of the television set full of match-books from every restaurant they'd ever been to.

"You'd just better get yourself a good lawyer," she told him.

The strange thing, he said, was that she seemed almost glad. Here it was, the crisis predicted so often. Now she would learn to think of herself and be happy (like Rhoda once she got rid of that slob, Joe), maybe even write a book. The possibilities were endless.

"There is one more thing," Bubba said. "Here is a list of our close friends whom I do not want you to sleep with, as they would be laughing at me behind my back."

"Thank you," she said. "I know just what to do with it."

She slept with the first one, Bubba's boss at the Prudential, that very night; and spent the rest of the week working her way down the list.

Nancy Jo also left Calvin Sloate but, on the advice of a girlfriend, went to a therapist, and the first thing he did was tell her not to make any more sudden moves.

She phoned Bubba and said, "I'm living in an apartment complex with plastic ivy on the walls. There's nobody here but kids, and my lawyer says I won't get any kind of settlement, since I moved out. Bubba, I'm having second thoughts."

So Bubba sped down to Houston, even though he was starting another tour in a few days. Nancy Jo wouldn't see him right away: She had to look through her appointment book and set a date. When they finally got together, all she would do was talk for hours. She had a whole new vocabulary and she wouldn't drink bloody marys anymore, just white wine and something called Amaretto, which Bubba said tasted like Log Cabin syrup.

She was changing, slipping away; but Bubba was desperate to prove he could accept her under any conditions. He went to see her therapist himself and even took her to a Woody Allen movie.

•

I didn't see Bubba for months. At the end of his tour, he phoned from Abilene and asked if I'd come down. I found him that night at the Cross Plains Motel, a real dump.

His appearance shocked me: He'd gained maybe 40 pounds. He said, "Did you bring your little black bag?"

"Yeah. What for?"

"You got any speed in it?"

I was offended and told him to forget it. He said it was hard for him to keep his weight down, being on the road and all and eating nothing but junk food. But I wouldn't be talked into it. Then I went right into the john and flushed all my pills down the toilet.

When I came back out, Bubba was talking to Paul, who had his hair dyed red. I sat down and noticed my chair had a Rocking R brand on the arm. It was Roy Rogers furniture, probably bought for some kid 30 years ago, and it had ended up here in this terrible motel. For the first time, I glimpsed the sadness of being on the road singers always talk about, and thought it was getting to Bubba.

Paul said he had a girl for Bubba. "Tell her I'll meet her in one hour," Bubba said. "The usual conditions."

The conditions under which Bubba met his fans were these: They had to be between the ages of 35 and 45, they had to provide their own car and they had to park on a dirt road on the edge of town. When Bubba appeared in the Eldorado, they flashed their lights if it was safe. Then Bubba parked and came ahead on foot, bringing his own bottle.

I thought this was a foolish, adolescent thing to do, and told him so.

"You know, big brother," he said, "I feel sorry for you. You been fooling around with women's private parts for so long you've forgotten what they are for."

Like everything Bubba said, there was some truth to this. In my years as a gynaecologist, I'd examined most of the girls I'd worshipped in high school, and it meant less than nothing to me. It made me wonder about my choice of profession.

"When are you playing Las Vegas?" I asked him.

"Colonel Parker says that I'm not ready for Vegas. I need one more thing to put me over the top — plastic surgery so I'm identical to Elvis. 'Course, there'll be no goin' back — but it's worth it if gets me to Caesars Palace."

"No," I said. "No, Bubba. You can't do that."

"Why not?"

I couldn't exactly say, but I was thinking: if he loses his face, he loses himself.

"Bobby Joe Pits decided not to," I said. "Bobby Joe Pitts?"

"You know. The plastic surgeon told him he should try living like a woman. Well, he joined a women's group, and now he's changed his mind. He says he thought men were boring, but women have the most boring conversations in the world."

This got my brother furious. "Are you comparing me to some miserable little pervert? Christ, Bobby Joe . . . why, he wore a brassiere under his football jersey the whole senior year. And we thought he was joking!"

"Will Nancy Jo love you if you don't have your own face?"

He took a pistol out of the desk drawer, a Colt Python, and spun it around his finger and said, "Nancy Jo doesn't know what she wants. Last time I talked to her, she said she wanted space. I said, 'Hell, you can have all the space you want, once we're married,' " he aimed the pistol at the television screen, where Elvis was singing to Ann Margret. It was a reshowing of *Viva Las Vegas.*

"His voice sorta went to pieces, didn't it?" Bubba said. "Frankly, I think I'm better now than he ever was."

"Bubba, put down that gun."

"Come on," he said. "I'm going to get some nooky."

So Paul drove us out to the edge of town, where we parked on a dirt road and could see ahead, dimly, the outline of another car.

"She's not flashing her lights," Paul said. "It must not be safe yet."

I rolled down the window. There was a full moon that night and I thought I could hear the distant yip of coyotes.

When I mentioned it, Paul said,

What more can you say about two of the world's finest pipe tobaccos~ except~ try them

We leave it to you ...to decide the finest.

Australian Playboy July 1981

"Ain't no more coyotes in this county. Farmers wiped them out with traps and poisoned bait."

Still, I thought I could hear them, as I had on so many nights when we'd driven out on Red River Road.

"Do you have to do this, Bubba? What about Nancy Jo?"

"A man has got to get his satisfaction. And if you can't be near the one you love, love the one you're near."

The headlights of the other car flashed.

Bubba opened the door.

"Don't go, Bubba."

"You know, big brother," he said, "you ought to come with me. It would do you good to see how those ladies give me all that good X-rated sex they been holding out on their husbands all these years." He came around and opened my door. "Just stand outside and listen. She won't mind. Thrill to the days of yesteryear, big brother. Come along with me and I'll show you how good low-rent lovin' can still be."

And, God help me, I did. My heart was pounding, but I stepped out of the car and followed my brother down that road in the moonlight.

"You know, Bubba, you are a devil. You have the damnedest way of getting people to do what you want."

"Don't I know it?"

"You were right about me being a gynaecologist and all. Somehow, I lost interest in women. It just slipped away from me like everything else."

"The things closest to you go first," he said. "They slip away so softly you don't notice. You wake one morning a stranger in a strange land."

"You're right," I said. "But women are . . . everything."

"Yeah, verily, good buddy."

"Sex may be the secret of American life. In fact, I see now . . ."

But I don't know what I saw, for what happened next drove everything out of my head. The headlights of the car came on, blinding us, and we heard a male voice say, "Try to screw my wife, will you, you sons of bitches! I'll kill you!" Then a shotgun went off and I heard the shot rip through the air right over our heads. The car was rolling toward us and Bubba and I were running back down the road.

"The fence, big brother," Bubba shouted, "hit for the fence." And I dove under it, the barbed wire tearing the coat right off my back. Then we were stumbling through the prickly pear, the shotgun still going off and one pellet stinging the back of my neck like a yellow jacket.

Bubba grabbed me and threw me down. The car stopped and a spotlight probed around until it found us. Bubba leaped up, his fists balled, a foolhardy, magnificent sight. I thought: this is the end of your life, Ross.

Then we heard Paul laughing and barking like a dog. "Come out, come out, wherever you are, Elvis."

It was all a big joke.

Bubba picked up a clod and threw it at the car, but Paul only laughed harder. The band had been in on it — I could hear them laughing, too. My face was scratched and my palms were full of cactus thorns, and I could feel cold air on my back where my jacket had been ripped off.

Bubba climbed over the fence and threw himself at Paul. They circled in the headlights, Bubba throwing wild punches and Paul dodging them, shouting, "Shitfire and save matches, Bubba. Can't you take a joke?"

"Joke! We coulda been hurt running around in that goddamned cactus patch."

"Oh, hell, you're just pissed off 'cause we pulled that same trick on you in high school. I never thought you'd be stupid enough to fall for it twice."

"The television set had exploded, a bullet through the picture tube. 'I always wanted to know how he felt when he did that,' Bubba said."

That stopped Bubba. "All right," he said. "So I did. But this time it wasn't funny. We're grown men now, not high school kids."

Paul kept laughing.

"All right, Paul, you're fired. That's right. I'm giving you notice."

Somebody from the band stepped forward and said he thought Bubba was being too harsh, and Bubba fired him, too. He looked around and said, "Anybody else?"

Then everybody said it was fine with them, they were getting fed up with Bubba, anyway. There were some bitter words. It ended up with us going back to the motel and them going off to a honky-tonk to get drunk.

On the way back, Bubba began wondering where he was going to get another band. His troubles were multiplying and he said, "Maybe I should just shoot myself."

"Don't talk that way, Bubba."

At the motel, the television was still on, nothing showing on the screen now but snow. I went into the bathroom, threw my torn jacket in the trash can and started putting iodine on the scratches on my face. The shot lifted me right off the floor.

He was sitting on the bed, holding the pistol. The television set had exploded, a bullet through the picture tube. "I always wanted to know how he felt when he did that," Bubba said. "Now I know."

•

Things went downhill fast after that. My brother never found another band. The bookings dried up and Colonel Parker lost interest. The Internal Revenue Service was now investigating Bubba's income taxes and, in the middle of it all, he got a Dear John letter from Nancy Jo saying she had fallen in love with her psychiatrist.

He went down to Houston with the idea of confronting her but, instead, went to Calvin Sloate's house. Calvin himself answered the door and Bubba said, "I'm the son of a bitch who ran off with your wife."

"I know," Calvin said. "You're Bubba Moody. Come on in and let's let it all hang out."

Bubba, feeling numb all over, walked into Lisa's room. She was lying on her bed under a John Travolta poster.

"Your mother doesn't love me anymore," he said.

"I know. I think she's making a big mistake."

"You're the closest thing to her, the way she once was," Bubba said. "You're beautiful."

"Thanks, Bubba. I like your looks too."

"Will you marry me?"

"Are you serious?"

"Dead serious," he said, and kissed her on her teenage lips.

When he turned around, Calvin was standing in the door.

•

Bubba phoned from Houston and said he'd been shot in the leg. It was nothing serious — Calvin had used a .22 target pistol. Before I left, I went over to tell Jan, who'd just gotten back from a trip to Las Vegas with Harley Otis. When I got there, she was gluing silver dollars to the top of the coffee table.

"Look here at all the money I won," she said. "Seems like my luck just won't quit."

When she heard about Bubba, she said, "That's his problem. All that's behind me now. I'm starting over."

She disappeared into the kitchen and I was left alone with the television. Tom Snyder was interviewing a judge in California who'd started divorcing 50 people in a group. There were no lawyers required, he just asked everyone if they had irreconcilable differences. When they said they did, he pronounced them divorced and they headed for the door. The men moved slowly, but the women were smiling and hopeful, and I thought how much better women seemed to adjust to modern life. "So would you say this is . . . the coming thing?" Tom Snyder asked, and the judge said it was.

"Notice anything different?" she said coming back into the room.

"No. Is your hair shorter?"

She told me she'd had silicone injections. "Come on, Ross, you know my breasts always drooped."

"No, Jan, I've never noticed."

She put down her glass of white wine and lay on the floor. "See? They're nice and hard. They're the same standing up or laying down. They're just like doorknobs."

"I honestly can't tell the difference, Jan."

She leaned so close I could feel her breath on my cheek. "Go ahead and put your hand on them. I don't mind. Feel the difference for yourself."

I excused myself and drove home, the whole side of my face burning like I'd stood too close to a hot stove.

•

So Bubba never got his plastic surgery or a trip to Las Vegas (although his wife did). He ended up driving a truck again, but to me he seemed happier, and I found I enjoyed knowing him more than I had since we were kids. He still, however, had his problems with the IRS, and one night, in the dead of that winter, he tapped on my patio doors. We sat outside, in the darkness, while my wife watched *Family Feud.* (She seemed to draw strength from that program: She never missed it.)

"The Government lawyers are coming Monday," Bubba said, "and I'm liable to do a couple of years in prison."

I told him I'd lend him the money, but he said after the divorce he couldn't face going to court again."

"Let's take one last ride out Red River road," he said, "in case I never see it again."

So we took a six-pack and drove out and parked on the edge of town, where the pumping jacks rose and fell in the fields on either side.

"You know," he said, "Elvis himself could not make it today. Everything today glorifies the loser, the person who can't help himself. Someone like me doesn't stand a chance. Yeah, it's the decade of the loser; and it's the losers who did me in. Come on, big brother, let's go ride those pumping jacks."

So we did. He could always talk me into anything. He sat on one end and I on the other, hanging on for dear life, and we rose and fell like two kids on a gigantic seesaw.

"Well, if that's the way this country's going to be," he shouted over the roar of the diesel, "they can have it. I want no part of it. I'll go right on, trying to do the impossible. Look, big brother," he said, reaching over his head just as the pumping jack rose.

"I can touch the moon."

Then he fell off. I thought he was dead. But he groaned and threw up in the weeds, and I cleaned him off the best I could.

"We'd better go home, Bubba," I said.

"He never died," Bubba said. "Not really."

"He did die, Bubba. Of a heart attack. We've all got to get older and die."

"No, big brother. I'll let you in on a secret. You and I are going to be the first people in the history of the world who don't."

"She showed up at Stolen Hours, a new bar for housewives where they could drink all afternoon and perhaps have a casual affair."

•

The men from the IRS came on Monday, but Bubba was gone. Paul, who was now back with the highway patrol, found his truck parked by the side of the road near Electra.

There'd been lots of UFO sightings the night before. A farmer near Bowie found his cows dead, emptied out; nothing left of them but horns, hooves and hide, and not a drop of blood on the ground, either. The lights of Bubba's truck were still on, and his CB radio, the key turned to SEND.

Paul found one footprint in the sandy soil just the other side of the fence, apparently headed for a strange depression in the ground, where all the grass was dead.

It made the front page of all the papers, and the sermon that Sunday was "A Close Encounter with Your God."

•

Then things got more or less back to normal here in north Texas. Bobby Joe Pitts started a marriage-counselling service. He saw himself as someone who'd known the problem from both sides, a sort of Kissinger in the war between the sexes. Harley Otis got a divorce and married Jan, but it wasn't long before she showed up at Stolen Hours, a new bar for housewives where they could drink all afternoon, watch the soaps and perhaps have a casual affair. Paul forgot his grudge against Bubba and we spent several nights talking about all that had happened. "I'll tell you one thing," he said. "Your brother was the most remarkable person ever born around here."

In October, I finally made love to Nadine MacAfee. But we both discovered that what we had looked forward to for so long took only moments to do, and, naturally, this was a disappointment. We parted friends, but it confirmed my idea that the past is a closed book: You don't tamper with it.

But that night I couldn't sleep, and long after they played the national anthem on television, and showed the airplane and the prayer, I was still pacing the floor and feeling like a ghost. Then the phone rang.

"Hello, big brother."

For a moment, I couldn't see or speak. "I just wanted to let you know," Bubba said, "that I was still on the planet Earth. In fact, I'm in Globe, Arizona."

"It's good to hear your voice, Bubba."

"It's good to hear yours. Hey, this is great country out here. Leaving that town was the best thing I ever did." He told me he was working as a disc jockey but he had big plans: there was an old, abandoned drive-in out on the edge of town, and he was going to renovate it and call it Bubba's Fifties Burger.

"You know," he said. "Carhops on roller skates, neon lights and, on the jukebox, some of that great old rock 'n' roll."

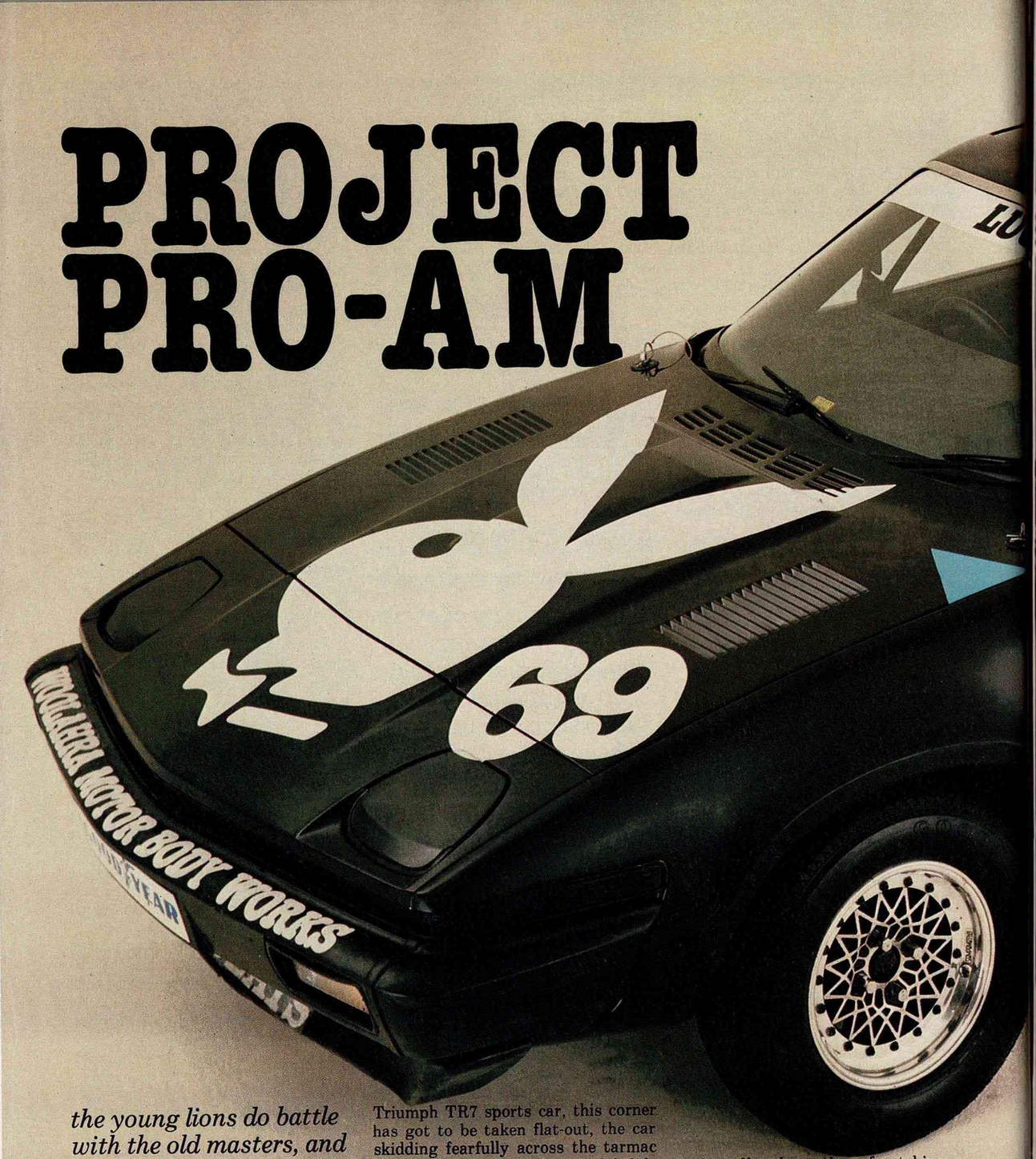
"Better keep a low profile, Bubba. You're still a wanted man."

"Don't worry about that," he said. "The road's right out my back door. And if I have to split, well, that won't be so bad, either. If there's a prettier sight than an American blacktop road goin' nowhere in the moonlight, I don't know what it is."

There was a click, then nothing but echoes along 1000 miles of telephone cable.

Well, goddamn. I took three or four shots of Jack Daniel's and did a sort of dance out there on my patio, hopping around under the stars. Then I got in the car to go tell Paul the good news: that the King was still with us.

PROJECT PRO-AM



the young lions do battle with the old masters, and the pro-am series is born motoring by rob luck

TURN ONE out at Amaroo Park is a diabolical over-the-hill sweeper that hooks left out of sight across a sharp off-camber hillcrest. On the open road, a corner like this one would probably be dubbed "Death Alley". Normal motorists would scrape over it at 40 or 50km/h — grim-knuckled, eyes white with fear. But at Amaroo Park in a Triumph TR7 sports car, this corner has got to be taken flat-out, the car skidding fearfully across the tarmac at 140km/h, a seemingly suicidal slide over a blind crown into an unseen hell-bowl. A sort of motor racing Russian roulette. First prize is getting over in one piece. On the crown of the hill the news is all bad — a vicious downhill hairpin going the opposite way. In a split second, the car has got to be straightened, balanced, braked and hooked hard right. The Slough of Despond awaits those who fumble it. A spin at this speed is frightening enough, but there is worse. Rumble strips offer the option of catching a wheel and flipping the car on its lid. Towering earth banks pose as catch-rails, but at these speeds resemble ski-jumps launching you off into space. Enter the TR7, Apollo moonrocket.

Mere mortals need not apply. Qualities somewhere between divine madness and sheer bravado can be valuable. Considerable skill is a vital ingredient. Some experience is desirable.

This is the sort of activity that is the reserve of the professional racing driver, a hard-nosed individual steeled in the full fire of head-to-head racing confrontations and well calloused by motor sport's most bitter and brutal disappointments. In fact, up until now, it has been the sole preserve of the expert racing driver — a team of Pros contested the Barclays Pro-Car series at Amaroo Park over five races last year. No amateurs were allowed.

This year, however, the regulations were eased and opened to permit non-professional drivers to compete. In spite of all of the daunting prospects outlined above, there was a flood of entrants — the young lions, come to battle the old masters. The Pro-Am Series was born.

•

To Australian PLAYBOY, this series represents precisely what Poor Man's Racing is all about. The basic ingredients are a car that is inexpensive to buy and develop (relatively, by motor racing terms). A car that has a lid, too, is probably the wisest way for most amateurs to start. And, furthermore, a car that relates closely to road experience so that lack of trackwork is not as significant a factor. (Open wheelers usually require both special driving technique and mechanical expertise). The TR7 is a car that can be driven on the street all week and to race meetings at the weekends.

Since Australian PLAYBOY is truly committed to motoring and motor sport, and particularly anxious to investigate the area of economy competition, we elected to campaign a car in the series. As an amateur who contested only a handful of events more than 10 years ago, Rob Luck was nominated both to drive and to relate the experiences of developing and contesting the series as Australian PLAYBOY's Motoring Correspondent.

The opposition was formidable. Five of last year's professional drivers were retained to run five "Pro" cars — factory-developed and tuned TR7 Triumphs provided by Leyland, who conceived both series.

The initial ranks of the amateurs included some names that stretch the definition to its limits. They include Peter Hopwood, a lap-record holder at Amaroo, expert driver, car-sorter and regular racer. And Terry Daly whose Capri is up with the best in open sedan competition. And Mike Griffin, leading sports sedan driver. And others.

There were pure amateurs too. Not the least of whom was Gary Waldon, the young enthusiast who won the 2WS outright challenge cup at the Village Grand Prix circuit held at Blacktown, Sydney. He received a TR7 as first prize. He entered the TR7 for the Pro-Am series.

And many others. Chris Hones, another Village Grand Prix graduate and sometime racer. Ed White, Ralph Kell, Alan Springett, Glenn Molloy and Roger Gates. And Carole Barker-Alldis, the lone lady.

A five-round series at Amaroo Park, organised by the Australian Racing Drivers Club, was struck. The series provided for an "elimination" or qualifying round for amateurs, if deemed necessary, and a 10-lap no-holds-barred shoot-out for both professionals and amateurs.

It was the ultimate opportunity for the amateur to measure his skill and prowess against the country's top

Photography by Howard Archbold

drivers. They were all there, including "Gentleman" Jim Richards, unchallenged Rainmaster and Mr Smooth of the track. Colin Bond, a close contestant for both of those titles, brilliant in the wet and dry, a fine tactician. Bob Morris, a man who applied his skills to these tricky cars and gained mastery of the series in 1980 with some superb tactical driving. "Pete" Geoghegan, with one of the finest tin-lid records in the country, always a threat in any car. And Dick Johnson, the "Bathurst Rockstar" and would-be Australian Touring Car Champion, fastest-rising name in sedan racing, and replacement for John Wright who was the replacement for John Goss who didn't show up for the series.

Leyland put some pretty impressive groundwork into the business of lifting the sights of the amateur race drivers. A good percentage of the development information for the cars was made available. "Jam sessions" were arranged with top drivers as instructors. And a special open day was held at Amaroo Park where Pros including Bobby Morris and Ron Gillard (the Leyland development manager), were on hand to give advice on preparation, development and driving. This was most instructive, with Morris particularly assisting our scribe in track technique. But this was background. The real work was up to the individual — a lesson we soon found out the hard way.

Because of sundry disasters and isolated holocausts, our racing car arrived just one week before the first event. Luckily we obtained one of last year's racing Pro-cars, so it had roll-bar and a kill-switch installed for starters. But that was it. Otherwise it was back to road trim. Or worse. It even had a bent lower control arm, dicky rack, stuffed exhaust system and phutty motor. And it was yellow. We wanted it black, of course.

There followed a week of work that included something like 19 personal 28-hour days — at least that's what it felt like. Overnight, the PLAYBOY art director conceived a body display, and we dialled in some finishing touches — appropriate *soixante-neuf* numbering which the ARDC mirthfully approved, and the names of some significant sponsors of our project, notably Woollahra Body Works (paintwork), Alan Fender (for signwriting) and Valvoline (oil, lubricants, brake fluid and special equipment). And of course, Barclays (the general finance people — including TR7s) and Goodyear (suppliers of our road-going race tyres) also got a mention in dispatches on the bodywork. Otherwise the car was stark and simple PLAYBOY-black-and-white — complete with bunnies. We started with one on the front and one on the back but, bunnies being what they are, we ended up with a hutch down each side.

What followed in one short week was a development program that the average enthusiast would set aside three to four months to accomplish. It was achieved only with the bend-over-backwards contortionist-type help of a whole team of people.

Like Terry Ryan and Doug Neeson of Woollahra Body Works in Sydney's pukka eastside. Luck drove the car straight there after taking delivery on Friday. Not content with the daunting prospects of a total rub-down and repaint as it was, Terry and Doug elected to cover the car in Acran — the tough-as-nails Rolls-Royce of paints — with a finish like newly polished marble.

Acran is deadly poisonous and it requires split-second timing, so most painters use an hermetically sealed spray-booth and a "diving bell" type helmet with remote air supply. Doug struggled off his sickbed, got behind a doctor's operating mask (some thieves had stolen the diving bell the night before), wrapped himself in his protective clothing and blasted the car black before staggering back to bed.

It was another masterpiece. Good enough to drive directly over to Alan Fender, the boy genius of the sign-writing business with some top motor racing display jobs to his credit. Ours has just been added. Alan gave up a night to get us to the track, and the car rolled-in to receive "Best Looking Car of the Series" award. Well worth the effort.

At this stage it was all "show" and no "go". But all this work had been achieved in just one weekend — a dead patch when most people in control of their heads had shut their doors. On Monday, all hell broke loose as we scoured Sydney for bits and pieces, shuffling the car from one location to another.

Graham Storah, that enthusiastic young general manager of Rymec Turbochargers, relentlessly ran parts and equipment to ground all over Sydney, digging up contacts for mechanical work and running bits through his own workshop when nothing else could be found. Ross Ryan, usually in charge of more serious projects like Turbo development, downed his various tools and directed his team on to TR7 R & R work. Long days in the workshop were interspersed with even longer nights. In between, we joked about disguising a Turbo as an air cleaner and giving the factory boys a heart-starter. Just as well we were short on time — those boys can take a joke seriously.

Bits came from everywhere. Girlock supplied disc pads and Champion found spark plugs. Valvoline's Ben Lowe trucked their superior race-bred oils and aircraft-standard brake fluid across town. Mike Breen scrounged factory replacement parts desperately needed for an overhaul and re-tune, and John Crawford sent them all over in a support vehicle laid on for the week — appropriately, a white Rover to match our colors, with its usual cavernous interior swallowing all our back-up equipment for race-day.

Engine tuning was carried out in the wee small hours by Ron and Alan Gillard, and the car went and stopped noticeably better.

But it wasn't going to go anywhere without sit-on-the-grounds, and only the combined efforts of Goodyear, Carisma (wheels), Fred's Treads (fitting) and Marks and Wallings (buffing/balancing) got that part of the act together. The wheels are particularly important to the project. Carisma is the importer of Compomotive three-piece alloy composite wheels, which are ideal for lightness and strength. These were the only wheels tested and cleared for competition this year by Leyland's development team and engineering department, so we wanted them on the car. And they looked good, too — in black and polished alloy which matched our PLAYBOY livery.

In the race-week lead-up, we learnt the factory cars were using tyres buffed down from 8mm (new) to about 3½mm to give about a second more performance a lap. Phil Moore and Lee Rapson at Marks and Wallings were at the other end of the tyre shuffle that organised this critical facet of the wheel development. They knocked the job over in a few hours to keep our program on schedule.

There were a lot of other aspects to getting this car to the circuit and into the first race-meet — points which every amateur driver contemplating the sport could well consider on an advance planning basis.

We had taken the precaution of getting entries filed with the ARDC, but Ivan Stibbard, the secretary and his 2IC, Susie Middenway, processed all our other problems, from special practise to passes and pit facilities with an efficiency that took the breath away. Not that this was special attention — we were on hand to see dozens of drivers and teams pushed and coaxed to the start-line with appropriate shortening of red-tape.

CAMS was outstanding too — with NSW Secretary Peter Reynell and Estelle Martin working some minor miracles to process the logbooks and other paperwork that popped up in raceweek. For the newcomer to the sport, it's encouraging to see that the governing body is giving every possible support. The bottom line of motor sport is certainly alive and well.

Race equipment — personal — is just as important as the car. We had to arrange for full equipment in an extremely short space of time, so we headed directly to the experts in each case. Those two old motor racing stalwarts Peter Mulder and Rob Mitchell of Race and Rally came up with the ultimate protection gear at the most attractive prices in the shortest possible time. We went to Frank Matich —a name that hardly needs introduction to motor sport enthusiasts — for the helmets. Chris, Frank's enthusiastic son, stitched us up with a top-line AGV model which they import from Italy. It was white. We wanted it black. Back to Doug Neeson, who turned day into night, overnight — then a late-night pin-striping and lettering job for the finishing touches.

Insurance was considered vital to this project, and the best operators in the business, Terry Lipman and Associates in Sydney, pulled out a satisfactory cover in an amazing overnight telex deal with Lloyds of London. Motor racing insurance costs plenty, but the premiums are still reasonable considering the risk to the insurer. We covered the car for body and suspension damage at only a premium of $250 per meeting.

Tactics and preparation were also vital to a professional start in this series. Ross Bond, who probably still ranks as the country's outstanding production sports car driver with his flawless Healey record and impressive Bolwell perfomance, assumed the role of team manager and adviser.

And Ken Webb, well-recognised as one of the best mechanics in the business, threw in with preparation help. His back-up is Mick Farr, another quietly competent operator in this tough business. Ken was always regarded as a "thinker" in the sport and is currently in charge of team "clues". At last count, he still had a full box of them.

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The combined efforts of all these people got the car to the circuit on time, proving that motor racing is people, not parts. The car looked good and ran nearly as well. Down on power and lacking any kind of suspension, it

PLAYBOY'S PROJECT PRO-AM RACE BUDGET

Development	
Blueprint engine	$980
Straight-thru exhaust system	$150
Engine tune, parts, dyno-test	$150
Modify suspension, shocks, etc	$950
Brake pads, fluid, etc	$150
Compomotive wheels (x 4) (optional)	$480
Goodyear Supersteel radials (x 4)	$120
Buff and balance tyres	$80
Momo steering wheel (optional)	$90
Recaro Concorde Seat, fitted (optional)	$450
Bond roll bar, fitted	$250
Fire extinguisher	$80
Kill switch, foam-filled fuel tank	$250
Spare set Performance Striker wheels (optional)	$240
Spare set Goodyear Supersteels (unbuffed for wet weather) optional	$120
Spare wheel and tyre for emergency (excessive wear, road spare, etc) optional	$160
Total Essential Development	$3160
Total Incl. Optionals	$4700
Minimum Investment (2nd-hand car + total essential devel.)	$10,700
Maximum Investment (new car/total devel.) (Note: plus per-meeting costs)	$13,550

Per-meeting costs	
Set of tyres (practice, priv. practice & race) each second meeting	$60
Buff and balance tyres	$40
Petrol (priv. practice, practice, race)	$70
Replacement oils, brake fluid	$40
Hire circuit (priv. practice) 2 days	$20
Race insurance	$250
Tune-up, dyno, replace parts (engine)	$80
Set brake pads (half cost)	$20
Entry fee, extra pit passes	$40
Food, entertainment at circuit	$40
Maximum Total Per-meet Costs	$660
x 5 Meets	$3300
Annual Budget Minimum	$14,000
NOTE: Incl. value of car (without car-$8000 pa)	
Sundries	
Full road insurance (optional)	$450
Repaint bodywork (PLAYBOY car)	$800
Signwrite bodywork (optional)	$500
Car costs (comparative)	
New car, pro-am purchase (c/f new car $10,850)	$8850
Second hand pro-am car (incl. roll bars, safety equip.)	$7500
Second hand TR7 road car	$6000
Prize money	
1st amateur $200 + set Goodyears	
2nd amateur $120	
3rd amateur $80	

was still good enough for us to record fastest "pure amateur" practice time (1.7.2, just 1.2 outside Jim Richards' pole-slot) and equal to Mike Griffin's time. It was also the fastest non-blueprinted car on the grid at ninth outright and fourth fastest in the amateur class.

In the amateur event on race day, a bad break on a spin by Daly cost us second slot and we finished the event where we had started — on fourth. Backing up for the main event, the car rotated an axle housing on the line — up until then an almost unheard of mechanical failure. We got swallowed by the pack and spat out the back, but got mobile again, and with a now wonky rear-suspension, lurched and carved our way back up to 10th outright, cutting our lap time to 1.6.9 in the process — just .6 behind fastest Pro (Bondy) and fastest amateur (Terry Daly 1.6.5).

Lap times are one thing, but race-craft is one edge the Pros certainly have. The main race proved most instructive in this respect.

Still, this opening round set the scene for the series, proving that the Pros weren't about to have it all their own way. Hoppy finished fourth, splitting Morris and Geoghegan, and Gary Waldon put in a remarkable performance to score seventh right behind Wright and ahead of Mike Griffin, "semi-Pro".

With only four weeks to the next round, the PLAYBOY car got some more development, growing better suspension legs and getting a blueprinted engine. This part of the development program again got tacked together in race-week, and we ran the blueprinted engine in on the road overnight. Consequently it was tight and down on power, but better than before and safer, too.

The real bonus was under the skin — with a complete suspension rework cut to maximum specifications by Heasmans of Sydenham, Sydney, the acknowledged pros in this field.

Heasmans are the NSW agents for that famous line of shock absorbers — Bilstein, the brand the factory cars and most special-built privateers were using. Bilsteins have a race reputation that covers just about every type of major event in the world — starting with LeMans, and covering the 1980 Australian Touring Car and Rally Championships, Bathurst, Southern Cross, Castrol Rallies, virtually every Off Road event run in Australia in recent years and most long-distance race events. For good measure they are fitted to the Brock Special, ESP Falcon, 318i BMW, SAAB, and some Mercs and Porsche as standard equipment. Heasmans specialise in applying race-type suspension set-ups to road cars (average street sedan costs from around $400) and the TR7 project more or less fits into this program — with revised spring and damper rates and settings, newly set-up front cross member and varied wheel alignment. A task worth around $800 on the Pro-cars, perhaps less than half on most road cars.

The same formula is applied by most of the other national Bilstein distributors, which includes Quadrant Distributors (Brighton, Vic), GP Cars (Qld), Roadways (Tas), Pedder's (SA), Canberra Rally Centre, Rally Sales (WA) and R & R Shop (NT).

In any event, the PLAYBOY 69er certainly handled totally differently after the Heasmans treatment. Time prevented us getting the best rear shocker settings, and as a result we ended up with tubes that were a little stiff, making for rear wheel pick-up on the tight corners. Not enough to stop some good laps in the second meeting though. Driving straight through from Heasmans to the circuit, we practised in Friday's downpour faster than the Pros who were present. Saturday teemed again, and on the track the TR7s were "very interesting".

"What spectators and TV viewers missed was the incredible scrapping that typified this battle. Real grazed-doorhandle stuff, bloody exciting."

Of all the cars that were wearing buffed tyres, the PLAYBOY car was third fastest in the worst possible conditions — obviously favoring the Pros. Behind were the "semi-Pros" Hopwood, Daly and Griffin, and "pure Pros" Geoghegan, Morris and Johnson. Up front were Colin Bond and Jim Richards. And Gary Waldon, who went out on new tyres, and stole the pole with the fastest lap — thus proving that thinkers are still able to outsmart factory drivers. Another notch for the amateurs.

Geoghegan's fearful practice prang highlighted the risk but the old stager was undaunted. Only seconds after stepping from the wreckage, someone asked if he'd race Sunday. "Sure", he said, as he surveyed the pancake-flat wreckage, "fit a new wiper blade and she'll be ready". Most drivers prayed for sunshine on Sunday. They got it — almost. Well, at least the track was dry. The PLAYBOY car was untried in these conditions so the start began to look really interesting.

We got a good jump off the line and ran up to third over the top of the hill, apparently squeezing Bondy almost against the wall (sorry Colin). But all hell broke loose when Hoppy nudged Gary Waldon, turned him around at full chat on the hilltop and sent the cars scattering everywhere. We turned right to try to miss the action and went farming down the edge of the circuit. (Goodyear's Ian Lee offered off-road tyres for future events!)

Although saving a collision, it did prove costly as Hoppy, Morris, and Johnson got through, and our engine went a bit off-song, apparently due to damaging the exhaust system in the paddock excursion.

From there on, it was a fight to hold on to places — a losing battle against various engine deficiencies and, finally, brake failure. Nevertheless a best lap time of 1.6.2 was almost a second better than the first event and only .8sec behind winner Richards' best. There's better yet to come.

What spectators and TV viewers alike had missed was the incredible scrapping that typified this battle. For most of the race we shared the same bit of road with one or more other cars — at times there were six cars in a bunch all trying to use the same spot on the same square of blacktop in the same corner. Real grazed-doorhandle stuff. It was bloody exciting, the stuff that real racing is made of. Every competitor agreed — since the battles continued on down through the field. Blows were exchanged at very close quarters, panels were leant on, gates were slammed shut in corners, tails were slipstreamed by inches.

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The Pros had to concede some serious inroads by the amateurs, and they'll probably have to concede more in future events. Which all goes to prove the point of amateur racing in this event — a real chance to mix it with the top-notchers and gain race experience. That's what it's all about.

By the time this story is published, another race will have been run. There will be another two to follow. And then, there's promise of another series next year — run by the ARDC at Amaroo, and possibly by other promoters interstate. Follow our coverage, and if you'd like to be in there next year, start planning, start saving and start by contacting the Australian Racing Drivers' Club, Amaroo Park Raceway, Annangrove Road, Annangrove, NSW. You've got to be in it to win it.

The new-dimension excitement of National's lifesize, lifelike Big Entertainer.

Try it for size...
Light up your entire home entertainment system with NATIONAL CINEMAVISION TC-4500. Big and bright, it creates a new panoramic appreciation of sight and sound. The 115cm picture projects with unvarying clarity to virtually every corner of your room.

Try it for sound...
Cinemavision's full 10 watt plus 10 watt FM sound comes alive with sweep and subtleties through a hi-fidelity 2 way, 4 speaker system. And you have total armchair control of all this new dimension excitement through the Big Entertainer's 26-function cordless remote control.

Try it for systems...
Yet all this comes within a slim, compact console cabinet that never dominates. Build it in as the heart of your home entertainment system. Couple your video recorder, link your stereo gear, tune in your FM radio, plug in your video games, or watch your favourite programmes, all in life-size colour. You're into a new era of sight and sound enjoyment.

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P651

DIGITAL DISCS: Sounds Unlimited

there will be decibels you never dreamed of, writes dennis lingane

A RECORD PLAYER that shows words and music upon a TV screen as it plays the record, that gives you a sound equivalent to a full orchestra in a concert hall, that can select tunes off the miniature 12-centimetre disc automatically, using a laser beam instead of a stylus: *that* is the promise of the new audio disc due for release late next year.

It will be the beginning of a new era in audio which should delight music lovers and audiophiles alike. However, it may lead to hostile neighbors and a new wave of environmental campaigns. The hi-fi industry has been so carried along on the promise of magical technical achievements that few have stopped to give a thought to the social implications.

The digital disc — also called PCM (Pulse Code Modulation) — utilises computer technology to achieve a quality of audio that will make the current high-quality LP record sound like an Edison cylinder.

Without getting too technical, one needs to understand that a full orchestra has a sound range of about 90dB (decibels) — the difference between the quietest ding on a triangle to the full crescendo of an orchestra going flat out is a ratio of 90 to 1, ie, the full orchestra is 90 times louder than the triangle's ding.

Current records — even the best quality — only have a dynamic range of 55dB. Pop records often offer only 30-40dB dynamic range, and radio stations (even FM) have a range of about 45dB. This means then that the current medium falls well short of the range of an orchestra in real life.

When an orchestra is recorded for reproduction on a record, the dynamic range has to be compressed. The very loud instruments are reduced and the quieter ones are raised in volume. So those hi-fi and music enthusiasts who dream of the day they will be able to reproduce the sound of an orchestra in the home are waiting with bated breath for the new digital sound technology; for the first time they will be able to have full 90dB dynamic range in their homes.

But the important question at the moment, according to those in the know, is what about the social problems the digital disc will create?

According to Raymond Cooke, the managing director of Kef Electronics, the British-based speaker manufacturer and designer, there is a level of sound people are prepared to accept in a concert hall with 1200 others. But it isn't the level they will accept at home, doing things like knitting or reading or playing backgammon.

Cooke's team has been working on digital audio technology for 10 years in conjunction with the BBC. He says that even if 90dB records persuade the family to stop their own pursuits, like reading, and just listen, there are still all those neighbors to contend with. A digital record will, in fact, reach to 120dB — which is louder than the loudest pop concert.

You can imagine the neighbors' enthusiasm for having Ravel's *Daphnis et Chloë*, or Debussy's *La Mer*, crashing through the walls at 120dB.

How does one get 120dB from a 90dB dynamic range?

When you play a record at home, you need to turn the volume up to more than 30dB to hear the quiet passages. This means that the quiet notes are now more than 30dB. Add a 90dB dynamic range, and you have a top volume level pushing toward 120dB, although it is only great crescendos and the peaks that are at that level.

Cooke says that the answer to the neighbor-noise problem is for the industry to agree on a cue track to be included in the production of the record that will enable people to limit the dynamic range of the music if they want to. By throwing a button on the mini turntable, the range can be compressed to about 60dB for normal noise listening. When an enthusiast wants the complete range he can then switch that in. Manners would require him to check beforehand that the next-door neighbors were not at home.

There is a segment of the industry that pooh-poohs the Cooke thinking.

They argue that the short, sharp peaks of the music that reach the 120dB level will be so instantaneous that they will not register as being too loud.

They also maintain, and Barry Amstein, the technical director of Dyn-audio in Melbourne, is one of them, that the digital discs will be so much quieter than the vinyl records we buy now that we will be able to use only 10dB of the new wider dynamic range for quieter passages.

"Vinyl records do have quite a lot of surface noise and so we have to increase the quieter passages in the music to be louder than the noise of the record," he says.

Amstein says to put a cue track into the disc will defeat the original reason for ever having a digital disc in the first place.

But while these industry experts debate the implications of the new technology on our environment, the audiophiles slobber at the promise of clean pure sound and say to hell with the neighbors.

To keep the digital launching in perspective, it should be emphasised that there are a lot more advantages to the new discs than just their wider dynamic range.

According to Robert Huber from Philips, in Holland, there is enough room on the discs, even with one hour of music, for all sorts of information.

For example, connected to a TV or perhaps with its own display screen, the digital disc will be able to run the lyrics of pop songs or the libretto of an opera — and perhaps even the written music so students can study the score while listening to the record.

The record producers will also be able to put codings on to the records before each song, and with a microprocessor built into the player, you will be able to ask the machine to play all the smooch songs if you are trying to woo a girl friend, or all the dance songs if you are having a party.

The micro-processor will scan the tracks on the record and select the suitable ones.

There are two other areas to look at in this new digital age. First, the players are no good unless there are records to play on them and, second, the industry will have to produce specially designed speakers to cope with the new range. The recording industry is already working toward the necessary library to cater for the public's needs.

Several large companies are now recording artists on digital tapes. These records are produced with the digital tag on them and, even though they are pressed on to everyday vinyl, they are showing all the potential of the medium.

These discs, of course, are played on normal hi-fi turntables and the dynamic range is compressed to about 60dB during the mastering process.

When the pure digital format is launched, these libraries of tapes will be used to make the pure digital discs. The record industry anticipates there will be about 200 titles available for the launch of the digital disc player.

Next come the speakers. When the audiophiles put the new digital discs on and pump the sound through their current speakers, they are in for an expensive shock. The first thing to go will be the tweeters. The temperatures produced by the new dynamic range will be too much for the voice coils and they will simply melt. Many woofers will also not stand the pace.

Kef's Monitor range of speakers have a patented protection device that dramatically lowers the sound whenever the drivers are close to being damaged. This protection device has been developed for the digital era.

Cooke says he thought at first it would be only a matter of improving materials to cope with the thermal overload created by such a wide range.

"It soon became obvious that you can't make a speaker with an infinite thermal capacity," he opined. "The problem remained unsolved until we looked at the statistical nature of music. Music is impulsive by nature. Even a long tone, when analysed, is in fact a series of short peaks." Kef developed a special protection circuit called S-Stop that monitors both the music peaks and the thermal condition of the speaker voice coils.

If the voice coils are in danger of destruction, then the circuit lowers the musical input to the speakers by 30dB. A light emitting diode flashes on to let the listener know that the speaker is over-driven. Meanwhile, how much will the new digital disc players, with their laser beam styli, display windows for reading titles, and all the other gimmicks, cost?

Frankly, not a lot, considering the sophistication of the units.

Stocks will be limited initially and will be geared to the audiophile. But as production lines around the world wind up, the industry will switch to budget turntables.

Philips originally proposed a 14 bit information system for their disc (that's computer talk and means the amount of information the system can process). Sony, which has a lot of experience in the digital scene, told Philips that it would back the format if Philips would expand it to a 16-bit system. This Philips agreed to do. And it is this 16-bit power that will give the full dynamic range.

But the players will eventually be mass-produced and will be available at budget prices.

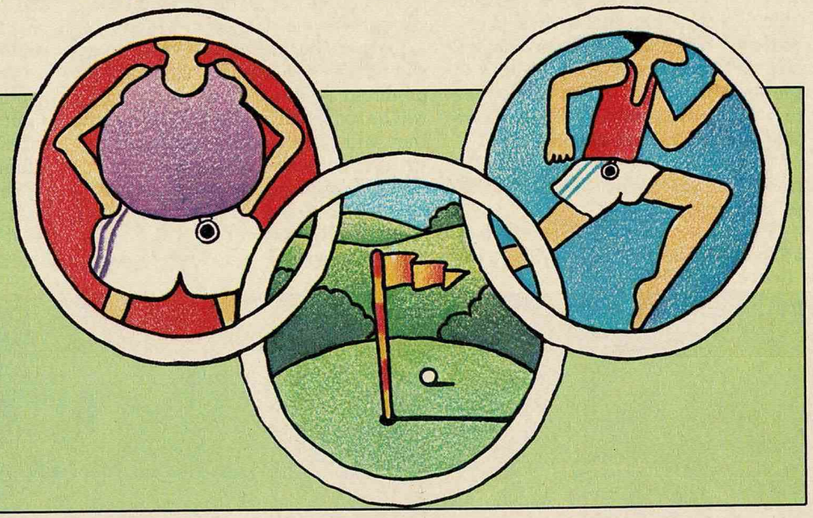
These cheaper players, however, will probably only use 10 or 12 bits of digital information instead of the 16 bits available and will therefore not have the same dynamic range as the high quality players.

In the meantime, millions of dollars are being poured into research and, if the backroom boys don't come up with the answers by late 1982, then a lot of fingers could get burned.

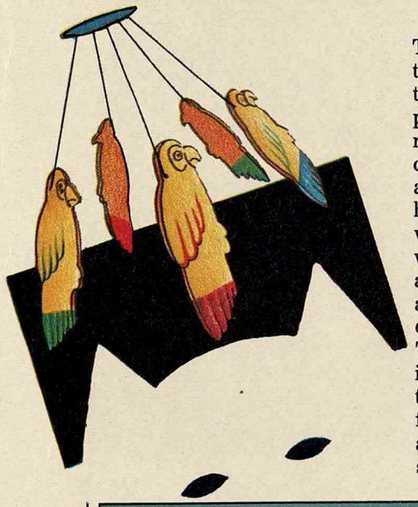
The Philips digital disc player shown here promises to provide all audio lovers with the ultimate in sounds.

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

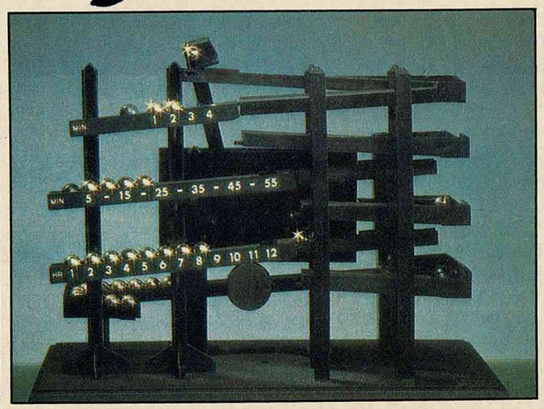
people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



ATHLETES FOOT
Perfect for athletes and postmen who want to lift their shoe allowances. It's the Measure Meter, and it tells the exact distance walked or run. There are models made for golfers and joggers, plus what's called an Activity Meter for finicky athletes who want to keep tabs on the exercises they are doing. Meters cost $27 and come from Francois Hobbes Agencies, PO Box 221, Kingswood, South Australia 5062.



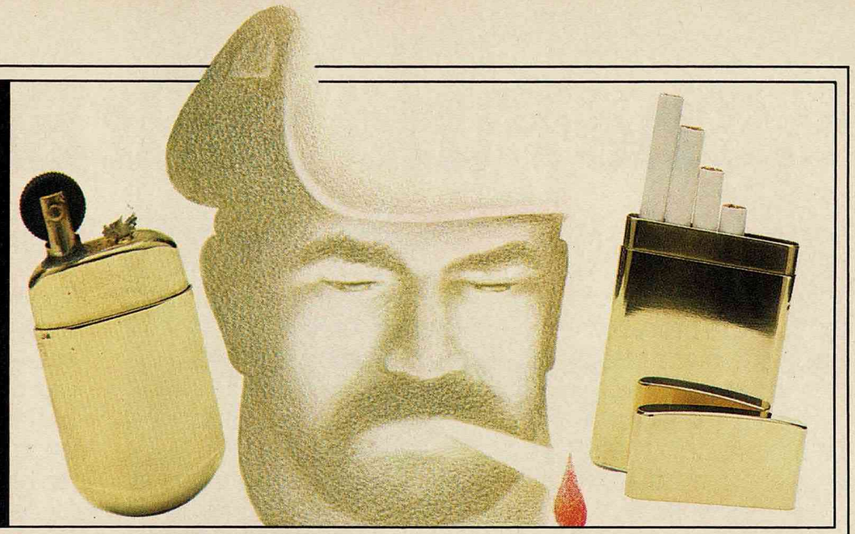
TINKLING POLLY
These parrots never talk, but they love to tinkle. They are part of an original range of hand-crafted ceramic mobiles. If you are not into parrots, how about pigs which will "fly" without a wing or string? They are called Tinklers and each mobile emits different musical notes. The mobiles range in price from $14.95 to $21.95 and can be found at gift stores and other specially selected retail shops.

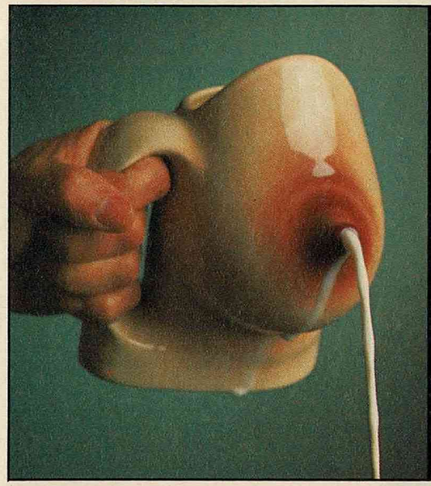


AT THE THIRD STROKE IT WILL BE ONE BALL PAST . . .
Introducing a new concept in the measurement of time . . . balls! The motor-driven pendulum arm of the Ball Clock drops one every minute. About $70 retail.

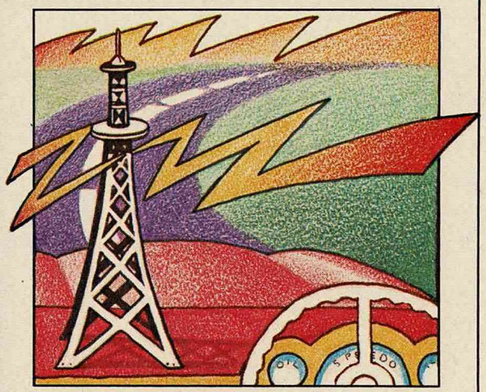
A CASINO IN EVERY HOME!
Casinos might still be illegal in most States but you can have a bit of a flutter at home (it's legal if you use matchsticks) with this games table. It offers roulette, blackjack, chess, Crown and Anchor, cribbage, dominoes poker and dice. The Hoyles Book of Rules comes too! Price of the model shown here is $500; others from $150. From Rainey Design store in Sydney. Ring (02) 82 2190.

TOP BRASS
In the '30s and '40s, a gentleman housed all his business cards in an elegant case. He owned an equally attractive lighter, a simple wick and smokestone usually encased in brass. Now modern artisans have revived these accessories, with brass cases selling for $15.95 and lighters for $11.95. They are available from selected gift shops or from Edge International in Sydney. You can phone them on (02) 546 7220.

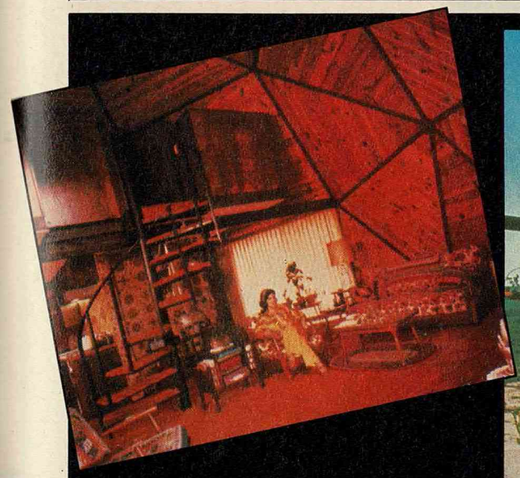




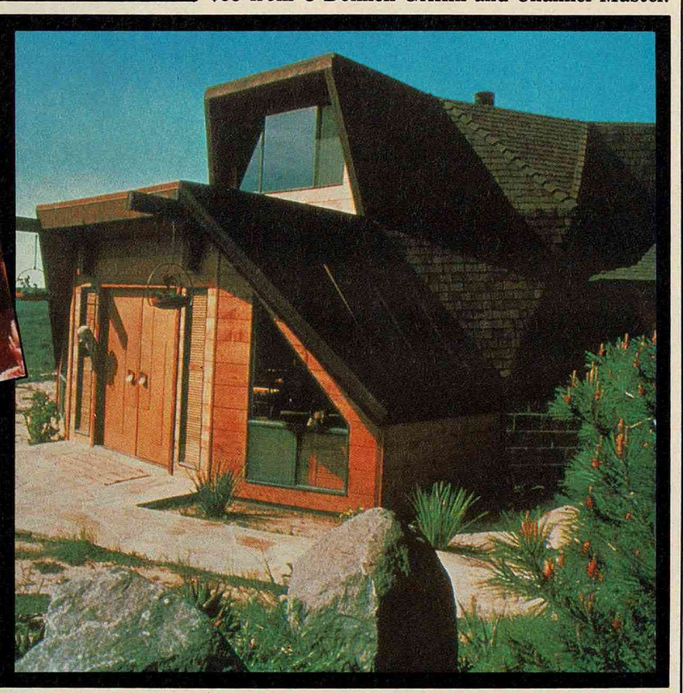
BOOB MUGS
What a sight for the jaded or the libidinous among us! Just the gift for a bosom pal. At $15.95 each, the big Boob Mugs are not so cheap, but they're made of the finest English pottery and are a pleasure to feel. And what's more, they won't easily, ah, bust. Available from the William Moore Agency, so phone (03) 429 2144.



HOT AERIAL
The Bi Fi car aerial foils vandals and car wash attendants because it is *inside* your vehicle. It's $33 from O'Donnell Griffin and Channel Master.



POLYDOME
Tired of living in a brick veneer box? The Polydome could be the answer. It's a ready-to-assemble timber construction consisting of triangular and trapezoidal components which are bolted together. The prices start at about $7000. Details from Guy Norman and Associates in Sydney on (02) 560 5279.

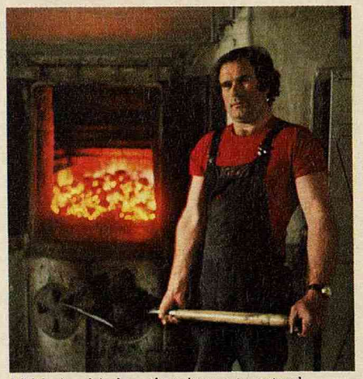


The Pure Malt Story.

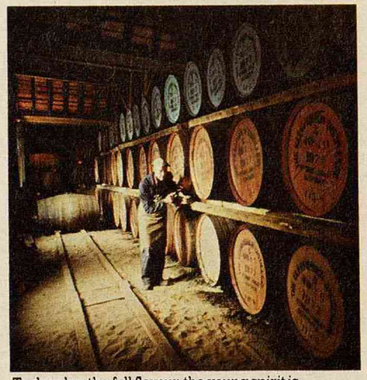
The story of Malt is as old as the story of Whisky itself. When you drink Scotch today, you're probably enjoying a blend of thirty to forty different Scotch Whiskies. Yet the art of blending carefully selected whiskies from different distilleries was only introduced around 1860. Historically, the original Whisky of Scotland is Pure Malt, the "Water of Life", first mentioned in the Scottish Exchequer Rolls of 1494. It is the pure spirit which has warmed the rugged Highlanders for centuries. By law, Scotch Malt Whisky can only be made from pure malted barley and soft Highland water.
It is still made using the traditional methods – slowly, meticulously, batch by batch. The barley is steeped in pure burn water and spread out onto a malting floor to germinate. This malting barley is turned by men using wooden shovels or "shiels", unchanged in design for centuries.
When germination is complete, it is gradually dried over burning peat, a natural process which lends to Malt its distinctive aroma. Now the barley is mashed with hot water. Yeast is added and it is allowed to ferment. Distilling takes place in copper pot stills, a method used by the earliest crofters. And, finally, the young spirit is stored in hand-made wooden casks for the long, silent years of maturation.

Barley is steeped in soft Highland water and laid out onto the malting floor to germinate.

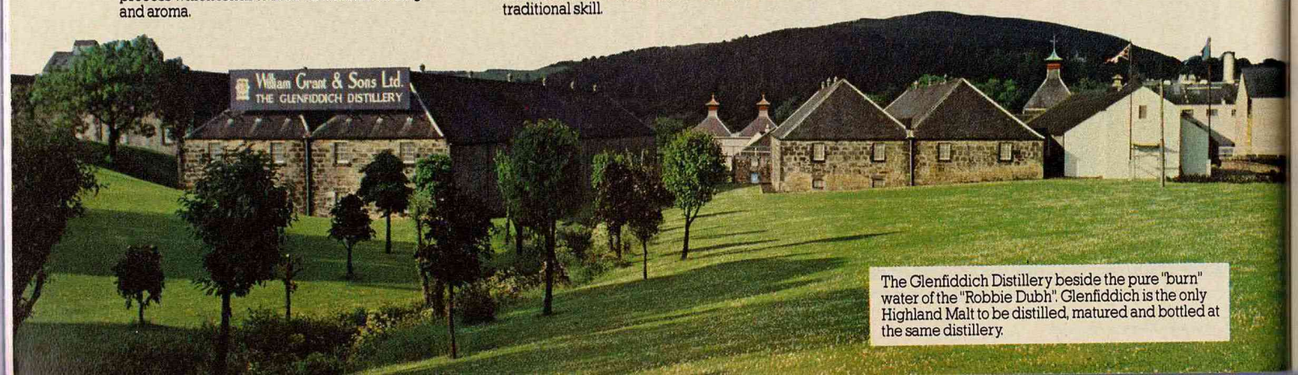
Distinctive hand-beated copper pots used for distilling. This adds to the unique character of Malt.



Malt being dried over burning peat, a natural process which lends to Malt its distinctive tang and aroma.



To develop the full flavour, the young spirit is matured in hand-made oak casks – yet another traditional skill.



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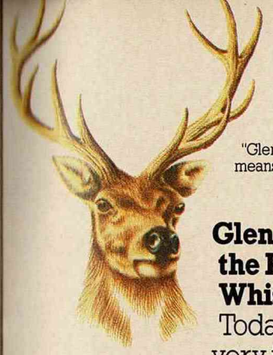

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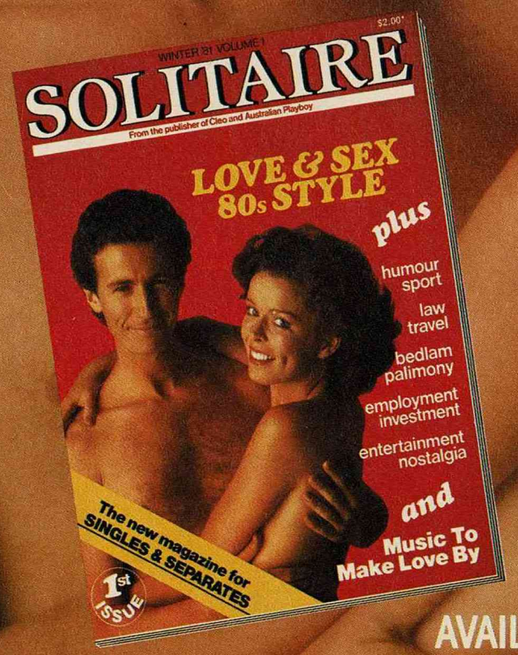

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ON·THE·SCENE

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Photography by Colin Stead

On far left, it's game, set and match by Slazenger. Her red, white and blue singlet, $10; skirt, $21. He looks ace in his jacket, one half of a tracksuit priced at $49. The shorts are $22 and T-shirt, $21. Both are wearing Slazenger Jetz leather shoes, $43. Squash racket, a Slazenger Hiscoe, $23; tennis racket, a Slazenger Challenge, $39. Above, left: her mauve tennis dress by Rosemarie Lakiss-Smith, $60. His gear is by Pierre Cardin — shorts, $28; T-shirt, $34. Squash racket, a Slazenger Challenge, $32; tennis racket, a Slazenger Volley, $51. Above, right: cotton tracksuits by Courrèges. Hers, $356; his, $415. Tennis rackets by Kawasaki, distributed by Hanimex. Tracksuits from Courrèges Boutique, Double Bay, NSW. For stockists, turn to the last page. All prices quoted approximate.

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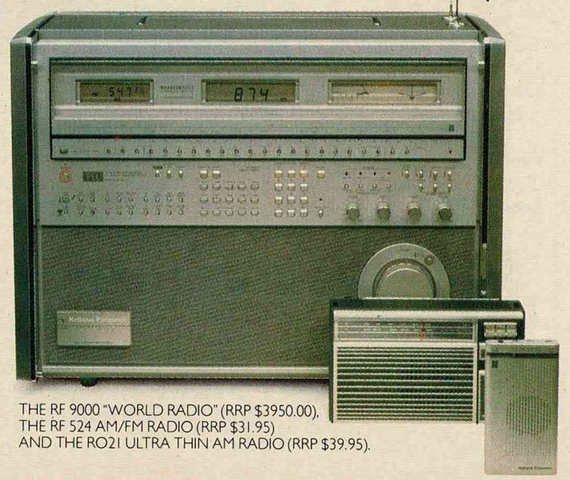

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MOVIES

the postman rings a helluva lot hotter the second time around

WHATEVER ELSE may be spoken or written about it — and you sure are going to see plenty — director Bob Rafelson's authentic new version of **The Postman Always Rings Twice** is a cinch to weigh in as one of the hottest movies of the year. Come to think of it, it's hotter than any uncurbed passion that's hit the screen since *Last Tango in Paris* and *Shampoo*. There is virtually no nudity but plenty of quite explicit scratch-and-grapple sex between Jessica Lange and Jack Nicholson, an odd couple whose sexual chemistry takes some getting used to. Once they connect, however — like a rutting stag and a doe in heat — locked together amid the loaves of fresh-baked bread on top of the kitchen table — they generate a feeling of danger worthy of *Bonnie and Clyde*. A forceful presence, as usual, Nicholson seems to be playing just a studied accompanist to Lange who is a revelation in this role. Not only can she act up a storm but the woman who began her screen career in *King Kong's* heavy clutches seethes with a kind of feral animal magnetism as Cora, the bored wife of a Greek hash-house owner (John Colicos), so drugged by her desire for a horny drifter that she and he devise a plan to kill her husband. Jessica Lange is terrific — no less.

While *Postman* was considered a sizzler with Lana Turner and John Garfield back in 1946, the late James M. Cain — a modern master born of the school of hard-boiled fiction — supposedly detested the slick and star-struck adaptation of his controversial first novel, published in 1934. I happen to have a sneaking fondness for that earlier *Postman*, in which Lana was never lovelier nor so reeking of chain store glamor, Garfield never more gutsy. To his credit, Rafelson makes the story utterly real. Unlike such semi-classic James Cain movies as *Double Indemnity* (filmed in 1944) and *Mildred Pierce* (which brought its star Joan Crawford a 1945 Academy Award), *Postman* can bear upgrading. A cryptic screenplay by David Mamet sticks close to the book without emphasising the obvious. There's an interlude between Nicholson and a lady lion tamer (she is played by his offscreen lady-love Angelica Huston) I could do without, but such quibbles are overwhelmed by the raw energy Rafelson harnesses. Sven Nykvist's fine cinematography captures rural California during the Great Depression in a collage of peeling paint, weathered wood and drabness that brings the story to life sociologically as well as physiologically. Now we all *know* why an illicit couple would commit murder to retain title to their ramshackle love nest in a roadside petrol station-diner. Trashy folk, and yet we just can't pull our eyes away. Better not: for here's the first across-the-board slate of Oscar candidates for the 1981 movie awards.

— BRUCE WILLIAMSON

•

Stacy Keach, left, as a tough truckie who sees some very strange things on the Nullarbor in *Roadgames*. Above are Dyan Cannon and Robert Blake as a very loving couple on the run from New York City to California in *Coast to Coast*. At right are the two faces of Michel Serrault in *La Cage aux Folles II*: a sequel that's not as good, but Serrault excels.

Richard Franklin, our best local specialist in the cinema of shivers, and maker of the memorably scary *Patrick* some years past, was once "tutored" by Alfred Hitchcock at the University of Southern California, and we are not going to be allowed to forget it. **Roadgames**, our Mr Franklin's latest thriller, fairly resounds with echoes of the Master (motel bathrooms, nasty cops in sunglasses) without quite capturing the authentic Hitchcockian blend of dread and comedy. But give the boy time. Among many accomplished touches there is at least one excellent sequence, reminiscent of *Frenzy*, which involves a corpse in the back of a refrigerated meat truck (or so we surmise), while the driver speeds on through the night perplexed by the distant sound of a banging door whenever he changes gears. And is there a psychopathic killer lurking back there among all the carcasses? Pat Quid (Stacy Keach) is the tough, likeable and slightly nutty long-distance hauler who encounters chilling evidence of nefarious deeds on a run across the Nullarbor from Melbourne to Perth. Two highly unsettling environments are br' ght into play and are used to great effect: the claustrophobic gloom of the truck itself, and beyond, the vast, bleak expanse of empty countryside, poised above the cliffs of the Great Australian Bight, like the very edge of the world. On his lonely run Quid picks up Pamela, runaway daughter of an American diplomat (Jamie Lee Curtis, playing her now familiar role as a mad killer's last intended victim), and he encounters other sinister/oddball characters on the way — all of them given punningly facetious names (Sneezy Rider, Captain Careful) in Everett de Roche's script. Part of the trouble is that Stacy Keach, an actor of strapping proportions, appears about four times as tough as any likely adversary; as with James Bond or Johnny Weismuller, a cinema audience will find itself with a job on its hands trying to believe in his vulnerability.

There's a scene when he camps out with Curtis one night close to a sand-blown shack, and lightning illuminates the killer's van parked nearby in the desert scrub: the silent flash, the gaunt white figure of the man, the bleached landscape provide a moment of genuine awe. The ending, a "slow chase" between trailer, cops and the van through increasingly narrow alleys, is frankly a let-down, but Franklin rewards us, as expected, with a jolt in the last frames. It's a slick and effective work from a man who will, I hope, one day outgrow his hero-worship. A small irritation: why do drivers filmed in close-up at the wheel always move their arms and their shoulders around as if steering through a tough obstacle course? There's a scene in one of his silent movies when Charlie Chaplin, back to the camera, heaves his thin shoulders rhythmically and we assume that he's sobbing — till the camera moves round and we can see him working a cocktail shaker. By such trivia is our concentration shattered.

•

Coast to Coast is a formula movie of unexpected charm and some comic invention, due mainly to the spirited performances from Dyan Cannon and Robert Blake as an odd-ball couple on the run (by truck) from New York to California. The original concept of the road-movies belonged to the pop protest movement of the '60s, with their shoestring budgets and anti-war heroes in a soft sell for the drug culture. A low-key masterpiece like *Easy Rider* provided enough fuel for a generation of imitators. Gradually, the product has become more glossy and commercial, acquiring in the process an essential ingredient: at least one scene of motorised mayhem involving the destruction of some automobiles. There is scarcely an American film comedy these days in which the car is not subjected to some violent symbolic humiliation as being variously crushed or mutilated in preposterous chases or crashes as audiences give vent to their deeply repressed resentment of old Henry Ford and his lethal legacy. *Coast to Coast* is no exception: what *is* exceptional is the movie's air of sprightly humor, nicely judged romantic tenderness and the oft proven ability of director Joseph Sargent to make the whole concoction work effectively as a thriller (at least in parts). As such, I'd place it as an entertainment not far below the level of *Foul Play* or *The Notorious Landlady*.

Cannon lives in fear of her hubby, a smugly chauvinist tycoon who, for some reason connected with his personal fortune, has kept her restrained as a mental patient. She breaks out of hospital in New York, and cons, cajoles and then coerces a passing truckie (the bemused and cynical Blake) into driving her home to Los Angeles. There is much dodging from the law, encounters with some pursuing thugs and other hired agents, some entertaining chase scenes (not all of them on wheels), and a final variation of the car crash that literally turns the tables on the victims. Cannon is responsible for some stylish stunt work and acts out her straight bits with enough gusto and exuberance to qualify for double money. A special Academy Award should have been given for her hairdo.

— EVAN WILLIAMS

•

Suffering the fate of most sequels, **La Cage aux Folles II** is only half as funny as its predecessor. However, since the original *Cage* brimmed with its high-camp hilarity from beginning to end, even this encore at a reduced strength turns out to be more fun than nine out of 10 current comedies. Reprising their performances as a pair of flashy old bags who run a night club in the south of France, Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi prove again that gay is beautiful when played with just the right admixture of featherweight humor and underlying humanity. I don't think the new story line — all about spies and killers and a missing

Fish in the pan. Warm wind off the sea. Time to roll an Old Holborn. Fresh. Rich. An ocean of flavour. Best time of the day.

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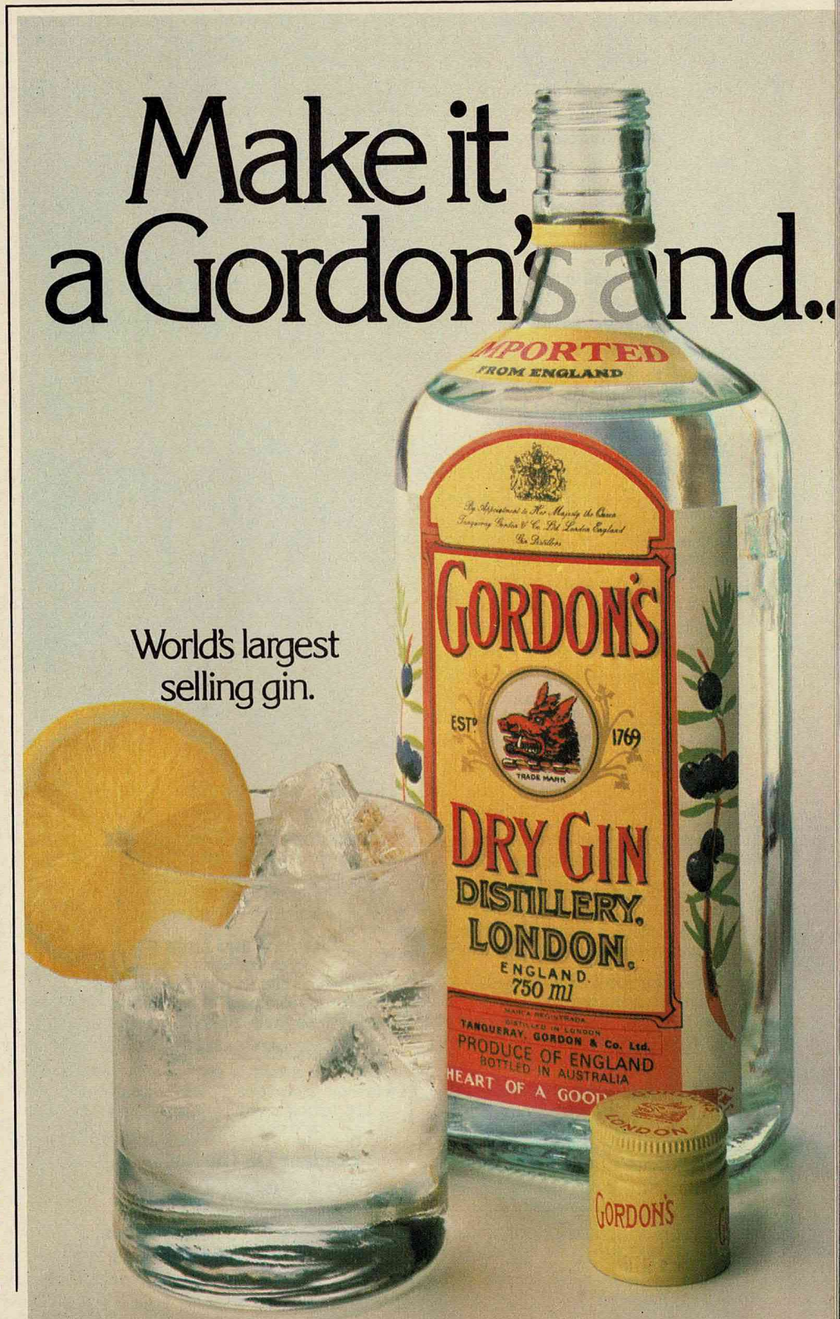
capsule of microfilm — gives the stars much help, but these stars are as sure-fire as Laurel and Hardy in Alencon lace. My favorite bit occurs when Albin and Renato lam off to seek refuge with Renato's mother in Italy, where the prissy Albin (Serrault) has to bake bread, scrub floors and fend off lusty *macho* peasants. It's not the kind of country where a stylish senior drag queen can enjoy being a girl. Already a blockbuster success in Europe, this gilded *Cage II* may be only chapter two of a long, long series. I rather hope that they will quit while they are still ahead.

•

Paris during the German Occupation, 1942. A celebrated French actress operates the drama theatre formerly managed by her Jewish husband, who is in hiding in the cellar. She hires a new leading man and gradually falls in love with him, while the entire company is harassed by a very vicious collaborationist drama critic. That's about all there is to **The Last Metro,** a French wartime fable so graceful and civilised that the director, Francois Truffaut, seems to be quietly saying "Places, please" as he brings up the lights. Catherine Deneuve, as the actress-manager Marion Steiner, has her best movie role in more than a decade and plays it with romantic warmth, authority and an elusive star quality that very few of today's great screen beauties can match. French cinema's current top *macho* man Gerard Depardieu, Heinz Bennent and Jean-Louis Richard portray, respectively, the new leading actor, the frustrated husband and the craven critic. All are superb, for *Last Metro* on its own terms is virtually flawless. Except for a taut moment when Gestapo men come to search the theatre's cellar, there is no high adventure or any Nazi-inspired hysteria. Truffaut seems to be looking into the past in a mellow mood to discover small acts of heroism, the way people managed to carry on, or to fall in love or simply to survive with honor. *Last Metro* appeals to very special tastes. If the French could put this sort of thing in bottles, I'm afraid I would be tempted to call it "a brave little wine".

•

The first thing to say about **Inside Moves,** and it's meant as a compliment, is that they just don't make movies like this anymore. Richard *(Superman)* Donner's eccentric new human comedy — as adapted by Valerie Curtin and Barry Levinson from Todd Walton's novel — has the dreamy old-time flavor of a William Saroyan play in the way it lavishes affection on some amiable misfits in a neighborhood gin mill. Fade in to Max's Bar in Oakland, California, a haven for cripples of all sorts because there's a hospital nearby. Then brace yourself while I divulge that the heroes of the piece are John Savage as Roary, a younger man permanently twisted after he fails to kill himself jumping off a 10-storey building, and David Morse as Jerry, a stiff-legged bartender who needs a costly operation before he can get a shot at making it in semi-pro basketball. The would-be ballplayer is in love with a junkie-cum-prostitute (Amy Wright), while the failed suicide falls for this blonde barmaid (promising newcomer Diana Scarwid) who is somewhat hung up about making love to a lad with a bunch of involuntary twitches. All are just fine. The remainder of the gang at Max's includes a blind man, a black jokester in a wheelchair and a poker addict who has hooks for hands (played by Harold Russell, the 1946 Academy Award winner for *The Best Years of Our Lives).* The concerns of *Inside Moves* are love and friendship and people with dreams — and the emotional cripples who are otherwise sound of limb. Pure fantasy in the



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PLAYBOY

rough, realistic manner of *Rocky*. And I wish I could add that it's not corny. Well, it *is* corny, occasionally corny as hell. It is so original and winning and exceptionally well acted, however, that Donner's bizarre characters may eventually captivate you as they did me. Despite some glaring flaws, *Inside Moves* has soul.

•

Anyone who's sceptical about William Hurt's hot career (see May's review of *Altered States),* may discover more warmth in **Eyewitness**. Produced and directed by Peter Yates from a Steve Tesich screenplay — they're the team that made *Breaking Away* in 1979 — this intricate offbeat thriller offers us Hurt as the young janitor in a high-rise office building where he stumbles on to a murder that changes his life. He meets Sigourney Weaver, for one thing. She plays the fetching TV newswoman who comes to visit the scene of the crime and the duo's chemistry works remarkably well. However, the freshest scene in *Eyewitness* is one in which Hurt and the girl he is supposed to marry (Pamela Reed) finally confess, with huge relief on both sides, that they don't love each other in the least. Hurt comes off here like a taller, handsomer Dustin Hoffman. Weaver is no less winsome than she was in *Alien,* and there's some prodigious scene stealing throughout by James Woods, Christopher Plummer and Irene Worth.

— BRUCE WILLIAMSON

•

Some second thoughts on *Ordinary People,* this year's Oscar-winning best picture, for which I managed to conceal my enthusiasm on its first release in Australia.

The movie has confirmed Robert Redford as the best actor currently directing films in Hollywood. It's the one about fraught, super-affluent suburbia, with Tim Hutton as the disturbed teenaged son and Mary Tyler Moore doing her serious version of the *Dick Van Dyke Show.*

Glossy and all-American, full of uneasy guilt about modern lifestyles, quivering with up-market *angst,* baleful and admonitory about the dangers of middle-class success but never once questioning its values, *Ordinary People* is just the sort of picture to stir tremors of self-recognition in the ranks of Academy members and those other comfortable, prosperous dignitaries lined up for the presentation on the award night.

A year ago *Kramer vs Kramer* won its bevy of Oscars for looking at similar themes: sexual self-questioning, marital disharmony and its effect on children's lives. Robert Benton's film had the candor and urgency of a documentary; Robert Redford's gets lost in its own elegance, its handsome interiors, its long-winded worthiness.

Of *course* it is well acted (can Donald Sutherland ever be bad?) and of course it is well done, but the effect is rather like that of a hangover: mildly depressive, thoroughly uncomfortable, and most unlikely to change the way of life of the person suffering the pain.

With all the money spent on the Award presentations you can hardly blame the Americans for favoring the local product. There'd be a mild outcry if the Australian Film Institute gave its best picture prize to a Hollywood film. But I wish the industry would sometimes see a little further than Los Angeles. Nothing for *Elephant Man,* nothing for *Kagemusha,* and only chocolate-box awards (art direction, costumes, photography) for *Tess* and the exiled Polish director Roman Polanski.

Robert De Niro deserved his Best Actor award. My guess is that his film, *Raging Bull,* will be remembered long after the other prize-winners have faded into obscurity. — EVAN WILLIAMS

Things to do with your Gordon's when you don't feel like a Gordon's and tonic.
It's got to be Gordon's.
Gordon's Apple Orchard
delightfully mellow
1½ parts Gordon's, 3 parts apple juice over ice in highball glass, add a sprinkle of cinnamon.
Gordon's and Bitter Lemon
smoothness with a sparkle
Fill highball glass with ice, add 1½ parts Gordon's, squeeze in wedge of lime, fill glass with bitter lemon.
Gordon's Brave Bull
nice n' spicy
1½ parts Gordon's and coffee liqueur over ice in short glass, add a twist of lemon.
Gordon's and Cola
gin with a fizz
1½ parts Gordon's in highball glass over ice, fill with cola, add a slice of lime.
Gordon's Fallen Angel
sweet and sour
2 parts Gordon's, juice of whole lemon, 2 dashes creme de menthe, 1 dash angostura bitters, shake well with ice and strain into cocktail glass.
Gordon's Grapefruit Cooler
summery tang
1½ parts Gordon's over ice in short glass, fill with 3 parts grapefruit juice, add a dash of salt.
Gordon's Grasshopper
cool and creamy
1 part Gordon's, 1 part each green and white creme de menthe, shake well with ice, strain into cocktail glass.
Gordon's Highball
the quencher
1½ parts Gordon's over ice in highball glass, twist in long sliver of lemon peel, pour on ginger ale and stir.
Gordon's and Orange
tropical twist
In highball glass mix 1½ parts Gordon's and 3 parts orange juice with ice, garnish with slice of orange on side of glass.
Gordon's and Lime
cool and refreshing
2 parts Gordon's and 1½ parts lime juice into shaker, add ½ teaspoon of sugar, shake well with ice, strain into cocktail glass.
Gordon's Manhattan
smooth as silk
Into short glass put ice, 2 parts Gordon's, 1 part of sweet vermouth, stir well, add slice of lemon.
Gordon's On The Rocks
Gordon's and Water
short and satisfying
Pour 2 parts Gordon's over ice in short glass, add 1 part water.
AB1150/81

SHOWBIZ

warning to all adults: this kids' program may interest you — don't watch it

SINCE BRUCE Gyngell's departure from the helm, the Australian Broadcasting Tribunal has been given to some extremely strange behavior. Its latest effort was to carpet Simon Townsend of *Wonderworld* show fame because, and this is really priceless, far too many people were watching the show — or rather, too many of the wrong sort of people. Under the "C" classification rules, each station has to show two or more hours of TV a week for the six to 12 year olds, or get off the air. According to the clods at the tribunal, *Wonderworld's* audience was attracting many too many grown-ups, especially those in the 18 to 24 group. This, as Simon carefully explained, was nonsense. He proved, with figures, that the ankle-biters were watching just as much as the grown-ups and the ABT was forced to back down, but not before they made their mark. In an outburst of sublime bitchiness, they accused Simon of being too "enthusiastic" about the prizes he gives away on the show, saying that his ready cheerfulness amounted to a free plug for the products involved. So, keeping his face straight, Simon promised to be as boring as possible when giving the things away. Isn't it nice to know the Tribunal is spending our tax money so judiciously?

•

Speaking of *Wonderworld,* the children's show is responsible for the discovery of one of the brightest new comedy lights on the Oz tube. We're speaking, of course, about Mr Jonathan Coleman, the chubby loon whose bizarre ad-lib interviews do amount to pure comedy genius. Not surprisingly, his efforts have not gone unnoticed, and he's been the subject of more than passing interest from former *Laugh In* producer Chris Bearde, and Barry Humphries.. So far nothing has been confirmed, but young Jonathan will be doing bigger, brighter and better things before the year is out. At best, that means a show of his own, and at worst it means working for either Bearde or Humphries in a new TV series. Watch your lobotomy box for any further developments

•

No doubt you've heard this before, but John (nee Johnny) Farnham really is about to have a lash at the American market. We all know about the lad's amazing voice, but we also know all about the sickly neatsy-keen image which has been plaguing him since he recorded that ghastly Sadie song in 1969. Under the sure guidance of Little River Band manager Glenn Wheatley, however, John is back to doing a bit of your basic rock 'n' roll, and has just completed a new album for American release. Mr Wheatley has come up with a carefully orchestrated game plan to get at the Americans, and it's due to begin within the next couple of weeks.

•

Interesting news regarding that extremely lanky American, Don Lane. He's set to start work in his first movie, and those who have seen the script pronounce it to be an absolute ripper. Called *Lionski,* the film is to be based on a true incident which took place in Melbourne in 1942. In that year, more than 600,000 American servicemen hit town on their way to the war in the Pacific and all hell broke loose. Within days of their arrival, three women were brutally raped and murdered. One American was found to be responsible and was quickly dispatched (not home) by the Yankee MPs before the local coppers could get their hands on him. Don's role, as an American major who helped arrange the man's rapid disappearance, will be a major part of the picture. Who knows, perhaps Don will give up plans to be an international TV star and be a movie star instead?

The happy fellow above is Jonathan Coleman and Simon Townsend, above right, may have turned him into TV's newest comedy star. Right is the established variety star Don Lane, who will soon be making a movie.

•

While on the subject of Donald Lane and his first picture, the film represents recognition at last for one young Sydney actor-producer-writer who has been struggling for years to get out from under the shadow of his elder brother. Hilton Bonner is, yep you guessed, the younger brother of Tony, the matinee idol of countless TV shows and forgettable films. Hilton's first breakthrough came with *Mouth To Mouth,* the low budget drama which he produced in Melbourne. That film won a stack of awards, including the best actress Sammy for Tracy Mann, and is still making dough at the box office. After he's finished with *Lionski,* Hilton intends to begin work on a favorite project he's been writing for almost five years. It's all about three generations of a vaudeville family, and if he has his way, it will star almost every song and dance man in the country. Sounds picturesque, doesn't it?

•

That hot-throated, leather-coated little bombshell from Detroit, Miss Suzi Quatro, is due back in the country in July for her fifth national tour. During a visit a month or so ago to hand over a few rock 'n' roll awards, Miss Quatro and husband Len (he is the band's lead guitarist) had a dreadful time avoiding their image. The problem, you see, was that the various record company hangers-on and journalists who came into contact with the duo immediately assumed they wanted to do nothing but drink litres of hard liquor, smoke funny cigarettes and shove substances up their noses. After almost 15 years on the road Suzi and Len are a bit past such behavior; in fact, they're almost in the realm of health fiends. So while the hangers-on showed off by taking things, the two of them would retire to their bathrobes and bedrooms where they took part in their favorite pastime . . . reading adventure novels. Ah well, life is never what it seems at the top. — ANDREW SAW

MUSIC

dark and sinister sounds out of the manchester new new wave

For the record and for everybody blown out by the full page adverts and mysterious hype display in the trade magazines: Joy Division was a British four-man band that suddenly became three last year when vocalist Ian Curtis hanged himself. Their first album released here is called *Closer* (Factory) and one doesn't have to be too cynical to fathom that the near-Gothic mystique surrounding its release and presentation takes more from Curtis' death than is really healthy. It's the group's second album and reveals a strong reliance on the depressing, sometimes disturbing Ian Curtis vocal delivery. Make no mistake, this has little to do with rock and roll. In something more than sound comparison, it will summon up memories of Jim Morrison's sinister, and darkly poetical, monologues of fear.

Warning: don't be caught at home alone at night with nothing for comfort save Joy Division, a bottle of vodka and a packet of blades. Now where did I put that length of rope?

•

If The Fall don't kill you, listening to *Grotesque — After The Gramme* (Rough Trade) might at least induce a small bout of rock and roll culture shock. Can this actually be the final punk scream or is it the primal bark of a more articulate, politically inclined rock anarchy? Who gives a fish's tit, anyway? Your stylus will never get over the suspicion that it was recorded unrehearsed in a gerry can, mixed in a septic tank and crafted by the remedial class of the local sheltered workshop. But do listen: listen to the words and read the scribble — there's enough hardbitten graffiti in this set to complete a British Rail Guidebook. The Fall's main target is the music business and if under-producing an album is one way of decrying the slickness and artificiality of others, The Fall have achieved it with *Grotesque.* Of course, what we'll never be able to decide from listening to *Grotesque,* the accompanying bonus single or any of the group's three previous albums, is whether anarchic statement is really a disguise for musical ineptitude.

Like Joy Division, The Fall found their first following in Manchester and are very much a part of that city's new wave legend. It is worth noting that, but for the appearance of Gap Records in Australia, a good deal of the British contemporary work from such as The Fall and Joy Division would not surface here.

•

Jermaine (Motown) by Jermaine Jackson is the ex-Jackson Five man's second solo album and illustrates what a rounded artist and producer can do when that essential mixture of youth, energy and innovation is on his side. Jermaine makes no apology at all for his obvious Stevie Wonder influence, but he never lets it overshadow his own considerable feel for rhythm and melody.

The single lifted from the album for international release is Little Girl Don't You Worry and it has a light pop feel which contrasts Jermaine's vocals interestingly with more complex cuts. The underlying sentiment about *Jermaine* is that it is obviously seen by most sections of the music community as further testimony to the man's all-round professionalism as a performer.

•

It's a little too easy to let Ralph McTell's street poet image disguise the fact that he is a damn fine guitarist. Thankfully, the blend of musicianship and lyrics is the perfect setting for the Englishman's latest album, *Slide Away The Screen* (Polydor). With the support of an excellent backing band to cement in the musical spaces, McTell is free to roam the electric, six and 12-string domains with the fine poetry as his guide. The subject matter is completely devoid of complexity as McTell explores the real life situations of departing friends, drug crises and day-to-day humor. If the album conveys the suspicion of being too shallow on production and a bit simplistic for commercial consumption, it should be remembered that McTell's real forte is live performance and anything that cannot be satisfactorily translated for concert use has no real place in his repertoire.

•

Steve Strange played the part of the clown on Bowie's Ashes To Ashes video and is a thoroughly larger-than-life sort of cult figure. He's also front man for Visage and his style is largely responsible for the music on the band's first self-titled album (Polydor). Backed by Magazine pair of Jon McGeoch and Dave Formula, plus Midge Ure and Billy Currie from Ultravox and the Rich Kids' Rusty Egan, Strange is now piloting the musical edge of a style which goes under the tag of Blitz and in the short time it is destined to last vows to bomb the bejesus out of sameness. It is elegance, elitism and sheer exhibitionism. And it's showy, shocking and sure as hell to send its proponents broke if it lasts much longer. According to Visage, the music matches it for creativity and for an over-inflated fashion that stands there, accused of drawing on the electrical surprises proffered by the late '70s work of Brian Eno and more recently Robert Fripp. It lends itself to fabulous videos such as the Fade To Grey clip and suggests it won't last much longer. It will be a pity to see Visage disband (McGeoch has already returned to Magazine), but Blitz is unashamedly a trend . . . and all trends, by their nature, don't last long.

•

Russell Morris and The Rubes' LP *Almost Frantic* (Mushroom) could be one of the best Australian albums of the year. Produced by David Briggs, it is exactly the standard required to re-establish Morris as a recording force. He wrote all songs except for the rehash of his earlier big hit, Hush (Joe South). The basic premise for his lyrics stems from the street tough, paranoiac, break-for-escape lifestyle of the post-Springsteen school. Some of the images (In The Heat of the Night) are very familiar but the rock and roll mood of songs as well structured as The Roar of the Wild Torpedoes more than offsets any faults.

•

Among a rash of recent Australian releases are four albums which between them string together a good part of 15 years of rock history. Daddy Cool's *The Missing Masters* (Wizard) accurately pinpoints a rejuvenated interest in that Melbourne band, headed by the dynamic Ross Wilson, which dominated the early '70s scene with their own brand of revivalist '50s rock music, original zaniness and infectious melodies. Daddy Cool released four albums and a string of singles including Eagle Rock, which probably ranked with the Easybeats' Friday On My Mind as one of the very best Australian singles. The band's concerts were real celebrations, full magical images such as the bespectacled figure of Ross Hannaford, with close-cropped hair, playing amazing post-Holly '50s rock guitar and Wilson, his curly locks everywhere, standing way, way back from the mike singing his remarkable version of that old standard, I'll Never Smile Again. *The Missing Masters,* produced by Wilson and Robie G. Porter, includes one or two better known DC songs, but most of it is previously unreleased material. Their quite outrageous live version of Chuck Berry's You Never Can Tell appeared on an

Photography by Luis Martin

earlier compilation album and gives a glimmer of the excitement generated by a Daddy Cool performance. Side two is a complete live leg culled from performances at various venues including the Santa Monica Civic Centre. It rounds out with Eagle Rock and stands in direct contrast to side one — the studio side — which fields eight cuts but doesn't convey the infectious parody and warmth so evident on the "live" side.

In the light of Ross Wilson's progress with Mondo Rock, *The Missing Masters* is something more than entertainment. For the curious, it captures a brief glimpse of an often misinterpreted band, and could set off renewed interest in other Daddy Cool works.

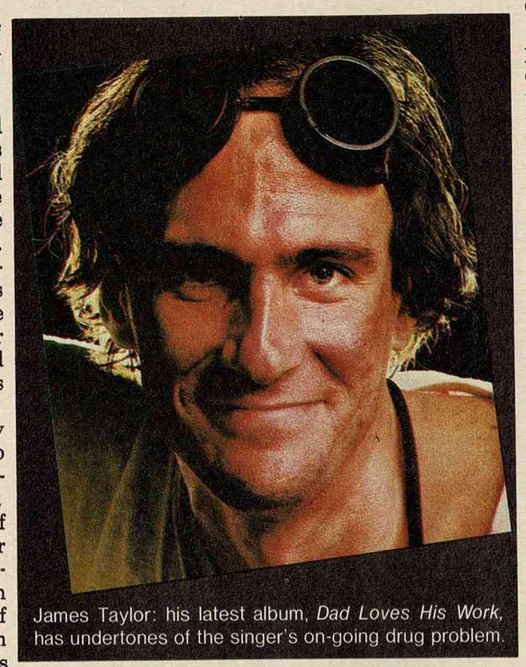
•

James Taylor fans have all long ceased wondering how this strange, talented man can lead such a complex, screwed-up life but still find the space to capture clarity of image in his music. *Dad Loves His Work* (CBS) upholds the mystery, and appears in Australia at a time when the grapevine whispers that Taylor is once again being dragged through the hoop of his serious drug problem.

It is the alienation caused by the dope thing which lurks so ominously in the near background of *Dad Loves His Work*. The very title conjures images of therapy and an explanation for the kids. Believe It Or Not explores the matter closely with Taylor's address to the "love of my life" — Carly Simon — in which he claims that he has seen himself through her own eyes, "wading the stream that flows in between you and I". Taylor's are the most personal kind of songs, soul-exposing incisions which bare it all. He pals it with a few other writers like J.D. Souther, Jacob Brackman and Jimmy Buffett to tackle the broader issues. The mixture of magnified autobiography and de-personalised distance works well. Too much of either would have seen the album lose all its relevance. Peter Asher produced it and a very tight band headed by Dan Dugmore on electric guitar and Don Grolnick on keyboards gave *Dad Loves His Work* the musical polish that it needed.

•

It is more the line-up rather than the material that really makes *The Andrew Durant Memorial Concert* (Mushroom) something of a milestone in Oz musical history. Andrew Macleish Durant died on May 6, 1980, aged 25 He was a more than fair songwriter and rhythm guitarist with the Adelaide founded band, Stars, but never reached his full potential because of the most untimely intervention of cancer. When 16 of Australia's best rock musicians and vocalists fronted for the benefit concert at Melbourne's Palais, more than $13,000 was raised through the gate with the promise of more to come from the proceeds of the double disc concert recording. The revenue is to be directed toward the Andrew Durant Research Fund after enough money has been raised to sponsor the Andrew Durant Songwriter's Award. Proceeds from the research fund will assist development of anti-cancer drugs.



James Taylor: his latest album, *Dad Loves His Work*, has undertones of the singer's on-going drug problem.

All songs on the work, with the exception of the Knockin'On Heaven's Door finale, are Durant and Stars compositions faithfully performed by ex-Stars members Mal Eastick, Glyn Dowding, Graham Thompson and Mick Pealing with the support of an impressive line-up which included half of Cold Chisel, Renee Geyer, Kerryn Tolhurst, Richard Clapton, Broderick Smith and other notables.

— NEIL JAMESON

•

A singer par excellence is Carmen McRae. This is a person who never compromised her true jazz standards for the easier goal of commercialism like so many of her contemporaries who had best remain anonymous.

On *Two For The Road* she is paired with that most sensitive of pianists, George Shearing. Songs on the LP include: I Don't Stand A Ghost Of A Chance, More Than You Know, If I Should Lose You, What Is There To Say, Too Late Now.

McRae imbues these sentimental lyrics with the proper emotion. She invariably has a true feel for the song and, with Shearing's support, turns each one into a work of high art.

•

Hot on the heels of Time/Life Records' release of the boxed set of classic Louis Armstrongs has come a further three equally exciting jazz collections: Bix Beiderbecke, Billie Holliday and Duke Ellington. The superb standard of that initial release is truly maintained by these subsequent issues.

I understand the American program anticipates a new set every two months. I hope Australian fans can expect likewise, especially when it's Earl Hines, Red Norvo, Benny Carter and Jack Teagarden among those still to come!

On each of the above releases, the artists' careers, from their earliest known recordings up until the immediate post-war period, are represented (except Bix who died in 1931) and probably marked the truly "Golden Years" of these incomparable artists.

Even today, 50 years later, the incandescent horn of Bix has that rare ability to send shivers down the spine. His bell-like clarity of sound was to influence trumpeters ever afterwards even when heard in context of the basically commercial Gene Goldkette and the famed Paul Whiteman Orchestras with whom he had worked for long periods.

Undoubtedly, Bix' greatest disciple was Bobby Hackett who many years later still played the classic Beiderbecke solo, made back in 1927 by (saxophonist) Frankie Trumbauer's group, of Singin' The Blues note for note to the original. For an old buff such as myself, it is difficult to imagine improvement could be possible.

Bix was not only a trend-setter on the cornet but he also blazed new territories on piano. Included here is his lovely In A Mist (also 1927 vintage), one of several piano compositions he wrote that added a new dimension to the world of jazz and which are still revered even to this day.

Bix recorded with many of the giants of jazz from those early days — Eddie Lang, Joe Venuti, Adrian Rollini, Pee Wee Russell, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, and Bud Freeman.

So many of his solos have become milestones in that then emerging art form heading toward the Swing era. It is wonderful to have them available again in such a stylish package that includes the usual very impressive illustrated 52-page booklet which is an integral part of each set so far released by Time/Life.

The Holliday and Ellington sets are equally fruitful. Billie's wide representation ranges from her very first appearance before a microphone at the age of 18 when, in 1933, she cut Your Mother's Son-In-Law with a Benny Goodman group.

Needless to say, Billie's divine association with the various Teddy Wilson bands are well covered in this three-record set. Included here are I Wished On The Moon, What A Little Moonlight Can Do, Miss Brown To You, These Foolish Things, Easy Living, I'll Get By, Mean To Me — as well as her celebrated version of Strange Fruit, one of a trio of classic performances she recorded for Commodore Record Shop label in New York back in 1939.

The last track (from 1946), Big Stuff, is one of the less distinguished achievements among the 40 selections comprising the set, which is surely a MUST for anyone who is remotely interested in the vocalist in jazz. Since her untimely demise in 1959, no one has ever really replaced her. This collection is a fitting tribute to a unique artist.

Even more exciting (if it's possible) is the Duke Ellington set — 39 tracks, from a 1926 version of East St Louis Toodle-oo, up to Jeeps Blues of 1956.

Included is Hot And Bothered (1928) which first started me off as a jazz collector (for all of the wrong reasons). The original Ring Dem Bells (1930) with a 16-year-old Charlie Barnet playing the chimes, a fact of which I had been hitherto unaware. Duke's greatest singer Ivie Anderson is on It Don't Mean A Thing. The foretaste of things to come is in the Clarinet Lament (or Barney's Concerto, because of the featured soloist being Barney Bigard who died only last year) and Echoes Of Harlem (Cootie's Concerto that spotted the trumpeter Cootie Williams, today one of the very few survivors of those marvellous bands).

The songs are all here, folks — Sophisticated Lady, Caravan, I Let A Song Go Out Of My Heart, Don't Get Around Much Anymore, A Train, C Jam Blues, Creole Love Call, Black And Tan Fantasy, et al.

Duke Ellington was one of the greatest musicians of the 20th century — and is represented here by the superb, original classic performances. A collection of superlative quality and importance. Bring on the rest!

— KYM BONYTHON

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BOOKS

small-minded fear in the bush, pre-raphaelite wombats and yabby come home

THE TROUBLE with writing about many standard Australian prejudices, especially racial and sexual ones, is that, fictionally, they are all such clichés. It does take a special literary touch to treat these subjects in an interesting way. When they are set against the hackneyed background of the typical conservative country town, the writer can be on mundane ground indeed.

I am pleased to say, therefore, that Bill Green has surmounted the difficulties he set himself in *Small Town Rising* (Macmillan) and written a compact novel which manages to be subtle and tough-minded, which handles familiar characters intriguingly and whose social-realism is tempered with imagination and insight.

Green, a Mallee country boy turned reporter, editor, world traveller and horse trainer, certainly knows his small towns. We can all recognise the sour police sergeant, the stupidly self-important mayor, the upwardly mobile chain-store executive, and the doctor and headmaster who assume, by default, the town's intellectuals' mantle.

Strong Lake, the small town of the story, is a Victorian border community whose serenity is somewhat shaken when the mayor's daughter is allegedly raped by a young half-caste. The "incident", which is cleverly kept somewhere between fantasy and actuality, allows the sergeant to burn down the local blacks' camp and the mayor to indulge his peculiar brand of Freudian sublimation. It also provides Dr Chaplin Cavett with the opportunity to show moral courage and exert some of the power of his social position, publicly and in his relations with his bossy wife.

The novel is notable for its unsentimental treatment of two child characters, the town doctor's son, John, and Chasa, the young brother of the alleged rapist. They are drawn as accurately as any two boys in fiction — their minds swirling with a mixture of morality, sex, love, mischief and vandalism bordering on mayhem — and they make Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn look like the Bobbsey Twins. Unlike most of the adults, however, they do still have their integrity. The saddest thing about this good novel is that the reader knows that the town's only real future lies with them and that, one way or another, they are going to leave it to its bigotry and ignorance. – ROBERT DREWE

•

In London back in 1848, a small group of young and enthusiastic artists, probably at the prompting of an ardent and feckless young man of Italian parentage called Dante Gabriel Rossetti, all formed a secret society, the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

The aims of the brotherhood were at best vague. Its members were all bound together by their friendship, by their dissatisfaction with the art establishment, and by indefinite aspirations.

The brotherhood did not remain very secret for long, and its interests, originally centred upon painting, soon spread to literature, resulting in the publication of a literary magazine, *The Germ.*

It was not terribly successful as a publishing venture — lasting precisely four issues — but several short stories originally printed in *The Germ* and a later publication featuring words penned by the members of the brotherhood and their followers, are reprinted in the new book, *The Dream Weavers: Tales of Fantasy By The Pre-Raphaelites* (Woodbridge Press Publishing Company).

The stories follow much the same lines as the best-known painting and poetry by this group: beautiful, women set in medievalesque or romanticised landscapes, entwined in dreams.

Important primarily as precursors of the current boom in fantasy fiction, the stories also, in the main, make fascinating reading.

Decidedly unsettling are the contributions by A. C. Swinburne, who was once described as "tiny, gesticulating, dirty-minded and always drunk".

Written in imitation of Boccaccio, they are pervaded by tortured sexuality.

Dead Love, a particularly morbid little piece, concerns the passion of a beautiful lady for the corpse of the knight who was slaughtered after slaying her husband in battle.

Interesting for their autobiographical nature are two of the stories by Rossetti, who was, curiously, fond of wombats, which he kept as pets in his London home.

One Rossetti work, The Orchard Pit, is a pure and delightful fantasy about a woman in an orchard who lures young men to her with a magic apple. Shades of you know who.

Least interesting are the works of two later adherents of the movement, William Fulford and R. W. Dixon. They give the impression of being eager, young university men having a bit of a literary fling before taking up orders and entering the church. Which is exactly what they both later did. But, considering their efforts in *Dream Weavers,* they would have been better to simply enter the church and leave it at that.

– PENNY BARKER

•

One book, *The Dying Trade,* and one short story, The Fratricide Caper (PLAYBOY, November 1980) established Cliff Hardy as the proto-type Australian private eye. A second short story, *Heroin Annie,* who wallows in the pits in June PLAYBOY, and a second book, *White Meat* (Pan), have now entrenched Hardy in the folklore of Australian fiction.

Hardy's creator, Peter Corris, is a rare talent in the world of Australian letters — a gifted writer who has chosen to express himself in a genre which has traditionally been the exclusive domain of English and, in particular, of American authors. There have been exceptions, of course, but no Australian author has ever challenged the sovereignty of authors such as Raymond Chandler, James Hadley Chase, and Agatha Christie.

None, that is, until Corris decided to quit his comfortable little niche as literary editor of *The National Times,* move to NSW's bewitching South Coast and to begin to come to grips with a character that he chose to name Cliff Hardy.

Hardy is cast in the classic mould of the Phillip Marlowe breed — a tough, resourceful, and impecunious private dick with a heart of putty. But he is Australian enough to make him Corris' man. And the author's fine sense of pace and skill in stringing the words together create an imagery vibrant with the breath of Sydney.

The White Meat which leads Hardy into his new maze of murder, mayhem, drug peddling and fixed fights, is the headstrong daughter of a very wealthy bookie. Noni has catholic tastes in young men and is especially fond of athletic Aborigines. Noni and her friends and enemies give Hardy a hell of a time before he corners the heavies in the final and suitably violent showdown. It is all marvellous, escapist stuff.

– RUSSELL DEILEY

•

A spinster, to ease
her frustrations
As dildos tried
several crustaceans
A shrimp was too limp
And her prawn was
soon worn
But Cherax destructor soon
f . . . . . her.

Sorry, girls, it's not yet available through mail order. And if it were, may I suggest that you would have more fun if *you* ate *it,* rather than the other way round.

Cherax destructor is, in fact, one of the many varieties of freshwater crayfish, or *yabby,* a species much ignored by everybody except the kids on a Saturday afternoon lark; even they never seem to know just what to do with them after they are caught.

Peter Olszewski has some suggestions. In *A Salute to the Humble Yabby* (Angus and Robertson) he tells you everything you ever wanted to know about yabbies, and a lot that you didn't particularly want to know.

There's a chapter on how to catch them, and it might come as a surprise to some, but the meat and string method is only one of many. You can, for example, use the Aboriginal method of imitating a bird, stirring up the mud and grabbing the bewildered yabby as it backs out of the water. Or you can do it quite simply and very cheaply by dangling your toes and/or other appendages into the water and letting the yabbies latch on.

There's a chapter on how to cook them, and most of the recipes sound delicious and fairly straight-forward. Yabbies can be used for dips, butters, bisques and cocktails as well as simple stews.

That, for me, is about all the book has to offer. There's some dry textbook stuff on what a yabby is, and what people have said about yabbies in the past (which isn't much). There's information about farming yabbies professionally and exporting them (be warned, it has been tried before).

For the philosophically inclined, there's a chapter on "The Yabby As A Source of Inspiration, Mystification and Education". We're told that T. H. Huxley thought very highly of the yabby, and it's part of heraldry.

There's even a chapter on Yabbies and the Arts, which gives you quotes from every novel, play, poem and song that ever made mention of the word. I wouldn't be surprised if even now the author is working on a screenplay for *Yabby Come Home* or somesuch.

Olszewski's first book was *A Dozen Dopey Yarns from the Pot Prohibition.* Maybe it's true what they say about it affecting your brain. – DIANE PARKS

The jacket of *Small Town Rising,* the latest Bill Green novel about the prejudices and the fears of an Australian country town, has been appropriately illustrated with this colorful work by the Queenslander Gil Jamieson. At right is more Australiana, the lovely yabby.

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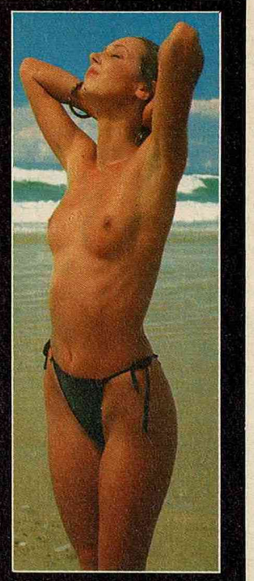
NEXT MONTH

DAINTY

KNIGHT OF BUSHIDO

GETTING HIGH IN THE SKY


GOLD COAST GLAMOR

GIRLS OF THE GOLD COAST — WE AT AUSTRALIAN **PLAYBOY** HAVE DECIDED TO HAVE A TREASURE HUNT, AND WHAT BETTER NATURAL TREASURE IS THERE THAN OUR LUSCIOUS AND LISSOM YOUNG WOMEN? NEXT MONTH, WE GO TO SURFERS AND DISCOVER THAT THERE'S A HELLUVA LOT MORE TO QUEENSLAND THAN JUST BANANAS AND FLO'S SCONES

THE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PAUL DAINTY — DURING THE PAST DECADE, THE CREATIVE AND COMPLEX MR DAINTY HAS REVOLUTIONISED THE OZ CONCERT SCENE. IN THE ONLY IN-DEPTH INTERVIEW HE HAS EVER GIVEN, HE TALKS WITH **KAREN HUGHES** ABOUT THE FUTURE OF SPORT, ENTERTAINMENT, THE MEDIA . . . AND THE CRAZY EXCESSES OF ROCK 'N' ROLL

THE KNIGHT OF BUSHIDO — DESCENDANTS OF THE WARRIOR CLASS IN JAPAN PROVE THAT THE SAMURAI SPIRIT IS WILLING BUT THE 20TH CENTURY FLESH IS WEAK. **GEOFF PIKE** SPENDS SOME TIME WITH A CONTEMPORARY JAPANESE "PERFECT GENTLEMAN" WHO HAS A YEN FOR THE DAYS OF OLD

STRANGE BREW — WHAT YOUR TASTE BUDS CAN'T TELL YOU ABOUT EVERYONE'S FAVORITE AUSSIE BEER CAN BE FOUND IN **PLAYBOY'S** TEST AS WE CHECK ALL THE BREWS FOR CALORIE AND ALCOHOL CONTENT TO DETERMINE IF THERE'S MORE TO BEER THAN FROTH, BUBBLE AND A HANGOVER

BEING (UP) THERE — PLAYBOY TAKES TO THE SKIES AND GOES HOT-AIR BALLOONING, HANG GLIDING AND ULTRA-LIGHT AIRCRAFT FLYING. WITH WORDS AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY **ALLAN MOULT,** YOU CAN FIND OUT HOW TO FLY — AND YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE TO STEP INTO A PHONE-BOOTH FIRST

THE DANGERS OF DEVELOPMENT — DURING THE '80s, AUSTRALIA IS EXPECTED TO EXPERIENCE AN UNPRECEDENTED RESOURCES DEVELOPMENT BOOM AS THE WORLD SEEKS ALTERNATIVE SOURCES OF ENERGY TO OIL. **MAXIMILIAN WALSH** WRITES OF THE PROBLEMS INHERENT IN SUCH RAPID GROWTH AND SUGGESTS WE WOULD DO WELL TO EXAMINE THE REALITY OF THE SITUATION AS WELL AS THE PROMISE

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